HAT BECAME OF JENNIE BRICE? $10,000 IN REWARDS See adv. Page 49

SEPTEMBER 15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine

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Stevens-Duryea

THREE POINT SUPPORT — UNIT POWER PLANT

The Old Leadership

of the Stevens-Duryea is proved by imitation—other makers, one by one, are adopting the basic principles around which the Stevens-Duryea was built years ago.

1891
The first car

1897
Three-point support

1904
Unit power plant

1904
Multiple disc dry plate clutch

1905
First marketable six-cylinder car

The New Leadership

In the new Model "C-Six", the Stevens-Duryea takes a new leadership—a body design so strikingly original. and at the same time so harmonious and beautiful, that it may conservatively be called the design of the future.

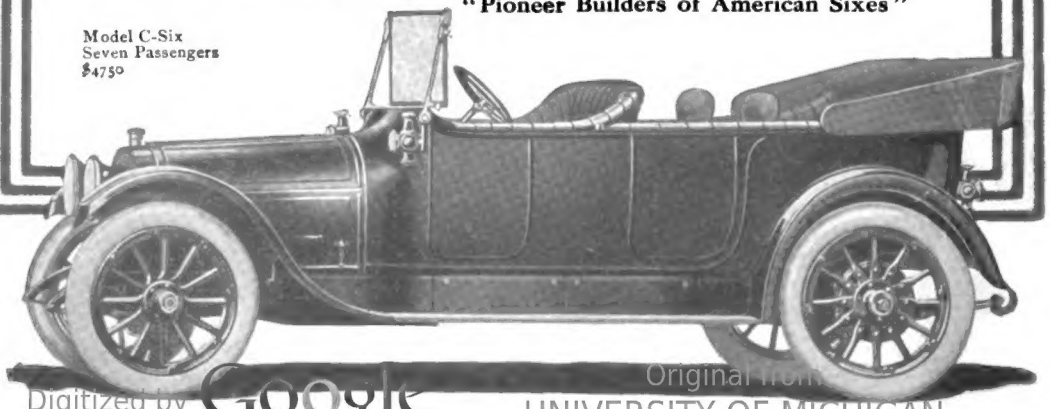
This model also sets a new standard of quietness. Never before has this country, or any other, seen so quiet, smooth and comfortable a car

Provisions for comfort: the new design of springs; the quiet motor; smoothly applied power; wealth of depth of upholstery, and a patented rear seat which may be instantly raised, lowered, carried forward or backward.

$4500 to $5950: Open or enclosed bodies, 2 to 7 passengers, two lengths of wheelbase, 131 and 138 inches. The catalogue illustrates these bodies, and tells the facts.

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass
"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"

Model C-Six
Seven Passengers
$4750



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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER *hath* 30 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1912

The Source of Expressions

When Goldenhair—she of the fairy-tale—beheld the ursuline trio she is said to have remarked, in her baby-prattle: "It's a bear! It's a bear! It's a bear!" Only recently, however, has the phrase become current.

* * * * *

The Serpent having triumphed over the wife of Adam, he is said to have remarked: "I have you, Eve." But as she was canonized the sentence was handed down as "I've got you, St. Eve," whence the apparently meaningless expression.

Fascinating Facts

Hydrogen is one of the elements of water.

The population of Clayton, Ga., is 541.

J. Pierpont Morgan is one of America's wealthiest citizens.

If the trunks in Grand Central station on September 1 were placed end to end they would reach to the ceiling. In fact, they are and do.

The skin of the Ethiopian is dark-hued.

Alcoholic beverages often cause intoxication.

The Senator's Little Joke

All Washington is laughing over the latest *mot* of Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, whose gift for extemporaneous poetizing and instantaneous repartee is well known.

It seems that the Senator was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue the other day, when a newsboy approached him.

"Paper, boss?" inquired the urchin.

"Yes," responded the Senator, without, apparently, a moment's hesitation.

POEM

September's so full of beeyoutiful days,
I'm sure we should all be as jolly as jays.

Predictions for September

The election will be claimed by all parties. Persons returning from vacations that were planned to be inexpensive will return to their homes penniless. Out of 4,871,268 vacationers, 4,871,268 will be glad to get home. It will be charged that baseball games are "fixed." There will be much tenting on the old campaign ground. The cost of living will fail to decrease.

1—Su. —James Gordon Bennett, founder New York *Herald*, born, 1795. George Fitch discovers gasoline, 1911.
2—M. —**Labor Day.** Eugene Field born, 1850.
3—Tu. —Hendrik Hudson arrives in New York Bay, 1609. Originated saying, "New York is a fine place to visit, but I'd hate to live there."
4—W. —Harold MacGrath born, 1871. *Warm, with variable winds.*
5—Th. —J. Ogden Armour blames American extravagance for high cost of beef, 1911.
6—Fr. —Mayflower sailed from England, with cargo of antique furniture, 1620. Jane Addams born, 1860.
7—Sa. —Head of woolen trust blames American extravagance for high cost of woolens, 1908, 1910, 1911.
8—Su. —St. Augustine founded, 1565. Battle of Lake George, 1755.
9—M. —First picture postcard sent from St. Augustine, 1565. California admitted, 1850.
10—Tu. —Elias Howe patents sewing-machine, 1846. Barbara Frietchie tests Southern chivalry, 1862.
11—W. —J. Pollock, Governor of Pennsylvania, born, 1810. He had "In God We Trust" placed on national coins.
12—Th. —Richard M. Hoe, inventor rotary printing-press, born, 1812. Marquard declared no good by New York fans, 1909, 1910.
13—Fr. —Garden of Eden opened to public, 3751 B. C. Jewish New Year, 5673, 1912.
14—Sa. —Theodore Roosevelt took oath of office, 1901. *Carnation Day.*
15—Su. —Kirk Munro, founder League of American Wheelmen, to which editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK belongs, born, 1856. W. H. Taft, ex-judge, born, 1857.
16—M. —James J. Hill born, 1838. Head of sugar trust blames high cost of sugar on American love of jewelry, 1911.
17—Tu. —Name of Trimountain, Mass., changed to Boston, 1630. Research proves it was done to alliterate with brown bread and baked beans.
18—W. —Quebec surrenders to English, 1759. John J. McGraw concedes Nat. League pennant to New York Giants, 1912.
19—Th. —Dem. committee forecasts election of Woodrow Wilson, 1912.
20—Fr. —Marshall P. Wilder one day old, 1859.
21—Sa. —Battle of Monterey, 1846. Head of cracker trust blames railroads for high cost of living, 1912.
22—Su. —Joseph Smith claimed to have received the "Book of Mormon," 1827. Emancipation Proclamation issued, 1862.
23—M. —First day of Autumn, 1912. *Look out for hot weather.*
24—Tu. —Marcus Alonzo Hanna born, 1837. ☉ enters ♎.
25—W. —Pacific Ocean discovered by Balboa, 1513.
26—Th. —Julius Cæsar invents conditional sentences, B. C. 58.
27—Fr. —William D'Alton Mann, inventor vestibule cars, born, 1839.
28—Sa. —Cure for baldness discovered by Ananias, A. D. 40.
29—Su. —**Michaelmas Day.** Suffragism discovered by Theodore Roosevelt, 1911.
30—M. —Matthew S. Quay born, 1833. Taft's election conceded by Republican committee, 1912.

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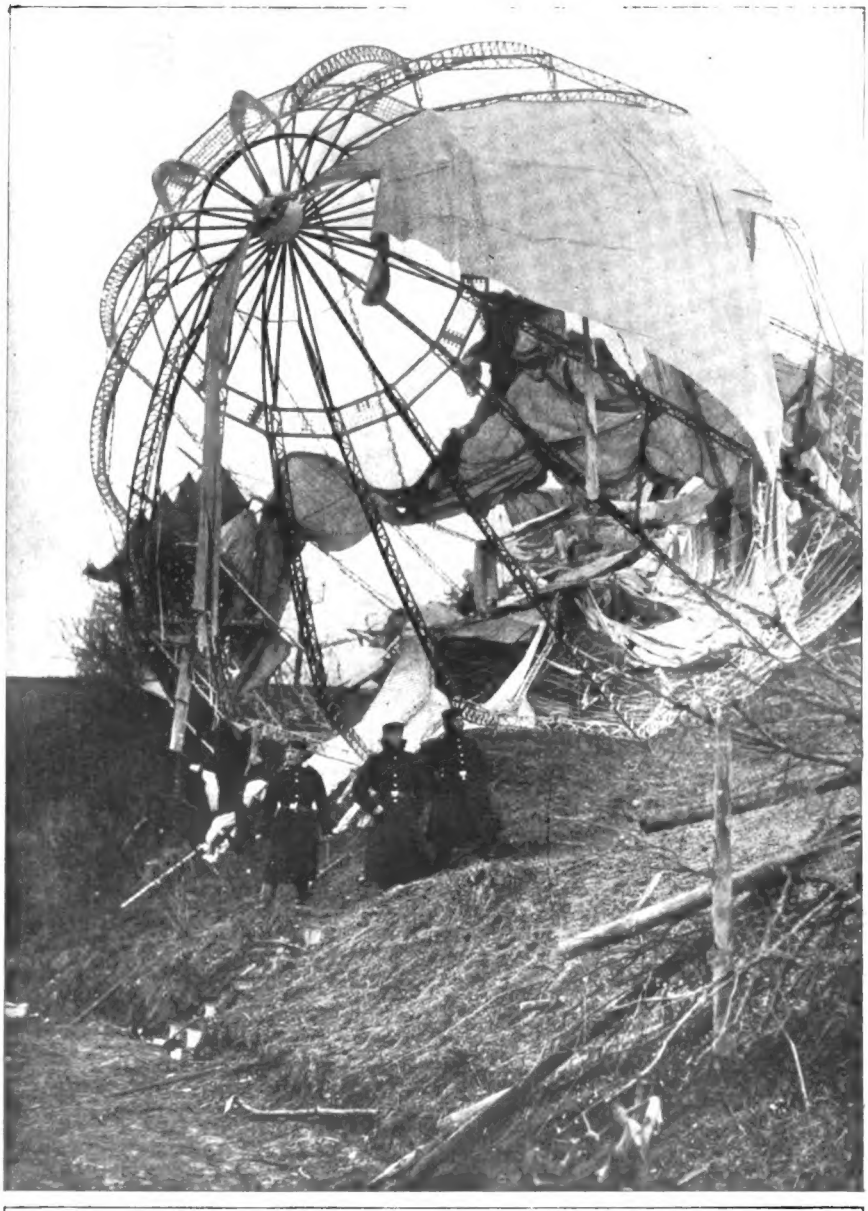

THE WRECK OF THE WAR-AIRSHIP ZEPPELIN II, WHICH BROKE FROM DEFECTIVE MOORINGS AND DRIFTED AWAY, UNMANNED. THE STRENGTH OF THE FRAMEWORK IS SHOWN BY ITS RESISTANCE TO SO SHATTERING A SMASH-UP.

Photo by the Trans-Atlantic Company.

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VOL. XXVII
NO. 3

Everybody's Magazine

SEPTEMBER
1912

The Greyhounds of the Air

by

T. R. MacMechen
and
Carl Dienstbach

Photo by Trans-Atlantic Co.

LOOKING UP THE EIFFEL TOWER

THE greyhound of the ocean is well-nigh obsolete. The newest dreadnought is almost ready for the junk-heap.

For yet a little time the *Olympics* and the *Mauretanias* will continue their boastful voyages, and perhaps for another decade nations will waste their treasures upon floating fortresses. But the end is near.

To-morrow those who wish to hasten across the Atlantic will take an airship. For them the crossing will be one of hours. The slower steamship will continue to serve those who do not consider time a vital factor.

In the past, Great Britain, regarding herself as the mistress of the seas, has enjoyed a dream of complacent confidence. But supremacy is now in the air; and the next great war will demonstrate that the master of the air is master of the earth.

This is not theory. The vision of Jules Verne, the dream of H. G. Wells, and the fantasy of Tennyson have been realized. Demonstration and proof are ready. The largest of all the wonderful Zeppelin air-

Photo by Trans-Atlantic Co.

ZEPPELIN III, DESCENDING.

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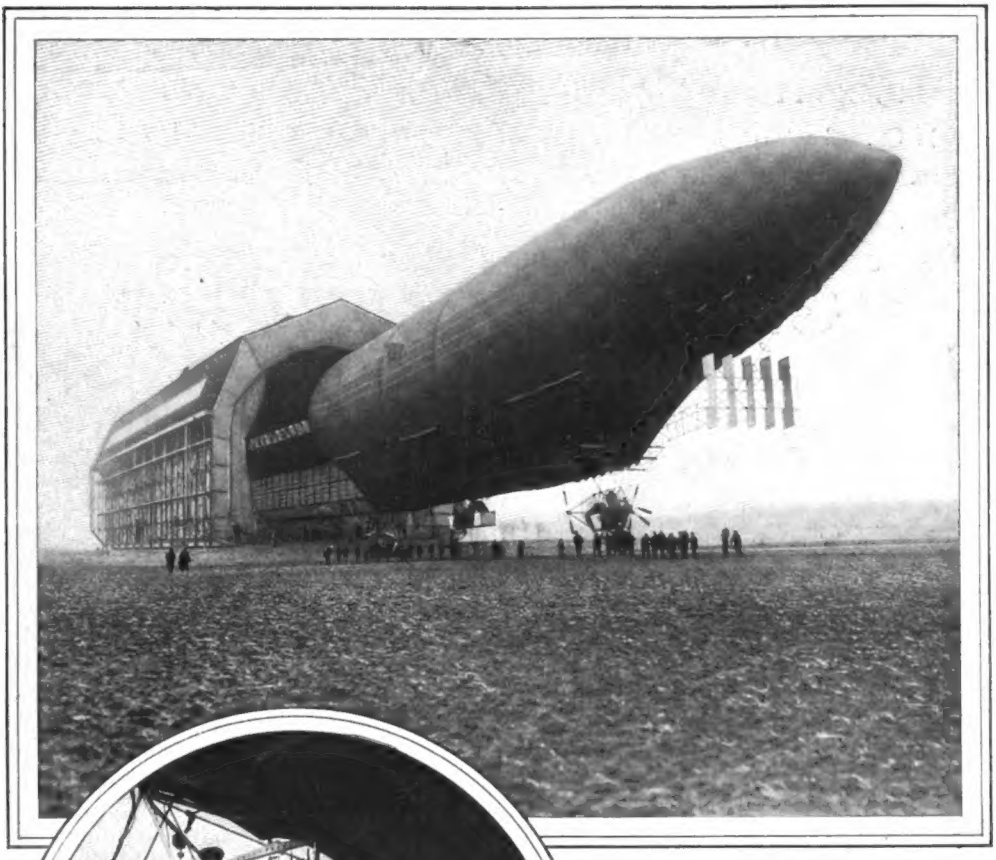
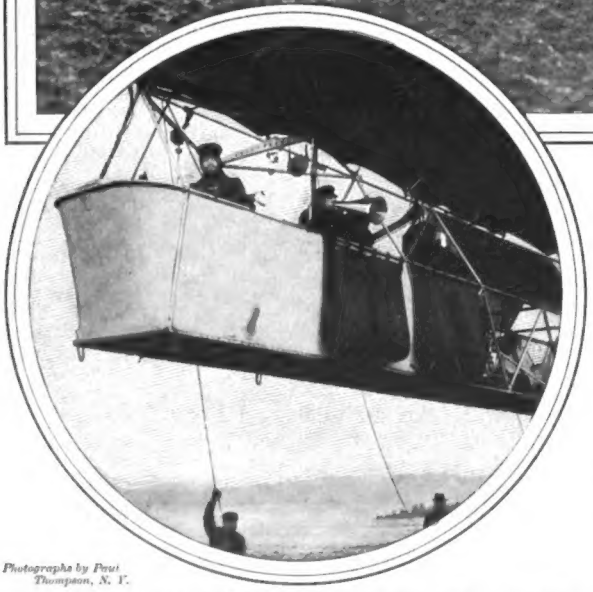


THE SIEMENS-SCHUCKERT AIRSHIP ENTERING HER TURN-TABLE SHED—THE MODERN TYPE OF DOCK.



Photographs by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE MIDDLE PASSENGER-"GONDOLA." THIS AIRSHIP HAS JUST BEEN BOUGHT BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

ships is about to be operated over the North Sea—the first commercial navigation of the air above the ocean. The Hansa, Count Zeppelin's fourteenth airship, has been chosen for this epoch-making service. The Hamburg-American line, first to recognize the fact that the true airship is here, is to manage her. There will be practise trips first for the crew, between Hamburg and the Danish Islands; then passengers will be carried over land and sea from Hamburg to Copenhagen, and later, as far as Christiania. Then—but airship history is making too fast for detailed prediction.

Even while this article is being written, two flights have been accomplished that are the first steps in demonstrating the practicability of the airship at sea. The Viktoria Luise, one of the big Zeppelins that have been plying between German cities, made an eight-hour over-sea trip of three hundred and fifty miles. Carrying four naval officers, eleven passengers, and her crew of ten, she flew from Hamburg out over the North

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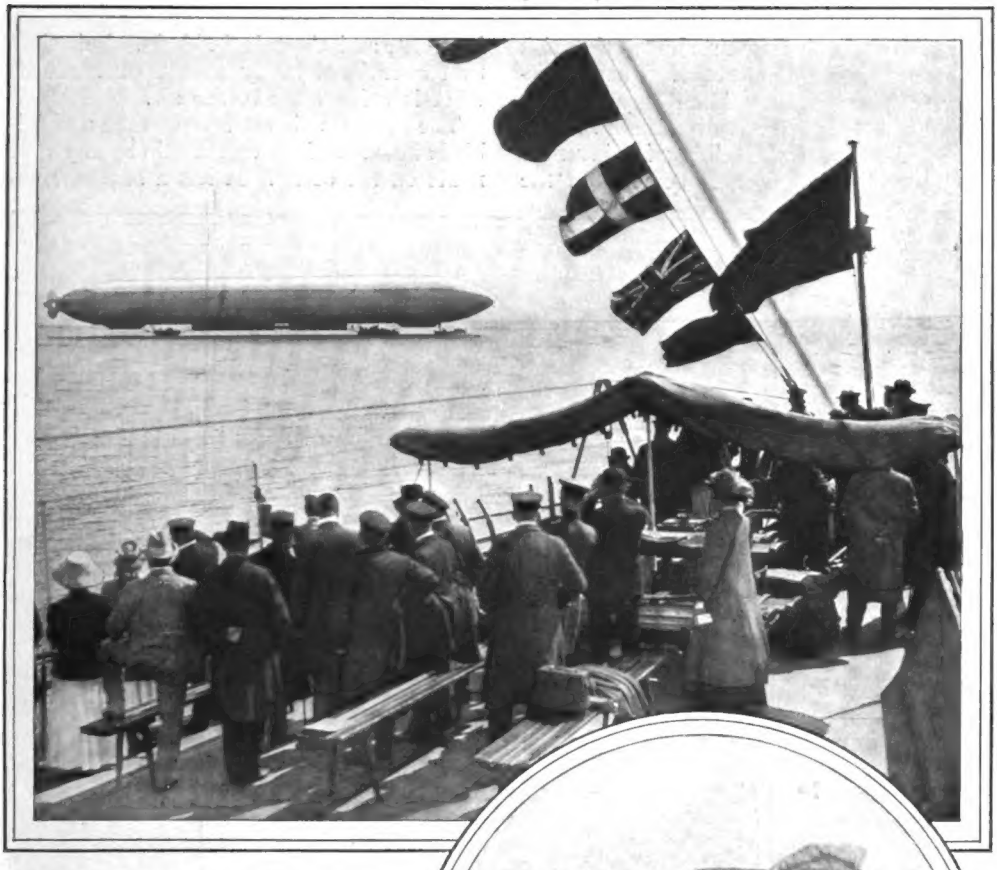

THE WAR AIRSHIP ZEPPELIN III EFFECTING A LANDING ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

Sea, and circled the Island of Norderney—successfully finishing the first extensive over-ocean voyage ever made by an airship. And without requiring further proof of a Zeppelin's value for sea-fighting, the German admiralty is having built a colossal airship that, with a speed of fifty-five miles an hour, can scout far out over sea and pursue hostile naval fleets.

A few days later the Viktoria Luise again made an over-sea flight, flying for forty miles directly above the steamship *Amerika*. She demonstrated that an airship, by lowering mains, can take gas from steel decanters carried on a liner, and can lift fuel as well. This means an enormous gain in the airship's time of staying aloft.

Photographs by Trans-Atlantic Co.

COUNT ZEPPELIN; THE GERMAN AIRSHIP COMMISSIONER; AND CHIEF OF THE GERMAN AERONAUT BATTALIONS.

As a result of these flights, America is drawn perceptibly closer to Europe. Venturesome persons are indeed planning flights across the Atlantic for the near future. A German dirigible has been constructed whose owners contemplate a transatlantic voyage. The fate of the unfor-

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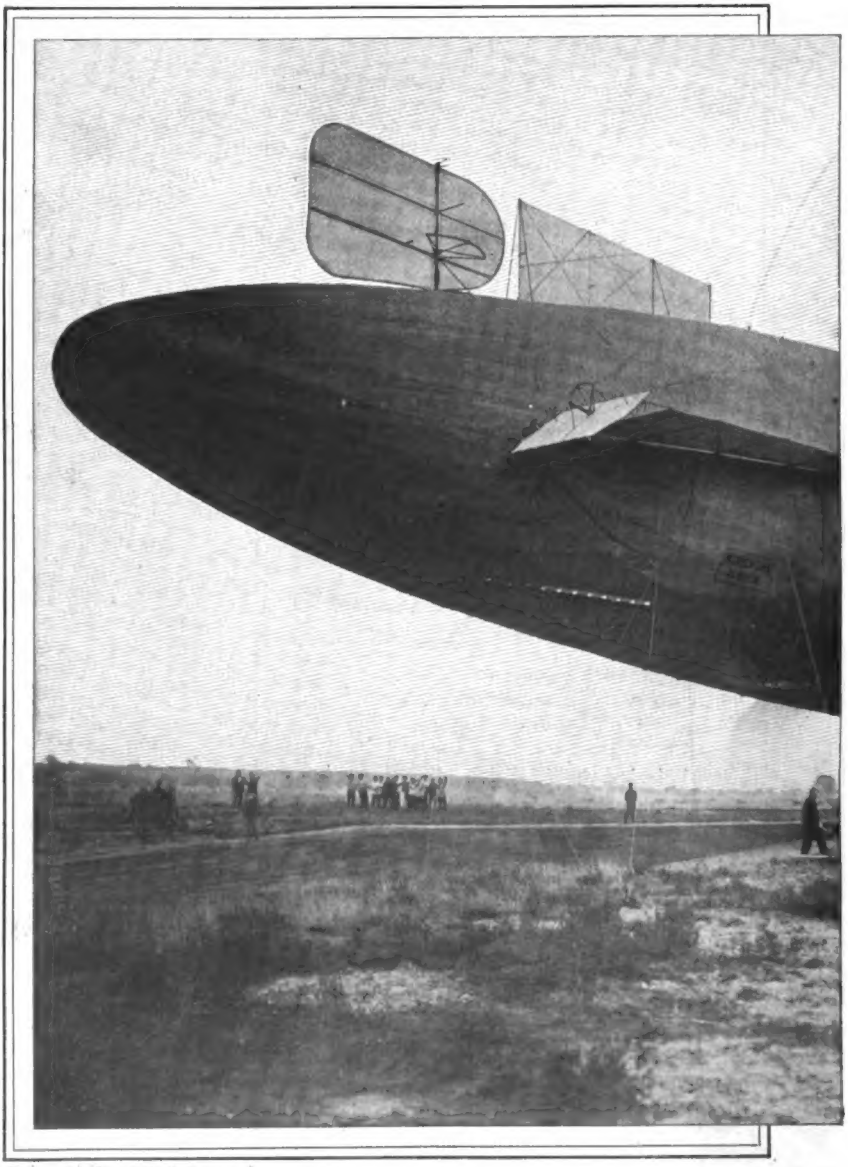
tunate Melvin Vaniman shows the risk these men are willing to take. But the disaster that came to Vaniman July 2, 1912, when his dirigible, the Akron, burst in mid-air off Atlantic City, killing its inventor and four others, has little bearing on the development of the airship. His craft was a mistake, and in his methods he violated principles the soundness of which have been thoroughly demonstrated.

There is good reason for believing that the accident to the Akron followed an attempt to inflate the air ballonets inside the big gas-bag, by which means Vaniman erroneously believed he could compress the gas and prevent it from expanding under the influence of the sun or the rarefied atmosphere of a higher altitude. This strain burst the envelope. The disaster was all the more deplorable because it was unnecessary.

In America, attention, unfortunately, has been centered on the spectacular aeroplane, practically to the exclusion of the airship, or it has been directed to such mistaken experiments as those conducted by Vaniman, and, before him, by Walter Wellman, or to flights of toy-like dirigibles by Roy Knabenshue, Frank Goodale, Santos-Dumont, and Captain Baldwin. It is time that a rational study should be made of what is being done in the air.

The Zeppelin airship is more than a dirigible balloon. It is as true a ship as any that floats on the ocean. It has a strong, rigid hull, with a deck on top and a deck suspended below. It has separated compartments for gas that perform exactly the same function as the air-tight compartments inside an



Photograph by Trans-Atlantic Company

THE GERMAN ARMY AIRSHIP SCHUETTE-LANZ ENTERING HER DOCK. THE DAY THE *TITANIC*, STRUCK THE GROUND AT

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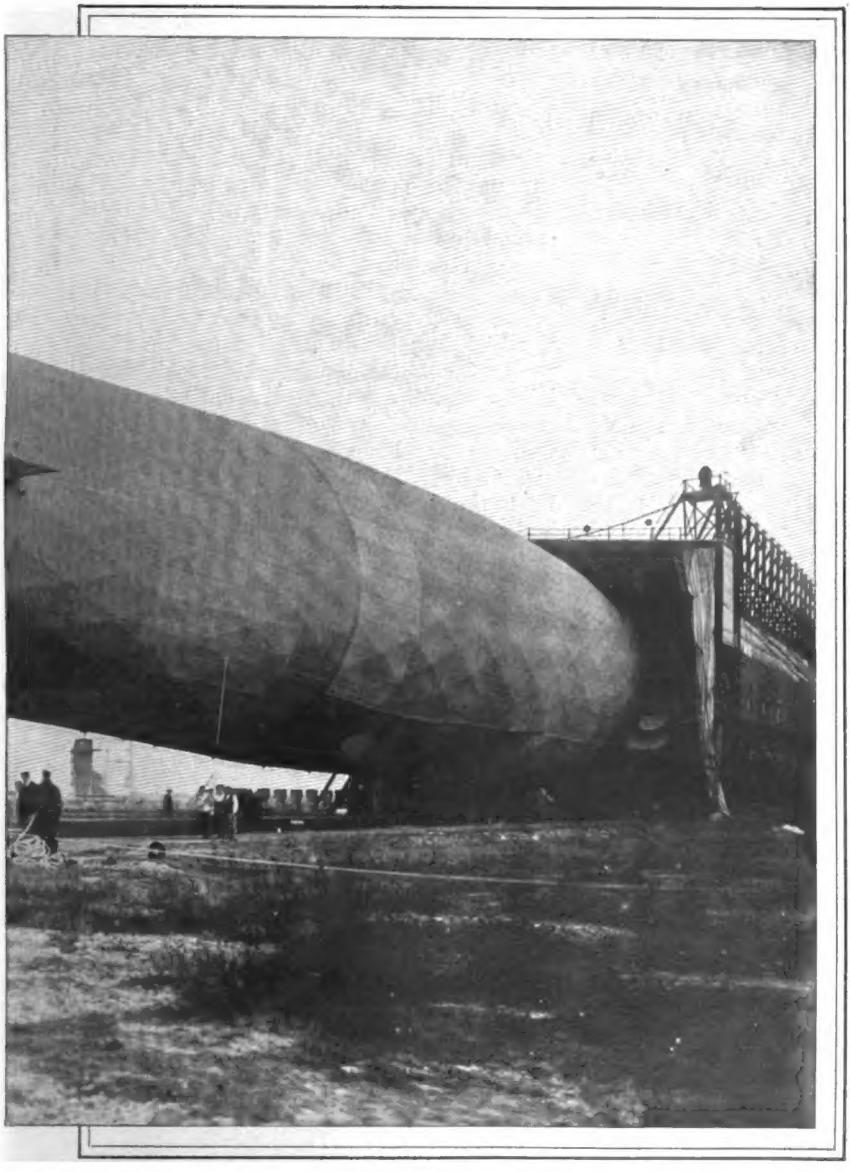
ocean liner, and is so constructed that an injury which might absolutely destroy an ordinary dirigible would have upon it little effect. Sustained by displacing more than its own weight of air and by its speed, floating free like a submarine within its own element, it undergoes little strain, even in tempests.



BEFORE THE *TITANIC* DISASTER, THIS AIRSHIP, SIXTEEN MILES FASTER THAN FULL SPEED, WITHOUT SERIOUS DAMAGE.

It is a commonplace that Germany is leagues ahead of us in the construction and use of airships—leagues ahead, too, as we shall see, of her European neighbors. Two years of regular flight, connecting Frankfort, Düsseldorf, Baden-Baden, and Hamburg, have made travel by the highways of the air a matter of everyday.

During the greater part of this year the Viktoria Luise, with a capacity of twenty-eight passengers, has made daily round trips between Frankfort and Düsseldorf, in three hours. This ship is now making excursions out of Hamburg to various points on the North Sea, and she will soon be running between Berlin and Bremen, maintaining a passenger service in connection with the transatlantic steamships, which will save time for those who do not care to travel by the slower railroad. The Schwaben last year made excursions out of Baden-Baden to points of interest for one hundred and fifty miles around, in addition to maintaining a weekly service to Frankfort. This ship recently replaced the Viktoria Luise between Frankfort and Düsseldorf. And besides this passegner service, the Zeppelin airships are now a recognized branch of the German mail service.

It was the Schwaben that was wrecked

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the other day while lying at anchor. And perhaps this is the place for a word of explanation about the accidents that have befallen the Zeppelins, and their bearing on the safety of airship travel.

In 1907, at Echterdingen, the Zeppelin IV, while on the ground, was set afire by a charge of electricity that had collected in her metallic frame during a flight that had just ended. Instruments now detect these charges before they become dangerous, and a fabric has just been made for covering the balloons that will obviate frictional electricity.

In 1910,the war airship Zeppelin II broke from defective moorings and, drifting away unmanned, was wrecked. Since then adequate anchors have made it possible to moor any Zeppelin in the open if necessary.

In the fall of 1910, the first of the Zeppelin passenger airships, Deutschland I, was wrecked in the Teutoburg Forest, because her business manager had sent her aloft with nine hours' of fuel instead of a normal supply of thirty hours. She could not outlast a storm she encountered. That mistake will never be repeated.

That same fall, the Zeppelin VI was accidentally set on fire through the carelessness of her cleaners while she lay in her shed. Of course, this was not a wreck.

In the spring of 1911, the Deutschland II was wrecked because she was anchored too near her shed at Düsseldorf.

More recently the Schwaben was wrecked while on the ground before the same shed at Düsseldorf. Of all Zeppelin sheds this is the only one that has not been provided with modern docking appliances and the only one that does not have double doors at each end. Improvements have been ordered, and another source of danger will soon be removed.

All of these accidents have been the result of mishandling, and can not be attributed to any defect of constructive principles. Not one can be charged against the Zeppelin strictly as an airship. It is worthy of special note, too, that, in all these disasters, no Zeppelin has ever lost a life among either crews or passengers. Indeed, in Germany the airship is regarded as a vehicle of greater safety than the ocean steamship.

Does it pay to maintain one of these great aerial vessels, with its expert commander and its crew of ten? In America, where all this aerial achievement seems like a dream, we are accustomed to rely on figures. So does the German Air Navigation Company, which operates these passenger ships.

Last year the Schwaben made 125 trips, carrying a total of 2,846 passengers, including the German Crown Prince and the German Chancellor. It earned $140,000, or $1,120 for each trip of about one hundred and fifty miles. On its longer trips from Düsseldorf to Berlin, from Berlin to Gotha, and from Frankfort to Düsseldorf, this ship limited its number of passengers to ten, charging a correspondingly higher fare. After paying all expenses, the Schwaben earned for its owners $83,000. Its construction cost was $125,000, and it would have been good for about seven more years of active service, as shown by the war Zeppelin I, which has been in active service since 1906. The Schwaben's service this year, in five months, earned the entire cost of the Zeppelin Company's operation for a whole year, including the financial loss caused by the wreck of the Deutschland. Up to the time it was wrecked the Schwaben had made 363 trips, on which it covered 28,000 miles and carried 6,045 passengers. Four-fifths of the loss was covered by insurance.

As for the Hansa, Count Zeppelin estimates that, charging a fare not higher than $12.50 for its over-sea trips, it can still earn a profit of $25,000, estimated on a service of one hundred days.

Two years of successful flight between the largest German cities have made it possible to obtain abundant capital for the building and equipping of new ships, which soon will be in regular and commercial operation, connecting all the larger German cities one with another, and including Copenhagen.

Within the last twelve months five Zeppelin airships have been built and put into service. Each one has been larger and more powerful than its immediate predecessor. Four others are now in process of construction, and twelve more will be started in the immediate future. These twelve are to be war-craft and are to be paid for by popular subscription.

The performances in 1911 and 1912 of the Schwaben, Viktoria Luise, and the war Zeppelins II and III, have demonstrated that the larger a Zeppelin is built, the

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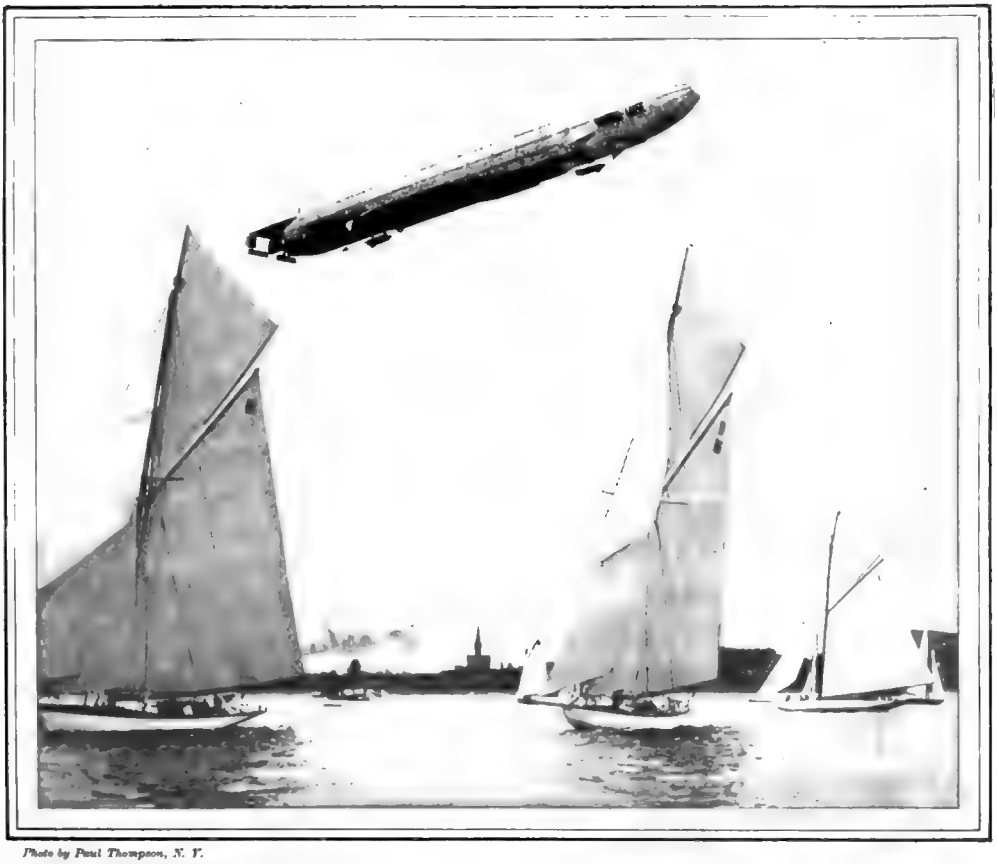

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE VIKTORIA LUISE, 511 FEET LONG, ABOVE THE YACHTS AT THE RECENT KIEL RACES.

stronger it is; the greater its carrying capacity; the greater its radius of activity, and, above everything else, the greater its speed.

Speed is the thing. Speed means safety, because the faster an airship flies, the more easily is it controlled and the greater assurance is there of dodging or outrunning a storm. See how these factors work together in some of the recent Zeppelins.

In May of last year, Count Zeppelin built his eleventh airship—the Schwaben—larger and more powerful than any of his former ships. It immediately demonstrated its worth by attaining a speed double that of the ordinary ocean greyhound—a speed that not only held it on a true course in an arrow-like flight, regardless of prevailing winds, but created an interior ventilation of its hull that prevented the sustaining gas from unduly expanding, even on the hottest days. In actual flights a Zeppelin gains sustaining power because the loss of weight resulting from the consumption of fuel more than counterbalances any loss of gas.

But another factor gives the ship additional lifting power: It is not generally understood that a Zeppelin is really heavier than air when it starts on a trip. Its gas-chambers are only inflated to about three-quarters of their capacity, to allow for the full expansion of the gas after the ship has been driven up to its level of travel by the dynamic action of its engines and propellers. The flat top and under-surface of the hull, acting as an aeroplane, give the airship a further lifting force of one and a half to two tons, nearly half the weight of the ship's cargo, and at the same time maintain its level flight.

In this way, the Schwaben last year made a flight of one hundred and twenty-five miles, from Berlin to Gotha, encountering a heavy gale for the greater part of the distance, and arrived at its destination carrying more than a ton of wet snow on its hull.

More recently Count Zeppelin on the war

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Photograph by Paul Thomp-

THE SCHWABEN'S PASSENGERS DISEMBARKING AT POTSDAM.

IN THE SCHWABEN'S DINER—AN AIRSHIP PULLMAN.

THE LAVATORY OF THE SCHWABEN.

airship Zeppelin III—to keep his schedule for the return trip from Hamburg to Friedrichshafen, a distance of four hundred and eighty miles—ran through the same storm that strewed the path of the Berlin-Vienna aeroplane race with the wrecks of eight machines. He was somewhat delayed,

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THE AIRSHIP PORT AT POTSDAM.

THE SCHWABEN, LANDING. VIEW OF THE PROW.

but the airship was in no way damaged.

Count Zeppelin's twelfth ship, the Viktoria Luise, 511 feet long, with engines greater than those of the Schwaben, has a speed of forty-four and one-half miles an hour, and easily stems a thirty-six-mile wind. The Hansa, with a length of 537 feet, travels at the

Photographs by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

SCHWABEN—STERN VIEW, SHOWING STEERING PLANES.

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rate of forty-six miles an hour and easily overcomes all winds that prevail over Germany. Much larger airships will develop double and triple the speed of the fastest ship on the water; they will do this driven by engines of less than two per cent. of the power of a steamer. The Hansa has three separate engines which, combined, have only 480 horse-power—less than that of three racing automobiles. The passenger airship Potsdam, now in process of construction at Friedrichshafen, still larger than the Hansa, will have even greater power and, with a speed of fifty-five miles an hour, will be able to run against winds approaching a tempest in strength.

Nothing but its size limits the distance a Zeppelin can cover, and the limit of practical size is nowhere in sight. Count Zeppelin, whose conservatism is marked, has recently said that an airship which will carry one hundred passengers is now in reach. And he announces that his ships can travel from Berlin to St. Petersburg in less than a day and a half, or to Moscow or Constantinople, with average weather, in thirty hours—which is less than the present railroad time.

The great speed and dirigibility of the Zeppelin are made possible by its motors, which are the invention of Karl Maybach, a young engineer whose fame has just begun to penetrate beyond the borders of Germany. Three of these motors, each weighing half a ton, are placed in each ship.

Maybach noted that nature had supplied man with a duplicate set of sensitive organs —two eyes, two nostrils, and two ears— and he built his engine in the same manner. In the Maybach motor two carbureters prepare the explosive mixture, and there are two spark-plugs in each cylinder to fire it, and two magnetos to supply electric current. Then two valves introduce the driving-gas into each cylinder, and there are two exhaust valves. The engine will not stop running if any one of these parts gets out of order, for its duplicate will continue doing the work for both.

One of the best features of the Maybach motor is its automatic system of pumping fuel. A slight accident to one of the earlier dirigibles—not a Zeppelin—caused the ship to take such a position in the air that the flow of fuel was interrupted. The pumps introduced by Mr. Maybach work so that it makes no difference what is the position of the airship. In fact, for the purpose of demonstration, a Zeppelin was pointed almost vertically in the air, and while in that position its motors continued to work perfectly.

These motors make it possible to control a five-hundred-foot Zeppelin as easily as an automobile. Even the crippling of one of the propellers has no other effect than retarding speed, as a single propeller is sufficient to keep the craft upon a straight course.

In flight, a Zeppelin chooses its course and air position according to the winds that blow. If an adverse current of air aloft is too strong, the ship is kept close to the ground; or it may be sent to an altitude of eight thousand feet or even higher, if the winds make that desirable. This enables it to dodge a storm which might work disaster to an ordinary dirigible. And the fact that it carries fuel sufficient for a flight of seventy hours gives it another margin of safety. Two small rudders at the stern steady the ship and overcome the effect of violent gusts and eddies of wind. The ship's motion is very gentle; there is none of the vibration felt on an ocean liner, because the airship's engines are working against elastic, yielding air.

The hull of a Zeppelin is built of reinforced aluminum in what has been referred to as "napkin-ring" sections—sections of a standard size of twenty-six feet. The Hansa is 537 feet long; the next Zeppelin, larger by one section, will have a length of 563 feet. Each of these rings contains a drum-shaped gas cell, and each is strong enough in itself to support the ordinary weight of a man. The rings are joined together by strakes and ribs braced inside and all bolted together in one long hull. This frame is tremendously strengthened by the outward pressure of the gas. When completed, its top can support a weight of two and one-half tons of guns and ammunition.

It is not making too large a claim to say that this rigid airship, in its best form, is stronger and more stable than is the ordinary ocean-going steamship. There is a strikingly dramatic instance in proof of the point:

When the *Titanic* struck an iceberg, her steel plates were sheared like cardboard, and, sinking head on, her so-called safety compartments burst under the strain. The

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day before the terrible *Titanic* disaster the German army's airship Schuette-Lanz—Zeppelin type—sixteen miles faster than the *Titanic*—as the result of a mishap to its rudder while it was being driven to the earth, struck the ground at full speed. Yet, with forward engines disabled, the Schuette-Lanz rose, drifted across the Rhine, and

the present-day ocean-going steamships. They land on four motor-trucks held between the guide-rails of a wide track, sweeping in two curves. This makes it possible to land against any wind.

The ship is first driven down at full speed. Then its engines are stopped, and it glides under its own momentum until

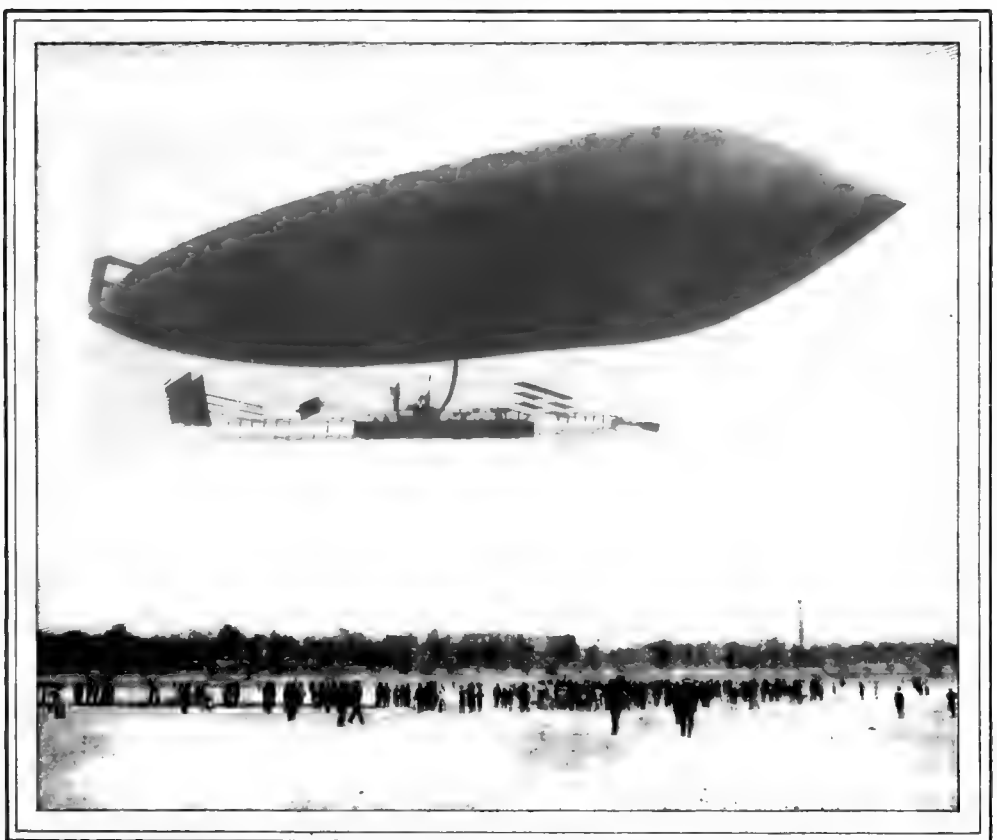

Photo by Trans-Atlantic Company.

THE FRENCH MILITARY DIRIGIBLE, ADJUTANT REAU, WHICH, BY A THEORETICAL ATTACK, PROVED TO FRANCE THE MENACE OF WAR AIRSHIPS.

finally was brought to earth without further damage or any loss of life. It withstood the terrific collision because its gas cells remained intact. However, had one-third of them been ruptured, the ship still would have righted itself. A Zeppelin will not sink if several of its gas chambers burst or are perforated in war, because this loss of buoyancy is made up by the aeroplane lift of its hull, while being driven at full speed.

It is popularly believed that the landing of a Zeppelin is a dangerous maneuver. On the contrary, all modern Zeppelins are docked with greater ease than is any one of the sustaining power of its gas checks the descent. A second before the ship glides over its cradle landing, cables are cast off. The stern is secured to the trucks on the windward side. Winches draw the great bulk down, while the bow is brought around against the wind and fastened to the trucks. The lee side is then made fast. No sudden side-wind can budge the ship. After everything is made taut, motors drive the vessel into the shed. It is taken out for a flight in the same manner, always leaving from the track that points into the wind.

Six hundred landings in the past two

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years without an accident are a demonstration of safety that has been accepted by the German public as sufficient.

Two years ago the Zeppelin Company announced that it would begin air traffic between Germany and England.

But England looked upon this intended traffic as a warlike menace. In protest she built an imitation of Count Zeppelin's ships; and though her engineers, through lack of experience, made errors which resulted in the ship's breaking in the middle, the English objections to the Zeppelin service became so apparent that Germany thought it advisable for the present to abandon the flights.

France is equally alert to the potential menace of the German airships. Within the past six months, the supremacy of the Zeppelins has been acknowledged on the floor of the French Senate. General Cherfils, the renowned French military writer, has also admitted that the French style of dirigible balloons can not possibly compete with the Zeppelin, and has even pronounced all aeroplanes powerless against the German airship.

The French, on the theory that the more colossal craft were too unwieldy to be easily handled and too large to be fast, have built smaller dirigibles of short endurance which can do only one thing well at a time. These dirigibles attain a very high altitude, an advantage if it is desired to launch bombs upon a near-by enemy; but this advantage is counterbalanced by the fact that their capacity for further flight is reduced practically to zero.

Now it has been discovered that the Zeppelins have won by reversing the French idea. The Zeppelin carries engines sufficiently powerful to drive it almost twice as fast as any French dirigible has been able to travel, and, in fact, has reached a speed equal to that of the best of the French war aeroplanes, which of necessity are the larger and slower type of biplane. This high speed enables a Zeppelin not only to cover great distances in a short time, but also to attain a height of a mile in less than five minutes after it leaves the earth—which is about one-fourth the time that is required for a war aeroplane to reach the same height.

It was the Italian commander's official reports of the war in Tripoli that cured France of her delusion as to the relative values of aeroplanes and airships:

Two baby Italian dirigibles cruised day after day a mile above the ground, surveying every Turkish post within twenty miles of the Italian camp. While these small airships were at work, swift aeroplanes were also in service, but they did well if they explored one camp in a flight and got safely back to headquarters. In fact, except for scouting in fair weather, their successes in bomb-throwing were not worth mentioning. On the other hand, the airships reported constantly by wireless to the troops and to the war-ships. They played the game true to aerial tactics. When the enemy opened fire upon them and they discovered that they were within possible reach of the bullets, they simply took a higher altitude, from which they deliberately continued their observations. Later, the same dirigibles returned to the Italian camps, where they took on a supply of bombs. Then they cruised leisurely about over the Turkish camps, from time to time dropping a bomb.

On May second, at daybreak, the dirigibles, flying at a height of more than a mile, first reconnoitered the enemy's camps at Aziza and at Suani Ben Aden. Then a sudden attack was made. The ships cast loose twenty bombs, each of which did considerable damage. One bomb destroyed an entire square of huts, and it was afterward learned that the loss of life from this one explosion was one hundred and thirty-six. The infantry and artillery attempted to return the fire, but were absolutely unable to reach the airships. The Turks, however, soon learned their costly error, and scattered their troops as soon as a dirigible appeared overhead. Italy has since built four dirigibles, each of the size of the largest German Parseval air-cruisers, and has armed their cars with machine-guns and sent them to the front. With these she has been operating against the Turks with such effect as all the world now knows.

These little Italian ships, which served as an object-lesson to France, were merely the ordinary dirigible variety. No wonder France openly shudders at the thought of a fleet of mammoth Zeppelins hovering over Paris!

Converted for war purposes—all the commercial Zeppelins are so constructed that with slight alteration they may be

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converted into war machines—the Viktoria Luise mounts one and three-quarters tons of military equipment. The cabin is made to give place to guns and fighting men. Every possible ounce of weight is saved, the result being that, carrying this heavy equipment, the ship can float thirty hours, and in that period may cover 1140 miles. If stripped for a longer trip, it can remain afloat fifty hours and cover 1900 miles. This would carry it over the entire French territory, or permit it to range freely over the British Isles.

The Hansa, which is a larger ship, carries two tons of armament, and avails itself of an even greater radius than that of the Viktoria Luise. Either one of these two ships, prepared for war, carries one hundred and fifty rounds of special high-explosive shells, each weighing four and one-eighth pounds, and two of the big, long-range guns of fifty pounds apiece, which, with their ammunition, are mounted on top of the hull. In addition each carries, in the long gallery under the hull, ten machine-rifles, weighing fourteen pounds apiece—these being intended to repel any possible attack made by aeroplanes. This armament is practically two-thirds of the carrying capacity of the airship.

From one of these airships little or no ammunition is wasted. The aim is nearly absolute, and at a distance of from three to six miles the possible destruction is tremendous. The pilot of the ship maintains an exact distance from the target by steering the ship at a certain elevation and maintaining a pivotal point. Gunners, with the heaviest weapons pivoted so that they may be aimed in any direction, sight as if from a mountainside, and are able to note exactly where each shell strikes. Fired down at a slant of not less than forty-five degrees, the shell is propelled not only by the charge of powder behind it but by the power of gravity, which multiplies as the shell's flight continues. A modern half-pound shell fired from an altitude of one mile penetrates two inches of steel almost as easily as an ordinary rifle-bullet at short range penetrates an inch of pine board. And a recent official report shows that the heavier guns may be fired from a Zeppelin floating at an altitude of a mile and a half with such perfect accuracy that they will destroy the strongest battleship afloat.

A Zeppelin's secondary battery of lighter machine-guns consists of even more deadly aerial weapons. They slay with an absurdly small bullet. One of these guns, discharging as it does five hundred shots a minute, might well put an army to rout, while the fast airship upon which it is mounted would be beyond any land weapon's reach.

There are three Zeppelins that are purely war craft—numbered, not named. Add the convertible passenger ships and the twelve army Zeppelins soon to be constructed, and the big naval airships, with their successors, and you grasp the tremendous advantage Germany has over her neighbors. With their deadly perfect guns; with a speed superior to that of war aeroplanes; with the power to travel by night as well as by day, and unhindered by fog; to remain afloat three days or even longer; to travel wide distances over land and sea; with the very thin armor just devised—the Zeppelins are truly the greatest of modern weapons—and naturally the terror of the French and English war parties.

France has recently offered herself proof of her own peril in case of hostilities. Her own greatest dirigible, the Adjutant Reau, made a theoretical night attack upon the city of Verdun, near the German border line. Maintaining a position of perfect safety, it floated about over the city, unseen. It would have been possible for it to wreck the five defending fortresses without receiving a shot in reply. Notice of its attack had been given, and the searchlights of all the fortresses swept the sky—in vain. The airship passed on, still invisible.

And the Adjutant Reau is nothing but a gas-bag, which could not sustain an attack from one of the smallest of the deadly Zeppelins! The demonstration that even such an airship as that could destroy a city helpless to defend itself, and the comparison with a Zeppelin's power, have made the French realize how thoroughly they have permitted their ancient enemy to outwit them in the matter of a navy of the air.

An official trial of the Zeppelin II—Count Zeppelin's new war cruiser—a short time after the demonstration by the Adjutant Reau, proves this again, from the German side. The war Zeppelin met all military tests by running the French border in fourteen and one-half hours. It maintained a speed of forty-seven and a quarter miles an hour, and had little difficulty in outracing a French war aeroplane that at-

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tempted to keep pace with it. During eight hours of its flight this ship remained at the prescribed battle height of one mile—long enough to have done deadly execution.

Following this demonstration, and without landing, the air cruiser went through a dense fog to Baden-Baden and cruised over that city, unknown to its inhabitants, for five and one-half hours more.

So much for the Zeppelin as the last word in swift continental travel and as a weapon so terrible that it may be a powerful factor in furthering world peace. Let us go back to the airship's possibilities as a successor to the ocean liner.

The flights of the Hansa over the North Sea are in a sense a preparation for more important voyages to come. Next year, the Zeppelin Polar Airship Expedition will proceed with its scheduled flights with two airships over the ice fields of the far North, where it will not only cover distances equal to that between Europe and America but will alight and anchor on the ice. There the preliminary polar expedition sent out in 1911 found ideal conditions for the final demonstration of the Zeppelin as an ocean-going airship.

Aerial navigation that will bring Europe and America within three days of each other waits, chiefly, not upon a suitable ship, not upon new steering or propelling apparatus, but on more and better weather reports!

The governments of the world are making ready for the future navigation of the air on a magnificent scale by joining their efforts to obtain more accurate meteorological information. Weather observation stations are being multiplied. Weather service is being extended to take in reports from ships at sea, which will give the chief forecasting stations complete knowledge of the weather situation over the entire world.

In Germany at the present time the direction and force of the winds may be predicted three hours in advance without frequent mistake. All German weather stations are provided with pilot balloons and theodolites, by means of which the speed and direction of winds at all altitudes are ascertained. This information is telegraphed to the chief aerological station at Lindenberg, where a general report is prepared and sent out to all wireless stations, including the two hundred established by the Air Navigation Company, for communication with their ships. Airships equipped with wireless go aloft without fear of meeting unexpected storms in the upper air. By means of the wireless, too, they are enabled to establish their exact positions regardless of darkness or fog.

So with an accurate knowledge of the upper-air currents above the ocean, successful flight across the Atlantic will depend only upon the building of a proper craft; and that is a detail which may be left to Count Zeppelin.

Already, engineers are giving us a glimpse of that very ship. At Kiel an airship is nearing completion that furnishes a definite idea of the thousand-foot ocean-crossing vessel. It is in the form of a perfectly smooth torpedo, weighing twenty-nine tons. Five hundred feet long it will be—as long as many an ocean liner. Its strong steel frame will be braced, ship-like, from the inside; and its seven and one-quarter tons of passengers, crews, motors, and supplies, all will be carried inside the hull below the gas chambers. A draught of seventy-three feet will give head-room for comfortable passenger quarters far from the engine-rooms. Companionways will lead to the outside of the hull, so that on the voyage the men can make any necessary repairs to rudder or propellers. And the ship will be perfectly dirigible—so that it can be turned in its own length.

But we can not divorce the dirigible, as pleasure and commercial craft, from its grim and deadly uses. For this very ship can in a few days be converted to a war craft. Ehrhardt, the ordnance man of Düsseldorf, is building two powerful long-range guns to be mounted upon the upper deck of this leviathan of the air. With engines of nine hundred horse-power to drive it at a speed of sixty miles an hour; with a fuel capacity sufficient to keep it afloat from eighty to one hundred hours, it could range over two thousand miles of territory, dealing out death and destruction, with perfect safety from the attack of any craft, any weapon now in existence, save another such Zeppelin as itself.

This is the kind of ship that some day—some day soon, when the vagaries of the Atlantic air currents have been reduced to a science—will hover over New York, bringing America and Europe closer together by air than they have yet been drawn by water.

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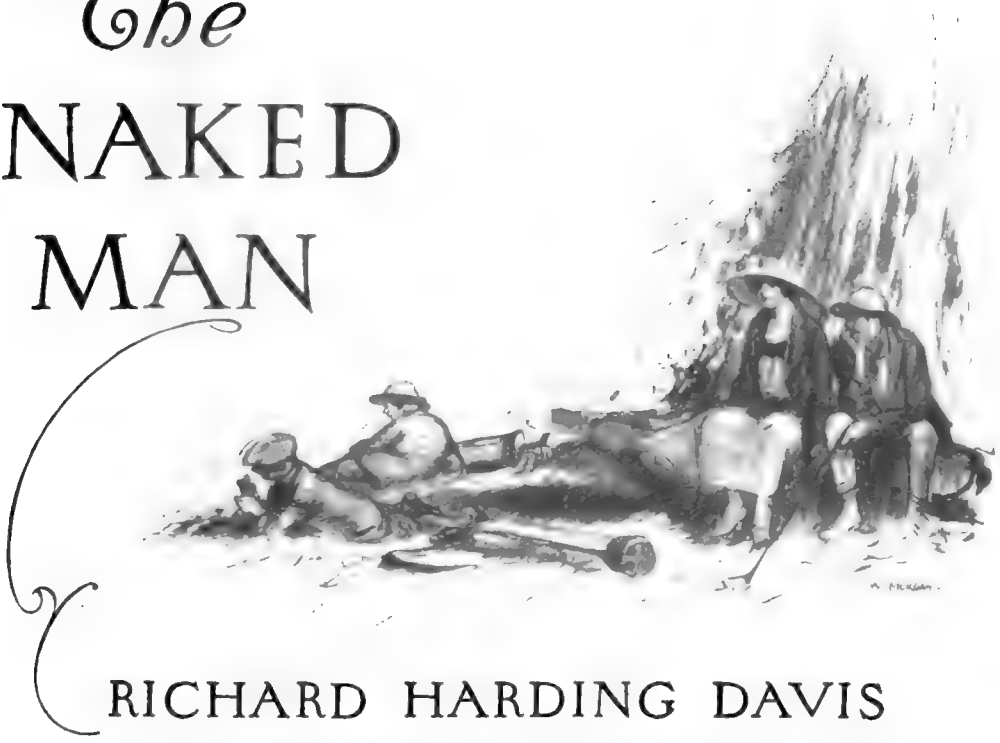
The NAKED MAN



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

AUTHOR OF "VAN BIBBER AND OTHERS," "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," "THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

IN THEIR home town of Keepsburg, the Keeps were the reigning dynasty, socially and in every way. Old man Keep was president of the trolley line, the telephone company, and the Keep National Bank. But Fred, his son, and the heir apparent, did not inherit the business ability of his father; or, if he did, he took pains to conceal that fact. Fred had gone through Harvard, but as to that also, unless he told people, they would not have known it. Ten minutes after Fred met a man he generally told him.

When Fred arranged an alliance with Winnie Platt, who also was of the innermost inner set of Keepsburg, everybody said Keepsburg would soon lose them. And everybody was right. When single, each had sighed for other social worlds to conquer; and when they combined their fortunes and ambitions they found Keepsburg impossible, and they left it to lay siege to New York. They were too crafty to at once attack New York itself. A widow lady they met while on their honeymoon at Palm Beach had told them not to attempt that. And as she was the Palm Beach correspondent of a society paper they naturally accepted her advice. She warned them that in New York the waiting list is already interminable, and that, if you hoped to break into New York society, the clever thing to do was to lay siege to it by way of the suburbs and the country clubs. If you went direct to New York knowing no one, you would at once expose that fact, and the result would be disastrous.

She told them of a couple like themselves, young and rich and from the West, who, at the first dance to which they were invited, asked, "Who is the old lady in the wig?" and that question argued them so unknown that it set them back two years. It was a terrible story, and it filled the Keeps with mis-

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givings. They agreed with the lady correspondent that it was far better to advance leisurely; first to firmly entrench themselves in the suburbs, and then to enter New York not as the Keeps from Keepsburg, which meant nothing, but as the Fred Keeps of Long Island, or Westchester, or Bordentown.

"In all of those places," explained the widow lady, "our smartest people have country homes, and at the country club you may get to know them. Then, when winter comes, you follow them on to the city."

The point from which the Keeps elected to launch their attack was Scarboro-on-the-Hudson. They selected Scarboro because both of them could play golf, and they planned that their first skirmish should be fought and won upon the golf-links of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club. But the attack did not succeed. Something went wrong. They began to fear that the lady correspondent had given them the wrong dope. For, although three months had passed, and they had played golf together until they were as loath to clasp a golf club as a red-hot poker, they knew no one, and no one knew them. That is, they did not know the Van Wardens; and if you lived at Scarboro and were not recognized by the Van Wardens, you were not to be found on any map.

Since the days of Hendrik Hudson, the country-seat of the Van Wardens had looked down upon the river that bears his name, and ever since those days the Van Wardens had looked down upon everybody else. They were so proud that at all their gates they had placed signs reading, "No horses allowed. Take the other road." The other road was an earth road used by tradespeople from Ossining; the road reserved for the Van Wardens, and automobiles, was of bluestone. It helped greatly to give the Van Warden estate the appearance of a well-kept cemetery. And those Van Wardens who occupied the country place were as cold and unsociable as the sort of people who occupy cemeteries—except "Harry" Van Warden, and he lived in New York at the Turf Club.

Harry, according to all local tradition—for he frequently motored out to Warden Koopf, the Van Warden country-seat—and according to the newspapers, was a devil of a fellow, and in no sense cold or unsociable. So far as the Keeps read of him, he was always being arrested for overspeeding, or breaking his collar-bone out hunting, or losing his front teeth at polo. This greatly annoyed the proud sisters at Warden Koopf; not because Harry was arrested or had broken his collar-bone, but because it dragged the family name into the newspapers.

"If *you* would only play polo or ride to hounds instead of playing golf," sighed Winnie Keep to her husband, "you would meet Harry Van Warden, and he'd introduce you to his sisters, and then we could break in anywhere."

"If I was to ride to hounds," returned her husband, "the only thing I'd break would be my neck."

The country place of the Keeps was completely satisfactory, and for the purposes of their social comedy the stage-setting was perfect. The house was one they had rented from a man of charming taste and inflated fortune; and with it they had taken over his well-disciplined butler, his pictures, furniture, family silver, and linen. It stood upon an eminence, was heavily wooded, and surrounded by many gardens; but its chief attraction was an artificial lake well stocked with trout that lay directly below the terrace of the house and also in full view from the road to Albany.

This latter fact caused Winnie Keep much concern. In the neighborhood were many Italian laborers, and on several nights the fish had tempted these born poachers to trespass; and more than once, on hot summer evenings, small boys from Tarrytown and Ossining had broken through the hedge, and used the lake as a swimming-pool.

"It makes me nervous," complained Winnie. "I don't like the idea of people prowling around so near the house. And think of those twelve hundred convicts, not one mile away, in Sing Sing. Most of them are burglars, and if they ever get out, our house is the very first one they'll break into."

"I haven't caught anybody in this neighborhood breaking into our house yet," said Fred, "and I'd be glad to see even a burglar!"

They were seated on the brick terrace that overlooked the lake. It was just before the dinner hour, and the dusk of a wonderful October night had fallen on the hedges, the clumps of evergreens, the rows

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"IT WASN'T A BATH," HE GASPED. "IT WAS A BET."

of close-clipped box. A full moon was just showing itself above the tree tops, turning the lake into moving silver. Fred rose from his wicker chair and, crossing to his young bride, touched her hair fearfully with the tips of his fingers.

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"What if we don't know anybody, Win," he said, "and nobody knows us? It's been a perfectly good honeymoon, hasn't it? If you just look at it that way, it works out all right. We came here really for our honeymoon, to be together, to be alone——"

Winnie laughed shortly. "They certainly have left us alone!" she sighed.

"But where else could we have been any happier?" demanded the young husband loyally. "Where will you find any prettier place than this, just as it is at this minute, so still and sweet and silent? There's nothing the matter with that moon, is there? Nothing the matter with the lake? Where's there a better place for a honeymoon? It's a bower—a bower of peace, solitude—a bower of——"

As though mocking his words, there burst upon the sleeping countryside the shriek of a giant siren. It was raucous, virulent, insulting. It came as sharply as a scream of terror, it continued in a bellow of rage. Then, as suddenly as it had cried aloud, it sank to silence; only after a pause of an instant, as though giving a signal, to shriek again in two sharp blasts. And then again it broke into the hideous long-drawn scream of rage, insistent, breathless, commanding; filling the soul of him who heard it, even of the innocent, with alarm.

"In the name of heaven!" gasped Keep, "what's that?"

Down the terrace the butler was hastening toward them. When he stopped, he spoke as though he were announcing dinner. "A convict, sir," he said, "has escaped from Sing Sing. I thought you might not understand the whistle. I thought perhaps you would wish Mrs. Keep to come indoors."

"Why?" asked Winnie Keep.

"The house is near the road, madam," said the butler. "And there are so many trees and bushes. Last summer two of them hid here, and the keepers—there was a fight."

The man glanced at Keep. Fred touched his wife on the arm.

"It's time to dress for dinner, Win," he said.

"And what are you going to do?" demanded Winnie.

"I'm going to finish this cigar first. It doesn't take me long to change." He turned to the butler. "And I'll have a cocktail, too. I'll have it out here."

The servant left them, but in the French window that opened from the terrace to the library, Mrs. Keep lingered irresolutely. "Fred," she begged, "you—you're not going to poke around in the bushes, are you?—just because you think I'm frightened?"

Her husband laughed at her. "I certainly am *not!*" he said. "And you're not frightened, either. Go in. I'll be with you in a minute."

But the girl hesitated. Still shattering the silence of the night the siren shrieked relentlessly; it seemed to be at their very door, to beat and buffet the window-panes. The bride shivered and held her fingers to her ears.

"Why don't they stop it!" she whispered. "Why don't they give him a chance!"

When she had gone, Fred pulled one of the wicker chairs to the edge of the terrace, and, leaning forward with his chin in his hands, sat staring down at the lake. The moon had cleared the tops of the trees, had blotted the lawns with black, rigid squares, had disguised the hedges with wavering shadows. Somewhere near at hand a criminal—a murderer, burglar, thug—was at large, and the voice of the prison he had tricked still bellowed in rage, in amazement, still clamored not only for his person but perhaps for his life. The whole countryside heard it: the farmers bedding down their cattle for the night; the guests of the Briar Cliff Inn, dining under red candle-shades; the joy-riders from the city, racing their cars along the Albany road. It woke the echoes in Sleepy Hollow. It crossed the Hudson. The granite walls of the Palisades flung it back against the granite walls of the prison. Whichever way the convict turned, it hunted him, reaching for him, pointing him out—stirring in the heart of each who heard it the lust of the hunter, which never is so cruel as when the hunted thing is a man.

"Find him!" shrieked the siren. "Find him! He's there, behind your hedge! He's kneeling by the stone wall. *That's* he running in the moonlight. *That's* he crawling through the dead leaves! Stop him! Drag him down! He's mine! Mine!"

But from within the prison, from within the gray walls that made the home of the siren, each of twelve hundred men cursed it with his soul. Each clinging to the bars

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of his cell, each trembling with a fearful joy, each, his thumbs up, urging on with all the strength of his will the hunted, rat-like figure that stumbled panting through the crisp October night, bewildered by strange lights, beset by shadows, staggering and falling, running like a mad dog in circles, knowing that wherever his feet led him the siren still held him by the heels.

As a rule, when Winnie Keep was dressing for dinner Fred, in the room adjoining, could hear her unconsciously and light-heartedly singing to herself. It was a habit of hers that he loved. But on this night, although her room was directly above where he sat upon the terrace, he heard no singing. He had been on the terrace for a quarter of an hour. Gridley, the aged butler who was rented with the house, and who for twenty years had been an inmate of it, had brought the cocktail and taken away the empty glass. And Keep had been alone with his thoughts. They were entirely of the convict. If the man suddenly confronted him and begged his aid, what would he do? He knew quite well what he would do. He considered even the means by which he would assist the fugitive to a successful get-away.

The ethics of the question did not concern Fred. He did not weigh his duty to the state of New York, or to society. One day when he had visited "the institution," as a somewhat sensitive neighborhood prefers to speak of it, he was told that the chance of a prisoner's escaping from Sing Sing and not being at once retaken was one out of six thousand. So with Fred it was largely a sporting proposition. Any man who could beat a six-thousand-to-one shot commanded his admiration.

And, having settled his own course of action, he tried to imagine himself in the place of the man who at that very moment was endeavoring to escape. Were he that man, he would first, he decided, rid himself of his tell-tale clothing. But that would leave him naked, and in Westchester County a naked man would be quite as conspicuous as one in the purple-gray cloth of the prison. How could he obtain clothes? He might hold up a passer-by, and, if the passer-by did not flee from him or punch him into insensibility, he might effect an exchange of garments; he might by threats obtain them from some farmer; he might despoil a scarecrow.

But with none of these plans was Fred entirely satisfied. The question deeply perplexed him. How best could a naked man clothe himself? And as he sat pondering that point, from the bushes a naked man emerged. He was not entirely undraped. For around his nakedness he had drawn a canvas awning. Fred recognized it as having been torn from one of the row-boats in the lake. But, except for that, the man was naked to his heels. He was a young man of Fred's own age. His hair was cut close, his face smooth-shaven, and above his eye was a half-healed bruise. He had the sharp, clever, rat-like face of one who lived by evil knowledge. Water dripped from him, and either for that reason or from fright the young man trembled, and, like one who had been running, breathed in short, hard gasps.

Fred was surprised to find that he was not in the least surprised. It was as though he had been waiting for the man, as though it had been an appointment.

Two thoughts alone concerned him: that before he could rid himself of his visitor his wife might return and take alarm, and that the man, not knowing his friendly intentions, and in a state to commit murder, might rush him. But the stranger made no hostile move, and for a moment in the moonlight the two young men eyed each other warily.

Then, taking breath and with a violent effort to stop the chattering of his teeth, the stranger launched into his story.

"I took a bath in your pond," he blurted forth, "and—and they stole my clothes! That's why I'm like this!"

Fred was consumed with envy. In comparison with this ingenious narrative how prosaic and commonplace became his own plans to rid himself of accusing garments and explain his nakedness. He regarded the stranger with admiration. But even though he applauded the other's invention, he could not let him suppose that he was deceived by it.

"Isn't it rather a cold night to take a bath?" he said.

As though in hearty agreement, the naked man burst into a violent fit of shivering.

"It wasn't a bath," he gasped. "It was a bet!"

"A what!" exclaimed Fred. His admiration was increasing. "A bet? Then you are not alone!"

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"I am *now*—damn them!" exclaimed the naked one. He began again reluctantly. "We saw you from the road, you and a woman, sitting here in the light from that room. They bet me I didn't dare strip and swim across your pond with you sitting so near. I can see now it was framed up on me from the start. For when I was swimming back I saw them run to where I'd left my clothes, and then I heard them crank up, and when I got to the hedge the car was gone!"

Keep smiled encouragingly. "The car!" he assented. "So you've been riding around in the moonlight."

The other nodded, and was about to speak when there burst in upon them the roaring scream of the siren. The note now was of deeper rage, and came in greater volume. Between his clenched teeth the naked one cursed fiercely, and then, as though to avoid further questions, burst into a fit of coughing. Trembling and shaking, he drew the canvas cloak closer to him. But at no time did his anxious, prying eyes leave the eyes of Keep.

"You—you couldn't lend me a suit of clothes, could you?" he stuttered. "Just for to-night? I'll send them back. It's all right," he added, reassuringly. "I live near here."

With a start Keep raised his eyes, and, distressed by his look, the young man continued less confidently.

"I don't blame you if you don't believe it," he stammered, "seeing me like this; but I *do* live right near here. Everybody around here knows me, and I guess you've read about me in the papers, too. I'm—that is, my name—" like one about to take a plunge he drew a short breath, and the rat-like eyes regarded Keep watchfully—"my name is Van Warden. I'm the one you read about—Harry—I'm Harry Van Warden!"

After a pause, slowly and reprovingly Fred shook his head; but his smile was kindly, even regretful, as though he were sorry he could not longer enjoy the stranger's confidences.

"My boy!" he exclaimed, "you're *more* than Van Warden! You're a genius!" He rose and made a peremptory gesture. "Sorry," he said, "but this isn't safe for either of us. Follow me, and I'll dress you up and send you where you want to go." He turned, and whispered over his shoulder: "Some day let me hear from you. A man with your nerve——"

In alarm the naked one with a gesture commanded silence.

The library led to the front hall. In this was the coat-room. First making sure the library and hall were free of servants, Fred tiptoed to the coat-room and, opening the door, switched on the electric light. The naked man, leaving in his wake a trail of damp footprints, followed close at his heels.

Fred pointed at golf-capes, sweaters, great-coats hanging from hooks, and on the floor at boots and overshoes.

"Put on that motor-coat and the galoshes," he commanded. "They'll cover you in case you have to run for it. I'm going to leave you here while I get you some clothes. If any of the servants butt in, don't lose your head. Just say you're waiting to see me—Mr. Keep. I won't be long. Wait."

"Wait!" snorted the stranger. "You *bet* I'll wait!"

As Fred closed the door upon him, the naked one was rubbing himself violently with Mrs. Keep's yellow golf-jacket.

In his own room Fred collected a suit of blue serge, a tennis shirt, boots, even a tie. Underclothes he found ready laid out for him, and he snatched them from the bed. From a roll of money in his bureau drawer he counted out a hundred dollars. Tactfully he slipped the money in the trousers pocket of the serge suit, and with the bundle of clothes in his arms raced downstairs and shoved them into the coat-room.

"Don't come out until I knock," he commanded. "And," he added in a vehement whisper, "don't come out at all unless you have clothes on!"

The stranger grunted.

Fred rang for Gridley and told him to have his car brought around to the door. He wanted it to start at once; within two minutes. When the butler had departed, Fred, by an inch, again opened the coat-room door. The stranger had draped himself in the underclothes and the shirt, and at the moment was carefully arranging the tie.

"Hurry!" commanded Keep. "The car'll be here in a minute. Where shall I tell him to take you?"

The stranger chuckled excitedly; his confidence seemed to be returning. "New York," he whispered, "fast as he can get there! Look here," he added doubtfully,

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"there's a roll of bills in these clothes."

"They're yours," said Fred.

The stranger exclaimed vigorously. "You're all right!" he whispered. "I won't forget this, or you either. I'll send the money back same time I send the clothes."

"Exactly!" said Fred.

The wheels of the touring-car crunched

HE STOOD STILL, GAZING, DEVOURING WINNIE WITH HIS EYES.

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on the gravel drive, and Fred slammed the door to, and like a sentry on guard paced before it. After a period which seemed to stretch over many minutes there came from the inside a cautious knocking. With equal caution Fred opened the door the width of a finger, and put his ear to the crack.

"You couldn't find me a button-hook, could you?" whispered the stranger.

Indignantly Fred shut the door and, walking to the veranda, hailed the chauffeur. James, the chauffeur, was a Keepsburg boy, and when Keep had gone to Cambridge James had accompanied him. Keep knew the boy could be trusted.

"You're to take a man to New York," he said, "or wherever he wants to go. Don't talk to him. Don't ask any questions. So, if *you're* questioned, you can say you know nothing. That's for your own good!"

The chauffeur mechanically touched his cap and started down the steps. As he did so the prison whistle, still unsatisfied, still demanding its prey, shattered the silence. As though it had hit him a physical blow, the youth jumped. He turned and lifted startled, inquiring eyes to where Keep stood above him.

"I told you," said Keep, "to ask no questions."

As Fred reentered the hall, Winnie Keep was coming down the stairs toward him. She had changed to one of the prettiest evening gowns of her trousseau, and so outrageously lovely was the combination of herself and the gown that her husband's excitement and anxiety fell from him, and he was lost in admiration. But he was not for long lost. To his horror, the door of the coat-closet opened toward his wife and out of the closet the stranger emerged. Winnie, not accustomed to seeing young men suddenly appear from among the dust-coats, uttered a sharp shriek.

With what he considered great presence of mind, Fred swung upon the visitor.

"Did you fix it?" he demanded.

The visitor did not heed him. In amazement, in abject admiration, his eyes were fastened upon the beautiful and radiant vision presented by Winnie Keep. But he also still preserved sufficient presence of mind to nod his head dully.

"Come," commanded Fred. "The car is waiting."

Still the stranger did not move. As though he had never before seen a woman, as though her dazzling loveliness held him in a trance, he stood still, gazing, gaping, devouring Winnie with his eyes. In her turn, Winnie beheld a strange youth who looked like a groom out of livery, so overcome by her mere presence as to be struck motionless and inarticulate. For protection she moved in some alarm toward her husband.

The stranger gave a sudden jerk of his body that might have been intended for a bow. Before Keep could interrupt him, like a parrot reciting its lesson he exclaimed explosively:

"My name's Van Warden. I'm Harry Van Warden."

He seemed as little convinced of the truth of his statement as though he had announced that he was the Czar of Russia. It was as though a stage manager had drilled him in the lines.

But upon Winnie, as her husband saw to his dismay, the words had produced an instant and appalling effect. She fairly radiated excitement and delight. How her husband had succeeded in capturing the social prize of Scarboro, she could not imagine, but, for doing so, she flashed toward him a glance of deep and grateful devotion.

Then she beamed upon the stranger. "Won't Mr. Van Warden stay to dinner?" she asked.

Her husband emitted a howl. "He will *not!*" he cried. "He's not that kind of a Van Warden. He's a plumber. He's the man that fixes the telephone!"

He seized the visitor by the sleeve of the long motor-coat and dragged him down the steps. Reluctantly, almost resistingly, the visitor stumbled after him, casting backward amazed glances at the beautiful lady. Fred thrust him into the seat beside the chauffeur. Pointing at the golf-cap and automobile goggles which the stranger was stupidly twisting in his hands, Fred whispered fiercely:

"Put those on! Cover your face! Don't speak! The man knows what to do."

With eager eyes and parted lips, James the chauffeur was waiting for the signal. Fred nodded sharply, and the chauffeur stooped to throw in the clutch. But the car did not start. From the hedge beside the driveway directly in front of the wheels, something on all fours threw itself upon the

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gravel. Something in a suit of purple-gray. Something torn and bleeding, smeared with sweat and dirt; something that cringed and crawled, that tried to rise and sank back upon its knees, lifting to the glare of the headlights the white face and white hair of a very old, old man. The kneeling figure sobbed; the sobs rising from far down in the pit of the stomach, wrenching the body like waves of nausea. The man stretched his arms toward them. From long disuse his voice cracked and broke.

"I'm done!" he sobbed. "I can't go no farther! I give myself up!"

Above the awful silence that held the four young people, the prison siren shrieked in one long, mocking howl of triumph.

It was the stranger who was the first to act. Pushing past Fred, and slipping from his own shoulders the long motor-coat, he flung it over the suit of purple-gray. The goggles he clapped upon the old man's frightened eyes, the golf-cap he pulled down over the white hair. With one arm he lifted the convict, and with the other dragged and pushed him into the seat beside the chauffeur. Into the hands of James he thrust the roll of bills.

"Get him away!" he ordered. "It's only twelve miles to the Connecticut line. As soon as you're across, buy him clothes and a ticket to Boston. Go through White Plains to Greenwich—and then you're safe!"

As though suddenly remembering the presence of the owner of the car, he swung upon Fred. "Am I right?" he demanded.

"Of course!" roared Fred. He flung his arm at the chauffeur as though throwing him into space.

"Get-to-hell-out-of-here!" he shouted.

The chauffeur, by profession a criminal, but by birth a human being, chuckled savagely and this time threw in the clutch. With a grinding of gravel the racing-car leaped into the night, its ruby rear lamp winking in farewell, its tiny siren answering the great siren of the prison in jeering notes of joy and victory.

Fred had supposed that at the last moment the younger convict purposed to leap to the running-board, but instead the stranger remained motionless.

Fred shouted impotently after the flying car. In dismay he seized the stranger by the arm.

"But you?" he demanded. "How are you going to get away?"

The stranger turned appealingly to where, upon the upper step, stood Winnie Keep.

"I don't want to get away," he said. "I was hoping, maybe, you'd let me stay to dinner."

A terrible and icy chill crept down the spine of Fred Keep. He moved so that the light from the hall fell full upon the face of the stranger.

"Will you kindly tell me," Fred demanded, "who the devil you are?"

The stranger exclaimed peevishly. "I've *been* telling you all evening," he protested. "I'm Harry Van Warden!"

Gridley, the ancient butler, appeared in the open door.

"Dinner is served, madam," he said.

The stranger gave an exclamation of pleasure. "Hello, Gridley!" he cried. "Will you please tell Mr. Keep who I am?—Tell him, if he'll ask me to dinner, I won't steal the spoons."

Upon the face of Gridley appeared a smile it never had been the privilege of Fred Keep to behold. The butler beamed upon the stranger fondly, proudly, by the right of long acquaintanceship, with the affection of an old friend. Still beaming, he bowed to Keep.

"If Mr. Harry—Mr. Van Warden," he said, "is to stay to dinner, might I suggest, sir, he is very partial to the Paul Vibert, '84."

Fred Keep gazed stupidly from his butler to the stranger and then at his wife. She was again radiantly beautiful and smilingly happy.

Gridley coughed tentatively. "Shall I open a bottle, sir?" he asked.

Hopelessly, Fred tossed his arms heavenward.

"Open a *case!*" he roared.

At ten o'clock, when they were still at table and reaching a state of such mutual appreciation that soon they would be calling each other by their first names, Gridley brought in a written message he had taken from the telephone. It was a long-distance call from Yonkers, sent by James, the faithful chauffeur.

Fred read it aloud.

"I got that party the articles he needed," it read, "and saw him safe on a train to Boston. On the way back I got pinched for speeding the car on the way down. Please send money. I am in a cell in Yonkers."

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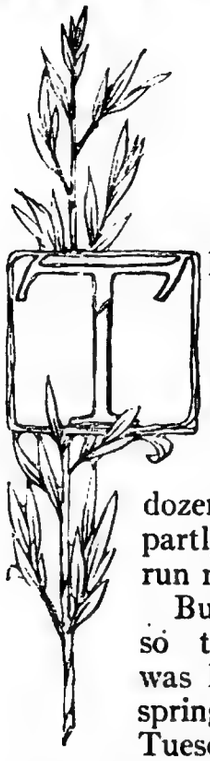
Denver Triumphant

by GEORGE CREEL



THE day of the boss and corporation control in municipal affairs is waning. MacNichol has been driven from the politics of Philadelphia; Cox from Cincinnati; Cleveland has won her freedom; half a dozen other cities have at least partly rid themselves of their boss-run machines.

But no boss ever got kicked out so thoroughly as Boss Evans was kicked out of Denver in the spring municipal election. On Tuesday, May 21, the citizenship of Denver reelected Ben B. Lindsey to the office of Juvenile Judge by 41,478 votes against 16,249 cast for the candidate of the bi-partisan forces. And the entire Citizens' ticket—a third-party protest against the conditions attacked and exposed by Judge Lindsey—was elected, from mayor to constable, by a majority of ten thousand votes over the Democratic and Republican tickets.

An entire country watched this municipal election and found its result significant.

For this victory means more than that a great city has banished oppression and enthroned freedom. It is a clarion call to all who sweat in bondage, and a heartening to the forces of revolt. It is proof of the people's power. For years the Guggenheim-Evans bi-partisan machine had rumbled its ugly way along—menacing, arrogant, seemingly invincible; yet when the people rose, massed, and attacked, it fell into rusty remnants, and was seen to be no more than an evil bugbear of lies and fears and superstitions.

For twenty years the honest men and women of Colorado have been fighting for fairer and better things; but it remained for Judge Lindsey to make the struggle real and vivid by linking Special Privilege with Vice and Crime, and connecting political corruption with the sufferings of little children.

As he sat in the Juvenile Court, heart torn by the sorrowful procession that streamed through the doors, he saw that the system which gave privileges and monopolies to a few, and denied common rights to the many, was responsible for involuntary poverty, and that it was involuntary poverty that bred the sores and festers of society.

He "saw the cat." And as investigation strengthened his certitude, he commenced those terrific denunciations of Big Business that made him the object of more malignant attack than has been heaped upon any other man in modern public life.

He charged that municipal corruption had its source in the scramble of public-utility corporations for unfair favors. That slums were encouraged and maintained by the respectable privilege-seekers as "vote mills." That the entire political system was a compact among criminals, rich and poor, for the protection of illegal profit. With a fearlessness that took no thought of personal consequences, he pointed out that the bribes of Special Privilege, trickling like some evil acid into every nook and cranny of public service, had scarred manhood and self-respect in council and in courts, and that its unclean favors, secretly extended, had transformed high-standing citizens into the enemies of good government.

In 1908, EVERYBODY'S detailed Harvey J. O'Higgins to go to Denver and work with Judge Lindsey in the preparation of an autobiographic narrative that would tell of the struggle against those evils that beset every American municipality. Published serially in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, every instalment of "The Beast and the Jungle" brought screams from the exposed Beast.

All that Judge Lindsey had been called upon to endure for ten years paled beside the new hates and persecutions. He was called an "ill bird," "public enemy,"

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"blackener of the fair name of Colorado," and "madman." The great civic bodies reviled him in solemn resolutions, and countless thousands were spent in the national circulation of obscure sheets that branded him as a liar and a degenerate, utterly without reputation in his own community.

And the Beast, enraged beyond caution, rushed out into the open.

The high-water mark of insolence was supposed to have been reached in 1905, when the legislature calmly kicked out a governor elected by a majority of 14,000, and appointed a man more to the corporation liking. But now, as if to prove its contempt for Lindsey, his revelations, and the people, the Beast went farther:

Judge Lindsey, in the fall of 1911, headed a Commission Government movement, and, under specific provisions of the charter, filed a petition for a special election signed by twenty thousand voters. The council, at the Beast's command, threw this petition into the waste basket, and was sustained by a three to three vote in the Supreme Court.

An honest assessor, Henry J. Arnold, who had dared to assess the public-utility corporations fairly, making them share the burden borne by small home-owners, was assaulted in his office by the Beast's gunmen, and thrown out into the street. Thirty thousand people, packing the statehouse grounds on a snowy Sunday afternoon, protested, and appealed for redress to "the high custodians of justice"— and were mocked.

May 21—the municipal election—was the first official test of public sentiment—the first downright grapple between the People and Special Privilege after the Lindsey serial. Arnold, the honest assessor, was named for mayor at the head of a Citizens' ticket, and Ben B. Lindsey was renominated for Juvenile Judge. A tremendously dramatic campaign followed, the Beast fighting hard with its familiar weapons. But the people spoke, and out of their mouths issued a flame that burned the Jungle and consumed the Beast.

In the days that followed, Judge Lindsey spoke as an honored guest before the great civic organizations that had once denounced him—for from these men a fear had lifted. They now welcome him as the champion of the people of Denver.

The fight has been won—the most complete victory over bossism ever won in an American city. But victory means only that the ground has been cleared for the good sowing. Denver's next step will be Commission Government, to which every official on the Citizens' ticket is pledged. Colorado's next step will be the adoption of ten radical measures, which will be submitted, through the initiative, to the voters at the November election—measures that have been demanded for years, and have been refused by the Beast's legislators.

Among them are the recall for all elective officials, with emphasis on the judiciary; the recall of decisions, which takes away the power to declare laws unconstitutional from all courts except the supreme court, and gives the people the right to approve or reject the ruling; a public-utilities commission; an eight-hour law for women; a mother's compensation act; a school amendment that gives cities direct control of their public schools; and an amendment that will give a jury trial to those charged with contempt of court.

These reforms are looked upon as little more than the first possibilities of freedom. Forms of government will be changed to secure greater fairness and absolute simplicity. All power will be restored to the people—not that representative government may be done away with, but that it may be made truly representative. If the machinery of the old parties is found to be useless for the purposes of democracy, the Citizens' movement will be carried into the state.

Increasingly and fearlessly, emphasis will be laid upon the truth that makes men free. Palliatives must give way to preventives. The Ten Commandments will be interpreted in the light of twenty centuries of progress. No lie will be endured merely because it is old. Murder by unsafe machinery and cruel industrial conditions will be made no less abhorrent than murder by thugs. Those who steal the people's streets and rights will take their place in the dock along with those who steal pocketbooks. And the prostitutions of preachers, editors, lawyers, and business men, who lend their talents to the service of the privileged classes, will be as much condemned as the prostitutions coerced by industrial and economic conditions.

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HUMANITY

by
JULIET
WILBOR
TOMPKINS

AUTHOR OF "DR. ELLEN," "OPEN HOUSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
S. J. WOOLF

"I CAN'T do it, Babbie." Doris spoke indulgently, as to a beloved child. "I have to be down at the parade headquarters all the afternoon. It's the last day."

"Besides, I want the car," put in Clare, in a tone that settled it. "I am going to take a mother up to the Margaret Rest myself; she isn't fit to go on the train."

Doris turned interestedly. "Mrs. Mellon? How is she—did the baby live?"

"Oh, it lived—after a fashion." Clare passed her hand heavily across her forehead. "Such trips make one less ashamed of having a motor," she added drily.

Doris's dark face lit responsively. "I know! Sometimes, down at the Settlement, I wish I had my crutch back, so that I could say, 'Well, anyway, I'm lame!'"

Clare nodded, rising from the luncheon table with a man's detachment; she never seemed to enter into personal relations with the furniture of her home. "If you were, you couldn't do half so much for them," she said.

They had talked as if the third sister were not there. She sat with her chin resting on the back of her hands, looking from one earnest face to the other with the intentness of a foreigner who follows a half strange language. She was as still as if she had hoped to surprise a secret. After they had gone, she lingered there till her own baffled sigh roused her.

"I'll try—I will try," she said aloud, like a docile little girl who has been reproved. Jumping up, she took the morning paper to the drawing-room and curled down over it, her palms against her ears for better attention.

The front page showed the usual horrors: pestilence and famine, battle and murder and sudden death. Babbie went doggedly through a railroad wreck, then took up a tenement fire. But, just as she reached the crumbling of the walls, across the depicted horrors came a ripple of music, warm and real as a laugh at her elbow. Her blond head jerked up. A waltz was streaming in over the blooming hyacinths of the open windows. Firemen made their last brave onslaught and the nets were stretched, but Babbie's page was not turned. A foot in a silk stocking emerged from her skirt, a

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patent-leather toe beat time. The waltz had a joyous attack, frequently repeated, a galloping gaiety. Spring sunlight sparkled on the long, polished floor. Babbie laughed and jumped up.

The music hopefully kept on, waltz, two-step, waltz, and still Babbie danced. Her hands and arms danced with her, her hair ran wild, her lifted face was all curved and dented with her silent joy. At the last bar she stopped, panting, by the window, and threw down money, with nods and smiles.

The brown couple below passed on, dragging their hurdy-gurdy. Behind their professional response, their eyes were dull and tired. Babbie leaned out to look after them, forcing her attention on their bent backs.

"They are poor sad little old things," she said aloud; "and his feet hurt; and nobody but me really wants them to play." She spoke with a deliberate emphasis, as if thrusting cold facts down a reluctant throat. "They have been frozen all winter, and they're going to broil all summer, and there is no hope for them, and they wish they were dead. People like that ought to just break one's heart—" But Babbie's voice was absently trailing off; her eyes had forgotten to echo the words. A double pink hyacinth brushed its cool sweetness across her lips. She smiled and kissed it back, then systematically took a deep breath of each heavy head of blossoms in turn. It was her doing that all the sunny windows of the house opened on spring bloom, and she fell to straightening stalks and pulling out leaves with the fond yet businesslike touch of a young mother over little skirts and cap-strings. Then the telephone bell gave her an excuse for a dash through the house.

"That you, Babbie?" It was a man's voice, pleasant, deep, responsible. Babbie's ripple flew to meet it.

"Oh, *hel*-lo, Seymour!"

The headlong welcome brought a laugh over the wire. "*Hel*-lo, Babs!"

"Are you coming to take me to a matinée?" she demanded, joyously ready for any good thing.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" His voice was humble with contrition. "I've got to work this afternoon."

She was severe. "To call up at two o'clock Saturday afternoon and not mean anything by it is misleading," she reproached him. "What did you want, then?"

"Three minutes' rest and refreshment, please. I can't get away to-day, Babbie. I have some very sick people on hand."

Her face grew thoughtful. "Are they suffering awfully?" she asked.

"Well, two of them are."

"And so you couldn't be happy for a minute, unless you were trying to help them?"

"That's about it." Then, hearing a sigh, Seymour added a quick, "Don't be troubled, Babs, don't think about it."

"I probably sha'n't," said Babbie, too faintly to be heard.

"By the way, I want to see Doris about a case," Seymour went on. "Do you think I'd find her, if I came in about six?"

"She's working over a cloakmakers' strike-parade or something like that. She may be back," said Babbie, not too cordially.

"I'll take the chance. Shall you be in then?"

"Probably not. Why?"

"Well, it would be very nice if you were."

She had to laugh. "I'll leave a message for Doris," she said.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" It was not a perfunctory question; there was anticipation in his voice as if mirth were in prospect. She hesitated, then brought it out with defiant honesty:

"Dancing to a street organ."

He had his laugh, richly. "Oh, God bless you, Babbie," he said. "I wish I had been there. And you won't be in at six?"

"Can't possibly," said Babbie. "*Good*-by."

She made a note for Doris, scribbling it with a vicious dig of the pencil. Then she went back to the hyacinths and stood looking out across them rather sadly.

"Of course, it's Doris," she admitted bravely. "Any fool could see that. It ought to be Doris, too. I'm not—good enough. I haven't—oh, dear! Why was I born *me?*" But she could not stay long under a cloud. Hope bubbled up. "Maybe I'll develop," she said, then clenched her hands and shut her eyes in a mighty effort. "Suffering awfully—suffering all this spring afternoon—perhaps dying. Aching and—"

A motor that had stopped beneath flung out the melodious call of a coach-horn. A girl was signaling from its tonneau. Babbie flew out, bare-headed, radiant; a moment later she was racing back for wraps.

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"But I must be home at six, sharp," she insisted, as they sped off into the day's brightness.

It was half-past six before she came back, her arms full of white dogwood, her soul plainly flying on ahead of her body. From the drawing-room door she saw them seated at a table, the two dark, sensitive faces turned to each other and curiously alike in this moment of absorption. The wish went through her with a stab of pain: "If I could only suffer!" Then memory of an old fairy tale made her laugh aloud. "'Oh, if I could but shiver!'" she murmured, coming in.

They had turned at her laugh. Something—perhaps the shining white of her dogwood—brought a brightness to the dim room; fresh air streamed in on her garments. Doris held out a tired arm to her and Seymour took her free hand, and so, wholly happy again, she stood between them and told the joyous tale of her afternoon. Then she produced three little bunches of wild violets, tied up with their leaves.

"I got those for Katie and Eliza and Nannie," she said, and ran off to the kitchen. Silence fell in the drawing-room, Seymour staring obliviously at the door that had closed on her, Doris watching him with a faint smile. He glanced round in time to catch her at it, and smiled broadly, without shame. Their hands met in a quick clasp; but they spoke only of their case.

"Tell me what she is like," Doris said.

"Jennie Moran? Oh, she's passive and patient now; she will do anything she is told to. But presently she will wake up."

"To what?"

"That's just it: either to work and hope, or to another fit of despair. That is why I want your help right now."

Doris considered. "If she is well enough to sew, she may come here for a month and bring the baby," she decided. "I'll get others interested."

"You are good, Doris."

"Oh, no, I'm not." She smiled. "I'm only trying to buy peace of mind. But you must see the parade on Monday, Seymour. It's going to be splendid."

Babbie came back, bearing a jar for her dogwood. "They loved their violets," she announced with triumph.

Babbie awoke the next morning slowly and luxuriously, as was her pleasant custom. She stretched, and it felt good; she yawned, and that made her laugh. Her room was as fresh and rosy as herself, and she lay staring contentedly until the thought that a tardy freesia might have bloomed overnight brought her up with a scramble. Its one blossom duly welcomed, she turned on her bath-water, and, under cover of its rush, indulged in fervent though cautious song. Clare, who had the room adjoining, began the day sadly, and was oppressed by signs of high spirits.

When Babbie had dressed and rung for her breakfast, she leaned out into the glorious morning and wondered what Seymour was doing; and so gradually the shadow of the day before crept across her face. Seymour of the great heart, steady, warm, sorry, began the day as he ended it, in service to his fellowmen.

"I've *got* to care, to suffer," she breathed, her eyes dwelling on the heaped-up city where so much anguish lay unconcealed, crying for help. Her spirit tried to slip away from the dire thought—there were baby sparrows chittering in the vines for her diversion; but she turned on herself in hot scorn.

"Oh, very well, then; but don't think you can have Seymour," she flung out. "You're nothing but a—a jumping-jack! Grow into a real woman, like Doris, or give up altogether. Jumping-jack!" Tears streamed into her eyes. "Oh, I must care, I must, I will!" She started up from the window ledge, and again her eyes turned to the dim piles where, across a little gap of open street and pleasant square, squalor and misery lay massed. She had never yet walked that way; but now it called to her like a dark pool from which she must drink.

"I'm coming," she said aloud, and feverishly made herself ready for the street. She had no definite plan; only a direction. Once down there, the great wounds of misery would gape open before her sickened eyes, and so cure her forever of the wanton joyousness that blocked the way to her heart. Surely one who so loved her own little world could find the way to love the great world outside.

It was still early when Babbie opened her door. Sunday-morning quiet lay over the house, and she moved softly, not to disturb her tired family. The door of the sewing-room was open, but she approached it so gently that a young woman who stood at the window did not turn. Her head drooped

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MEMORIZED AN OLD FAIRY TALE WHILE HER LAUGH ... "OH, IF I COULD BUY SILVER!" SHE MURMURED, COMING IN.

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against the casement, her eyes stared indifferently before her; the very fall of her hands was hopeless. Strange, wan guests in shabby black often spent a few days or weeks in that generous house, and Babbie, intent on her quest of misery, would have passed on if a clothes-basket on a chair at the woman's side had not caught her attention. There was movement in it; and, even as she stared, up came a little head, turtle fashion, from one end. Out of a tiny face, pink, and absurdly complete for its size, two grave eyes of a kitten-blue stared roundly; then a smile flickered, wavered, burst out. Babbie gasped.

"What a perfectly darling baby!" She ran to the basket, bending over it to touch the little face, and laughing as it rippled into fresh smiles. "The *dear*—duckie — lamb! Is it yours?"

A mother must have been quite dead, not to respond to the quality of Babbie's enthusiasm.

"Yes, she's mine." Then the momentary light went out. "She's awful small for six months."

"Oh, but I adore them little!" Babbie flung aside her hat and coat. "May I take her up—will it spoil her?"

SEYMOUR PUT OUT A HAND FROM THE SIDEWALK AND DREW HER THROUGH THE CROWD, UP INTO THE SHELTER OF THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

The answer was a note of derision, struck out by the irony of that word; but Babbie was absorbed in gathering up the baby and did not notice. She carried the child to every object of interest in the room, working for smiles, and greeting them with laughter and embraces. Then she was inspired to get down the cradle from the attic, and the whirl of her buoyant energy drew in the baby's mother as a cheerful matter of course.

The cradle was a quaint old rosewood

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slept. They carried it down and washed and rubbed it, and Babbie brought out stray pieces of silk and dimity to line the shabby nest. They were kneeling on either side, taking measures — Babbie's voice going steadily, the other girl silent, but with a growing wonder in her sad eyes—when they discovered an amused masculine presence just outside the open door. Babbie's welcome flew out to him.

"Oh, *hel*-lo, Seymour!"

"*Hel*-lo, Babbie. I came in to see if my patient got here all right."

"Oh, yes, she did," Babbie answered for her. "See what we're doing." She explained how the cradle was to be beautified, and Seymour, apparently as absorbed as she, knelt down and measured and drove tacks, and Jennie's skilled hands fitted the draperies, and the baby in the clothes basket smiled and smiled.

"Bu'ful smiles, and nobody lookin' at 'em," said Babbie. "Poke her, Seymour—she adores a joke."

But Seymour had glanced at his watch and started up. "If I came in to-morrow evening, Babbie, should I find any one at home?" he asked, hastily dusting himself with his hands. "I haven't a minute to-day."

"Doris is going to march to-morrow with the cloakmakers' strike, or something. She'll be dead," said Babbie. "And so will Clare." She had followed him to the hall, and they stood for the moment alone.

"But this call is for you, my dear, if you will have it." He took her hands, smiling deeply. "It has been coming to you for a good while, Babs!"

He meant something—oh, clearly, he meant something! Babbie answered dazedly, then, when he had gone, crept off to her own room, the universe reeling about her. She wanted to think very gravely and clearly, but she could only tremble and gasp for breath and stammer her happy unbelief. Then her discarded hat and coat, which she had mechanically brought with her, seemed to rise up to confront her accusingly.

"That's me!" she burst out. "There I was, going out to face things—and here I've stayed home all the morning and had a good time! That's *me*. Oh, I'm not good enough! I ought to marry a little man who leads cotillions and plays a—b-banjo—oh, I don't know what to do!"

She could not tell any one; she could not trust even Doris to understand why she suffered. The curious day swept past, alternate shadow and radiance, and a night so burningly awake that she slept far into the morning. When she awoke, a brass band was passing under her windows, and the sidewalks were fringed with spectators. Down in the square, the striking women were assembled for their parade. Babbie watched a squad of them—colorless, weary-looking women, carrying a banner; and a rush of hope brought her up standing. Down there was misery in open mass, down there wrongs were crying out for redress and great hearts were joining in the protest. Down there was the pain of the world, and it was not too late.

The procession was under way when Babbie opened the front door. Clare's division had already passed, and from the steps she had a glimpse of Doris, helping a gaunt, shabby figure with a banner, in her face a grave loveliness that smote her little sister like a verdict of "Guilty."

"But I'll try, I will try," she breathed, and worked her way through the crowd to the curb. At the plunge, fright seized her. Rank after rank went by. "It's worse than diving," she gasped, with chattering teeth. Then a banner that said something about "daily bread" came by, and she stepped blindly off.

The long stream of women poured up the avenue, and the city stared, dubiously, amusedly, at a form of protest still novel. It was the curious awkwardness of marching women, the absurdity of their dress, that nine out of ten spectators saw. Many of the marchers reflected this consciousness in their strained eyes and embarrassed lips, but to the greater number it was a grave and righteous appeal, and they made it with a becoming dignity of spirit. Some of the younger squads were evidently taking it as clear lark and a chance to show finery. Spring wind breathed a zest into the march, and the tall buildings, white in the sunlight, towered like giant cliffs over a dim river.

At Fiftieth Street, a man on the sidewalk startled his neighbors by a sudden laugh. All they saw was a banner that set forth the right to daily bread, a row of factory girls, rather fresher and better looking than the average, and, at one end, a girl of another rank, marching valiantly to the strains of "Dixie."

Babbie's chest was up, her arms were

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straight at her sides; every inch of her was marching. Her uplifted face was radiant with suppressed joy. Her feet could scarcely stay on the pavement. The happiness that was Babbie, that would be Babbie to the end, shining out undimmed after every eclipse, was so wholly in possession that Seymour, taken unprepared, could not catch back that sudden ringing laugh. She was having a perfectly gorgeous time. And when the familiar sound smote her, all at once she knew it, and saw herself for what she was. The change to woe in her vivid face was so poignant that Seymour put out a hand from the sidewalk and drew her through the crowd, up into the shelter of the Cathedral door.

"Babbie!" he protested.

All her trouble came stumbling out. "Oh, Seymour, it's no use! I can't suffer—I can't be good enough. I—I'm incurably happy, Seymour! I wanted to be w-worthy of you, and there I was, just enjoying myself—I always do—I'd fiddle while Rome was b-burning up. I—I love you, I'd die for you, but I don't care—one—whoop about humanity, and I just c-can't!"

Babbie's eyes were blinded—mercifully, for it was not love alone that shook the figure against which she was pressed in the darkness of the vestibule. But when at last Seymour spoke, his voice was grave.

"Babbie, if the world were all like you, there wouldn't be any need for Doris and Clare and me. For we are only trying to create what you were divinely born with—happiness. That is back of everything we work for—just that—happiness. And you are it, embodied. Don't belittle the great gift that you bring with you."

Her hand curled tightly on his coat. "You mean it, Seymour? I can just be me, and not feel guilty? You're not comforting me?" He stroked her hand in silence for a moment. . . .

"I saw Jennie Moran this morning," he said. "She wants to name the baby Barbara, if you won't think it presumptuous. 'I'd like to call her after some one real happy,' she said. 'I didn't know any one was happy like that.'"

Babbie's face was alight. The significance of what he reported passed her by: it was the baby and the name that she saw.

"What fun!" she cried. "I'd adore it, Seymour! I never had anything but a cat named after me—and then they had to change it to Barbarous."

His laughter suddenly came back. "God bless you, Babbie!" he said.

The Open Window

by

Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. G. VOSBURGH

THERE is—unless something has happened recently—a place in Chicago where a really good baked potato can be had, a potato sound to the center, yielding easily to the compressing thumb with a slight crepitation, smoking hot and free from even a suspicion of sogginess. With the potato you can get a slice of real Virginia ham, cooked by an ancient and withered yellow man who has the divine gift. He broils it, of course. As for the accompanying eggs, the cackle of the hens that laid them seems to echo faintly upon the ear as they repose, a symphony of gold, white, and delicate brown, upon the hot platter. There are other things, edible and potable, to be had in that dingy

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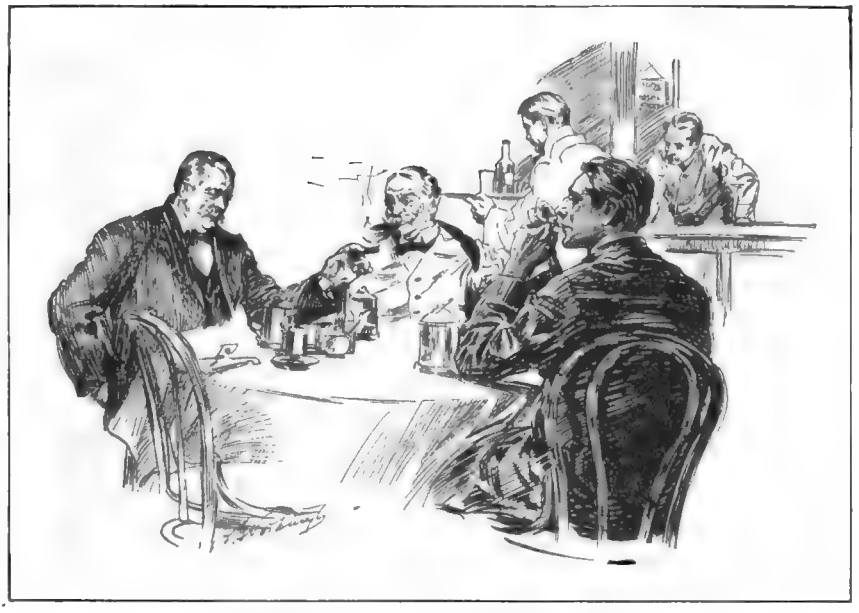

"I WAS KNOWN AS THE INCORRUPTIBLE COP."

partitioned retreat. But the ham and eggs!

Dimpsey, ruddy-faced, double-chinned, slightly obese and wholly good-natured police official of middle rank, retired, had eaten ham and eggs. He set his empty half-liter stein down on the table with a clank of the fallen lid and sighed the "Wow!" of supreme content. "Don't ever ask me to eat again," he said, "for I've no inclinations or intentions that way whatever." With that he pulled the napkin from his collar, for his greater ease, and unbuttoned two holes in his waistcoat.

"Heaven is kind," he continued. "To think that at my years I can come in here and eat ham and eggs three times a week without minding the expense! And yet there was a time when I had to content myself with the common 'ham-and' of commerce. Them was the days when I walked my beat and pulled my box and let the chips fall where they might."

Dimpsey had two companions on this occasion. One was the well-known and genial Eisenstein of the world-famous Clark Street collection of curios, formerly proclaimed to the peregrinating public by the mellifluous oriental kazoo—Eisenstein of the waistcoats and of the patchouli-scented kerchiefs, wit and cynic philanthropist. The other was Tanner, lean, keen, and eager, a press-agent and, consequently, a man of imagination.

"I bet that was how you got your stardt," insinuated Eisenstein. "But they are padding the chips with cotton these days—yes?"

"And putting Maxim silencers on the muzzles of the dice-boxes," supplemented Tanner, lighting a cigarette and looking expectant.

"How I got my start I will tell you both," said Dimpsey. "Summing up, to begin with, I acquired a reputation for nerve, honesty, and strict attention to duty. I was known far and some considerable width as 'The Incorruptible Cop.'"

"It must be a satisfaction to you that you still have your reputation for nerve," remarked Tanner, in a consolatory tone.

"But I've come near to losing it once or twice," said Dimpsey seriously. "Let me tell you, a fellow who has to go up against thugs and crooks and car-barn bandits and anarchists all the time has got to have grit.

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He's got to have a head-piece on him too. He's got to know when to keep his eyes open and when to shut 'em, and the same way with his mouth. He's got to be so slick that a fly would need rubber heels to stay on him, and he's got to be able and willing to tackle a buzz-saw and knock its teeth out. That's the kind of a lad I was."

"Nodt knocking anybody," Mr. Eisenstein put in, with good-humored sarcasm. To remove the sting, he pressed his fat forefinger on the electric button that is the establishment's sole concession to modernity. "Tell us aboudt how you nearly lost your nerve once. That will be inderesding."

"It was an open window," said Dimpsey, "a window with the darkness of the night on the outside and the black of a kettle bottom within. When I'm in my polished oak overcoat with eight foot of sod and soil over my chest I'll be in no thicker darkness. And there was splinters on the sash of that window and a dent in the sill. But that was where I got my start to a pension, a scrap-book of favorable press notices, and two steady-renting, four-flat houses.

"Try to see me, with my head and shoulders pushed through the opening and my ears strained so I could hear the thumping of my heart, with the blood chill in me and the sweat on my forehead.

"You see, I was green on the force and so soft you'd sink your finger to the knuckle-bone if you poked me. I had an idea that burglars would just as soon have trouble as a diamond bracelet, and eat policemen raw whenever they got a chance or the half of one. The dark was full of burglars for me, burglars that was already crouched down for a spring and licking their lips and champing their long, sharp teeth.

"Would I pull my head and shoulders back and pussy-foot to the safe street? No, I would go in, body, boots, and breeches, for it was my new beat and the house was jam full of plunder, with enough plate to run the mint twenty-four hours, and the caretaker off for the night.

"'Keep an eye on the place for me, Jim,' says he. 'I'll lock up fast and be back by midnight if my brother's better at all, but go I must, and there's nobody I can trust that can get away. I'll do you a good turn some time.'

"'Make your mind easy, Mickey,' I says; and that's what took me through the big iron gates and along the strip of turf at the side to the window that was gaping at me like a hungry hyena.

"I could feel the dent and I could feel the splinters in the sash above, and for the time my stomach left me and there was nothing but a sick, sick feeling in the gap. 'But after all,' I says, joking myself, 'there may not be a splinter of harm in the splinters, and the dent may be nothing but an accident.' Yet I knew I lied to myself when I said so. Nevertheless, I pushed my arm in after my shoulder, and with a hoist got my leg up and worked through by degrees to where I could lower myself to the floor inside. First one foot and then the other, and I was standing upright trying to make up my mind what to do next.

"Should I wait until whoever was in came out? I could stay away from the oblong of lighter gloom that marked the window and let them get out and then whang away at them with my gun, with more than an even show, unless they flashed a lantern on me, and then— And they might go out some other way, at the hall door or one of the doors at the back; there was nothing to prevent them. Well, I decided to hunt them and get the drop as they worked, if I could, so with my arms spread before me, groping, I started at the wall.

"I've often thought since that it would have been a funny sight for anybody that could have seen, for my fingers moved with a touch as light as thistledown and the push of each foot forward and the setting of it down wouldn't have cracked an egg-shell or started a pool-ball to rolling. It wasn't inch by inch—it was by hairbreadths that I moved, and at every minute of the heaven-knows-how-many, I stopped to listen.

"Over the glass of pictures and along the bare wall I felt my way. I rubbed the sides of furniture, tables, chairs and the like, and edged around them back to the wall again, until I felt the door casing and the turn into the hall. There I stood listening for some time and then:

"Clack!

"It was the snap of a lock if ever I heard one, and at the sound of it something seemed to grip me by the throat and choke me. I guess I would have screamed out like a cat in a steel trap if I hadn't been paralyzed. I'd have given a thousand dollars—if I'd had it—to have been on the outside of that window again, and the wonder is I didn't make one break for it over all the fur-

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niture and go through it like a half a brick.

"It was a cinch that somebody had broke in. No guesswork about it after that lock turning, and, on top of that, a chair dragged over a floor and something sounded like

"'THIS IS A LITTLE SURPRISE,' HE SAYS."

crockery put on a table none too gently. But it meant promotion if I could turn the trick. I knew who owned the house, and

the capture would be a big story for the reporters. I was wise to that much. On the other hand, how could a man make a capture when his knees were knocking together with fright so that he had to sit down right there in the hall and take his breath like a spent pup of a hot July day? I knew I couldn't do it. I knew that I couldn't point

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a gun to save my neck and that if I was discovered I'd faint dead away.

"And yet," said Dimpsey, "'tis this black fear that makes heroes of us all. There's the moral and the physical kinds, they'll tell you, but let them tell me where the head of the one lies to the tail of the other. What makes the soldier boy run at the double to meet the bullets half way? Is it the love of a fight? Not with the general average. The man who's aching for a fight isn't aching for a licking; it's something he can lick he wants to go against. Is it the holy cause he's enlisted in? Not to any great and noticeable extent; but the fear of them he rubs shoulders with, the fear of the officer's eye and the tongues of the good friends at home—a sharp nail in the stick behind him; there's your answer.

"So I lifted myself up after a few minutes' rest and struck out in the direction of the sound. At the next turn I saw a glimmer of light shining through a crack of a door that stood ajar. Then I got my gun out, crept up to the door, and put my eye to the crack.

"It was a big dining-room I was looking into. There was a sideboard on one side with its door swung open and, sitting on a chair, by the table, with his feet on another chair, and booze and bread and cheese before him, was the ugliest looking customer I ever hope to see. He was a big man, bigger than me even, and he had a red face, a week's bristle of black beard, and heavy black eyebrows in a straight line above a broken nose. It was his mouth, though, that got me: wide, thin-lipped, and twisted into a murderous sort of a sneer around a big cigar that he was smoking quite at his ease. I took notice that the hair under the old, peaked, cloth cap that he had pushed back, was cropped close to the scalp and that he wore a peculiar pair of sneaks without hard soles to 'em. I saw that he had done his little job, too, for beside his tool-kit on the floor was a big strapped sack that just bulged with the swag.

"I raised my gun until I got a bead on his ugly mug and my hand was steady as a rock. I kicked the door open, and at the sound he looked up at me and took the cigar from his mouth.

"'Throw up your hands!' says I, and my voice was as firm as it is this minute. Funny how we are, ain't it? Here I was as cool as you please, and him glaring at me with that devilish sneer on his mouth; and a minute before I'd been shaking like a leaf in the wind.

"He raised his hands, but with his elbows on the arms of his chair, and he didn't trouble even to take his feet down.

"'This is a little surprise,' he says.

"'It oughtn't to be,' says I. 'I'd be looking for something like this to happen all the time if I was you. Now suppose you get up and take a little walk with me to settle your lunch. It isn't more than six blocks and the exercise will do you good. And let me tell you that this gun goes off awful easy, so you don't want to make any foxy passes.'

"'Take a drink before you go,' he says, jerking his head toward the decanter. 'There's plenty left and the nights are getting chilly. You won't need more than one hand, and I'll wait for you.' At the same time his black eyes were boring into me like red-hot gimlets, and the sneer never left his mouth.

"'There's no stop for refreshments on this trip,' says I. 'Get up!' I says. 'Step lively!'

"'Not nervous, are you?' he asks, with a lift of his eyebrow. 'You seem hurried.'

"'There's no telling what other work there is for me to do before the night's out,' says I. 'No use wasting time.'

"'It mightn't be such a waste of time,' he says softly. 'See here: I've got particular and private reasons for not wanting to take that walk with you, so I'll make you a square, business proposition. You'll get just as much credit for preventing a burglary as you will for pinching the burglar, and you'll get—' He stopped and curled up one corner of his mouth so it showed a tusk. 'You'll get the half of a good thick wad I've got in my vest pocket.'

"'How about the kit and the swag?' I asks him, nodding at the bundle on the floor. He looked down at it and showed his tusk again. 'That? Oh, well, I'll agree to leave that,' says he.

"'And how thick did you say that wad was?' I goes on.

"'What do you say to a couple of hundred that you won't have to split, as your half?' says he.

"I walked up close to him. 'I was curious to know how cheap a guy you thought I was,' says I. 'Get up out of that chair, you miserable crook!' I roared at him.

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'Try to bribe me, will you? I've a notion to beat your head in and take you away in an ambulance for that. Get up!'

"He got up. I guess he saw blood in my eye."

Here spoke Mr. Eisenstein, who had been listening attentively. "I can imagine it wouldt make your blood boil ofer into your eye," he remarked gravely. "Such a indsuldt!"

"It's a wonder there wasn't blood in both eyes," agreed the press-agent, sympathetically.

Dimpsey was altogether unmoved. "What do you think the son-of-a-gun said then?" he asked. "Give it up? He said, 'I was just trying you, officer. You're almost too good to be true, but I'll see that you don't lose anything. My name is Hoagland, and I own this house. I got in this evening from Wisconsin where I've been hunting, and, finding my sweet-scented caretaker gone, I got in through a window. Now—

"'Keep your hands up,' I interrupted.

"'That swag—" says he.

"'Come, tell it to the lieutenant,' says I. 'Step lively now or by this and that, I'll blow your internals all over the carpet. Take that candle and go ahead to the street door, and remember I'm right behind you.'

"He took the candle and started, but as he went he still wanted to explain. I had to shut him up with a snap. 'Explain to the lieutenant,' says I.

"I waltzed him along out of the street door and through the streets over to the station, and there I booked him and hustled him in to the Loot to explain.

"'EXPLAIN TO THE LIEUTENANT, SAYS I.'"

"And the strange thing was that the Loot believed him," added Dimpsey.

"Then he really was Hoagland?" asked the press agent.

Mr. Dimpsey relit the stump of his cigar and pressed the button in his turn.

"Sure, he was," he replied. "I knew him the minute I looked through the crack in the dining-room door."

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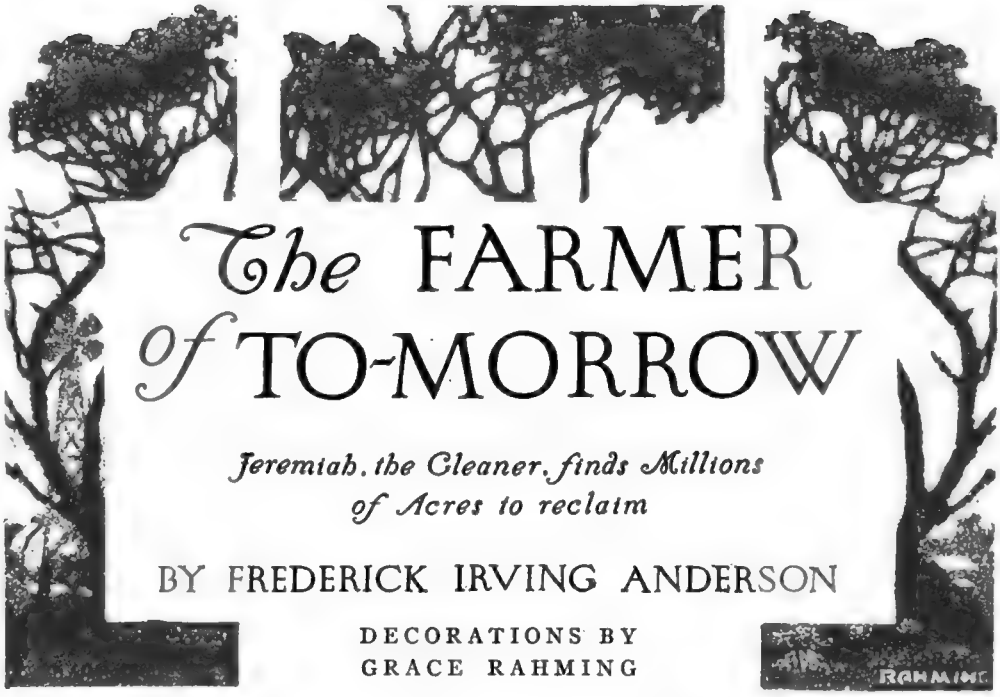

The FARMER of TO-MORROW

Jeremiah, the Cleaner, finds Millions of Acres to reclaim

BY FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

DECORATIONS BY GRACE RAHMING

Editor's Note:—Jeremiah Hastings, introduced in last month's instalment of "The Farmer of To-morrow," gave up being a city consumer to become a country producer. He borrowed money to buy an Iowa farm, at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Being modern and business-like, he kept books, charging up the interest on his investment, and his own labor and his wife's. At the end of a year of abundant crops and high prices, his books showed him bankrupt, though his neighbors were buying automobiles and putting money in the bank. The trouble was that Jeremiah's neighbors—and competitors—had either got their farms from Uncle Sam's grab-bag, or inherited them, so they didn't have to pay interest; and they considered their farm land, not as capital, but as a means of labor. Jeremiah can't compete with them. What can he do?

WHEN a horse begins to eat its head off, there are two ways out of the difficulty: Either work the beast hard enough to earn its keep, or look around for a means of transportation with a more reasonable appetite.

Land has the habit of eating its head off, too. It becomes greedy when it gets scarce, when it assumes value. It exacts interest—rent; and finally rent grows so greedy that there is nothing left for wages.

Then is the time to apply horse medicine. Either work it hard enough to pay its keep (this costs time and money, just as full steam consumes more coal than half steam), or look around you for land that exacts less

Take a concrete example. It requires a two-million-dollar plant — a twenty-story skyscraper—to show a profit on a building site at Broad and Wall Streets, New York, where land is assessed at the rate of $25,000 a front foot. Not so very long ago a site at this corner was occupied by a two-story building. The owner sold out when the cost of keeping the property began to eat up his profits. And a syndicate with time and money put up a two-million-dollar skyscraper, thus working the plot hard enough to pay its keep. The original owner moved farther up-town.

Farmers adopt the same plan. Seven hundred thousand farmers have crossed the line into Canada in the past ten years—"moving farther up-town." Many of them, of course, possessed only a railroad ticket, having come too late to find a homestead under the Stars and Stripes. But a goodly number were farmers from Illinois and Iowa, carrying with them satchels full of unearned increment. Corn-Belt acres had begun to demand too much coal to start the boilers, according to their way of farming.

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There are two types of farmers, growing to be pretty clearly defined now that the last of our public land is passing into private hands. One is like the owner of the two-story building on a skyscraper site. When land values get beyond his methods he either improves his plant or sells out to some one who can, and migrates. The best is too good for him. He will take second-best if he can find it.

The other type—seventy per cent. of the farmers to-day—is like an old druggist in lower Broadway who recently came into local fame for refusing an offer of enough five-dollar gold pieces to cover his plot. He refused to sell. Why should he sell? he argued. He got his plant for nothing—inherited it from his father when Canal Street was a cow-path. His pills still pay his taxes and keep his roof whole. That is all he wants.

Of this class are the competitors our friend Jeremiah Hastings, whom we met last month, encountered when he borrowed money to buy an Iowa farm, on his back-to-the-land venture. He found he couldn't compete with the man who looked upon his farm merely as a job, who got it for nothing or inherited it from his father, like the old druggist. Nor could he compete with the type of farmer who improved his plant. Jeremiah didn't have the time and money.

Jeremiah might have done something else. He might have contented himself with second-best land. He might have enlisted in the ranks of the "gleaners," who are following hard on the heels of the "reapers." But Jeremiah, you know, is constituted like the run of his fellows. He takes his bread well buttered when he can get it. When he is selecting a job, he picks one that seems to promise the greatest return for the least effort. He is humanly, religiously, a conserver of his own labor.

That is why he picked out a Corn-Belt farm, a fat, easy farm; overlooking the fact that while the fat acre is the simplest for labor in the beginning, it becomes the most exacting when there are no longer enough fat acres to go around.

The American farmer—six and a half million of him—has picked and chosen with discriminating taste as he has expanded, with an eye single to the conservation of labor—except, of course, for the false start his ancestors made in New England when they broke their backs building stone walls. Out of 875 million acres in farm land that he has drawn out of the grab-bag in three generations of homesteading, the farmer has carefully sifted out 310 million as being sufficiently fat, sufficiently remunerative for a given amount of labor. The other 565 million he has filed away on the back shelf for future reference.

PLENTY OF LAND ON THE SHELF

Three hundred and ten million acres is the extent of the cultivated land supplying bread and meat for the national cupboard to-day. This is a point we overlook when we consume ice-water on the lecture platform worrying over the two hundred million hungry mouths that are to be fed in 1960. *In spite of the fact that we call ourselves an agricultural nation, only sixteen per cent. of our land is actually under the plow, actually has been called on to produce food.*

Germany, which makes no pretensions in the farm line, has subdued forty-five per cent. of her total land area. The Kaiser recently sent a commission over here to investigate our industries, and the learned gentlemen went back home and reported that the Fatherland need not fear competition from the American manufacturer until the end of our raw land was in sight—a far cry. The German, who has reduced the science of gleaning to its ultimate atom, can not understand why the cost of living should be a problem with us, when we are still ignoring five acres out of every six, good and bad. Germany supports sixty million people on an area smaller in size, *and less fertile*, than Texas; and Texas is one-third arid.

Jeremiah is beginning to be interested in that batch of land relegated to the back shelf against a rainy day. He has lost his interest in the fat prime acres. Let the man with capital, the generation of busi-

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ness farmers who are gradually superseding the endowed homesteaders, work this Broad and Wall Street corner as it ought to be worked. Jeremiah is looking for opportunity where his own labor will create capital instead of merely paying a toll to capital.

OPPORTUNITY IN A DUCK SLOUGH

Let him open his eyes and look around him. He will find the Army of Gleaners already in step. Let us take an actual illustration of how the problem is being worked out by one division of the army:

Several years ago some Illinois farmers (homesteaders, or fire-sale investors of a generation ago) found that the pace of their fat prime acres was growing too hot for them; so they cashed in and pocketed their unearned increment—which had increased 117 per cent. in ten years without any effort on their part. They might have gone to Canada and got a quarter-section at $1.25 per acre, and another thrown in for good measure. But they didn't go to Canada. They had an idea that opportunity lay just outside their door. And they found it, in an embryonic stage.

It was just across the river from them, on the west bank of the Mississippi. It was the far-famed Iowa Slough—that rhymed with boo! and not with bough.

The slough was a great place for ducks—that was all they knew of it at first; and if there is any land in the world more downright good-for-nothing as farm land than a duck slough, they would like to see it. This patch was a strip of swamp forty-one miles long, containing forty-five thousand acres, just north of the town of Burlington—a bottomless pit of muck to catch the wash from the prairies. So far it had failed to attract any attention outside of sporting circles, except for a line in the mortality statistics every ten years—a line running something like this:

"Deaths from malaria, per thousand total, 52.5 in 1870."

The state of Iowa had accepted it with the scorn of a well-fed tramp, back in 1850, when the lawmakers at Washington, finding that land was not being given away fast enough by any of the methods then known, devised a statute transferring all the swamp and overflow land to the various states.

A suspicion that they might be giving away more than they knew, caused them to limit the gift, eight years later, to the states actually enrolled in the Union in 1850.

This particular swamp, like all others, produced nothing but chills and fever for another generation. Some twenty years ago it began to be a positive nuisance, because at high water steamboats plying the river got into the habit of getting lost among its bogs and bayous. The Government thereupon fenced in this slough with a good strong levee—not to encourage agriculture, but to keep the river in its proper place.

A few adventurous settlers, returning from western Kansas with the tale of its having forgotten to rain out there for five years, squatted back of the river wall. A village sprang up on a bump of muck. It was called Oakville; later, Oakville Prairie—by courtesy, there being no prairie in sight except on top of the bluff above. Oakville didn't thrive. It wasn't a boom town. The wash from the hills, the seepage from the river, and the spring rains kept it pretty well submerged. And the cost of quinine outran tax bills.

PUMPING OUT FARMS

About seven years ago an imaginative seer, whose name has been lost in the whirl of subsequent events, propounded this query:

"If it pays a man to pump water into an arid township west of the rain belt, why wouldn't it pay us here to pump water *out?* Water—too much of it—is all that stands between us and prosperity."

The suggestion to undertake the task of pumping the water out of a forty-five-thousand acre catch-basin as full of holes as a sieve, did not catch on very fast in Oakville. But the state of Iowa officially inclined an ear.

Iowa plows ninety-five out of every one hundred acres in her dominion, and she was beginning to worry over the increasing number of her farmers who were cashing in their unearned increment and escaping with it to Saskatchewan. Her engineers went to work quietly, and shortly they had the upper seventeen thousand acres of the Iowa Slough organized as the Louisa-Des Moines Drainage District No. 4. Almost before the web-footed farmers splashing around in their corn-fields back of the river wall knew what was happening, steam dredges began scoop-

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ing arteries and laterals among the muck and ooze.

Now it takes a community, especially a malarious one, a long time to wake up to an idea. Oakville slumbered on for a year or two. Then—enter the Illinois farmers who had sensed opportunity close at hand. They entered by twos and threes, so as not to arouse suspicion. They began buying land. They offered ten, fifteen, twenty-five, finally fifty dollars an acre for the duck pond. A fair proportion of the natives swallowed hook and sinker. They had got their land for a few cents or a few dollars an acre, and the current quotations seemed to discount prosperity beyond posterity.

But a good many of them held on, and —for a few years more ate quinine and watched the tooting steam dredges.

Six years passed, and still there was nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the duck preserve. There was just as much water as ever. Nestling against the river wall, half-way down toward Burlington, however, there was a low-lying house of cement. Duck-hunters with sufficient curiosity to peer in at the windows would have seen a lot of queer-looking machinery standing knee-deep in water. That collection of machinery consisted of two three-hundred-and-fifty-horse-power engines calculated to drive two fifty-inch pumps.

After a while the pumps began to work. Each had a capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand gallons a minute, three hundred and fifty second-feet; enough water, if driven through a Gunnison Tunnel or impounded behind a Roosevelt Dam, to capitalize sixty thousand acres of the arid West at one thousand dollars each. The malarious little village of Oakville Prairie rose out of its wallow gradually, and surveyed its environs. It surveyed seventeen thousand acres of corn land richer than a greenhouse; as fertile as Egypt.

That was three years ago last spring. To-day, where the duck-hunter used to punt his scow there are hard, level roads, grain elevators, fenced fields, and diversified farming of the highest type. The only lament is the lament of lost opportunity. The former amphibians who bit at fifty dollars are the saddest of the lot. The twenty-seven thousand acres of the lower district have been surveyed and contracts have been let, and in another five years the old Iowa Slough will have passed forever into history.

Incidentally, this and other drainage work in Iowa and Illinois has reduced the death-rate from malaria from 52.5 to 8.6 per 1000 since 1870.

And what did it cost?

It cost $9.31 an acre! Spread out thin in ten annual instalments. The pumping plant is maintained at a small cost pro rata, like a cooperative irrigation system. One pump handles the spring floods very easily. Gravity takes care of the drainage during the normal stages of the river.

IOWA'S LITTLE HOLLAND

The former amphibians no longer dread the spring rains. Every shower washes down the fertile silt of the highly capitalized Iowa prairie up on the bluff, to add to the bank account of Oakville. Therefore Oakville, dry-shod, has become capitalized itself, and at this writing is busy building a railroad to tap this miniature Holland in America north and south.

"You say that this same land could be bought for a few cents or a few dollars an acre ten years ago?" queries Jeremiah.

"Yes, something like that."

"And the expenditure of $9.31 an acre, plus some labor for clearing the land and putting it in shape for the plow, has increased its value to $150 or even $200?"

As a matter of fact, few of the farmers in this community would turn their ear to $200 to-day.

"The ethics of the thing bothers me," says Jeremiah. "Capital, to be clean handed, ought to be the product of labor," he muses.

Oakville, and the scores of other commu-

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nities like it in the Middle West that have risen out of a muck heap in the past ten years, are the anomalies of a rapidly expanding industry. They find railroads, markets, all the advantages that have capitalized prairie acres to a grand total of nearly fifty billion dollars, close at hand. "Are there any more sloughs lying around loose?" asks Jeremiah. "Because if there are I would like to subscribe."

Yes, Jeremiah, there are something like seventy-nine million acres of swamp and overflow lands still in the possession of the Government and the various states. And wait! —that isn't all. Experts of the Department of Agriculture have estimated that there are about one hundred and fifty million more in the back lots of our six and a half million farms. That means an empire of opportunity for the man who works with his hands. The two hundred million of 1960 are a far cry from starvation when a single phase of gleaning presents such a prospect.

How great a percentage of the swamp land of the United States will eventually come under cultivation, no one knows, nor will know until the last hungry mouth has been fed. But the area as it lies to-day, raw and non-producing, is twice as large as France; and eight times as large as little Rumania, a nation which, with four times as many people to the mile as we have, still manages to beat us year after year at the business of exporting corn. Oakville is merely a random, isolated instance of how the problem is being attacked.

Probably the pioneer undertaking in drainage on a large scale was the Kankakee Swamp, just across the Indiana line from Chicago. It was a patch of mud left behind by Lake Michigan when the lake settled in its present boundaries. Chicago business men owned it as a sporting club until fifteen years ago. To-day it is a waving cornfield; and wherever the traveler wanders through the Middle West, he encounters tall corn where but a short time ago there was nothing but ducks, muck, and malaria.

Florida is undertaking the task of draining the Everglades; but one does not have to go beyond the statistics of malaria to discover that the North is far ahead of the South in the work of reclamation. The rice states are beginning to expand their crop, which thrives only when its feet are wet, over their millions of acres of overflow land. Government engineers are only now giving their attention to the tide marshes; and long before the laboring classes in this country have stopped eating meat, as they have done in Western Europe, the vast Newark (N. J.) Meadows will be another little Holland behind dikes, growing garden truck for New York. When that time comes, New Jersey will no longer be the home of the mosquito.

So much for land that has too much water. How about the land that hasn't enough? Rain, or the lack of it, is the one constant factor that Jeremiah must keep in mind when he is charting his empire of opportunity as a gleaner.

It wasn't the Rocky Mountains that stopped the westward tide of immigration. Immigration stopped at the ninety-ninth meridian—less than half-way across the country—and rolled back on Corn-Belt acres—not because the supply of land ran out. The supply of water ran out.

Between the ninety-ninth meridian and the Rocky Mountains there is a strip of level table-land, three hundred miles wide—the Great Plains of early history and romance, the Great American Desert—clean enough, smooth enough, rich enough, to feed the world for generations to come, except for one fact—it hasn't enough water.

It is water, in the long run, that will determine how much of the two billion acres comprising our realm will go under the plow. Consider for a moment what water means as an economic factor:

A loaf of bread, a pound of bread, costs two tons of water in the making.

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A pound of beef means from fifteen to twenty tons.

A ton of hay pumps five hundred tons of water from the soil before it is ripe for harvest.

The food required by an adult human being in one year represents a "water duty" of five acre-feet—an acre of water five feet deep—a million and a half gallons. This calculation (Year-book, Department of Agriculture, 1910) is based on the assumption that one thousand parts of water are required to produce one part of dry matter. Plants drink their food in dilute solutions.

The Corn Belt, that land of milk and honey lying between the valleys of the Ohio and the Missouri rivers, depends for its prosperity on an average rainfall of not less than thirty-five inches a year. Was it merely a coincidence that the two great panics of recent years, 1873 and 1893, followed periods of deficient rainfall in the Middle West?

Forty-three per cent. of the country has a rainfall of less than thirty inches. This would have meant crop failure for our Jeremiah when he was attempting to farm in Iowa. Thirty-nine per cent. of the country can muster less than twenty inches of rain. Nine per cent. has less than ten inches. The twenty-inch line is the wall that brought homesteading to its right-about-face. It isn't a straight line. It traverses western Texas, cuts the Panhandle in two, lops off the western third of Kansas, two-thirds of Nebraska, cuts the southern boundary of South Dakota in two, and thence proceeds in a wavy line to the north-east corner of North Dakota, where it enters Canada and encompasses her western prairies. The Census Bureau went to considerable pains in 1909 to enumerate the arid and semi-arid acres, and counted a total of 1,161,000,000 acres. That is sixty per cent. of the land area of continental United States.

Jeremiah's grandfather didn't know when he started "west" with his yoke of cattle and an iron kettle seventy five years ago, that more than one-half of the "illimitable public domain" would prove worthless for the type of farming that he knew. It was not written on the cards then that in 1910, when the last of the free land was gone, the entire western half of the country would be producing only six bushels of corn for every eight hundred produced by the eleven states in the Corn Belt; that the single state of Minnesota would be producing as much wheat as the eleven states west of the ninety-ninth meridian combined.

Yet such is the fact to-day. And all because an accident of nature ages ago raised the Rocky Mountains, the Sierras, and the Cascades, as a barrier to rob the Pacific trade-winds of their moisture before they fairly touched land. Parenthetically, had not a similar accident of nature raised a barrier in the Southwest to divert the Gulf winds northward, it would be the mellow, capitalistic Corn Belt that would be struggling with the problems of irrigation and dry farming to-day, instead of the Great Plains and the far West.

Take this 1,161,000,000-acre tract of land of little rain. Throw away half of it—the perpendicular mountain scenery of quartz and granite. That will leave between five hundred and six hundred million. Here is an area four times as large as France, nearly twice as large as the plowed land in the forty-eight states to-day. What are we going to do with it? What opportunities does it offer to Jeremiah and the army of Gleaners courageous enough to adapt themselves to its peculiar condition?

Unfortunately, the answer is plain enough.

Irrigation is the farthest advanced toward its ultimate goal of all the phases of reclamation. It came first among reclamation projects because the army of stalwarts, pushed farther and farther west by the passing of Rain Belt acres, made the best of what was left, and turned it to their tremendous advantage. The Westerners have taken the measure of the land. What is

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more to the point, they have taken the measure of the water. If we could catch all the rain that falls out there, store it according to the most approved methods, and dole out to each thirsty acre its minimum requirement to produce crops, then we should have succeeded in adding the area of one more productive state to the Union—a state the size of Kansas. It would take the rainfall of eleven states to make that one state fertile.

Irrigation will never claim for its spectacular own more than fifty million acres of land in the arid West. Engineers in the employ of the United States Government have been cutting down the total for many years. Twenty years ago the rosy optimists believed that eventually one hundred and twenty-five million acres would be under "ditch." That was before they had studied the rain-gage as closely as they had studied the transit and chain.

"DITCH"-MADE FARMS

To-day irrigation extends over fourteen million acres, including 158,000 farms. And already the irrigation projects completed are far in advance of the demand for acreage. Enough water has been stored to extend the irrigated area to nineteen million acres. And we are going ahead fast, gathering up the rest of the water in sight. The area included in projects at the present day (projects either in the blue-print stage or actually under way) totals thirty-one million more—there we stop.

The healthiest part of the movement is indicated in the fact that eighty-four per cent. of the acreage is owned and controlled by individuals or cooperative projects. The United States Government has financed five per cent. of the completed projects at a cost of fifty-three million dollars—which the settlers have to return to their Uncle Sam in ten annual instalments from the time they take title. For its share of the new projects the Government has advanced another twenty-five millions as a starter.

One explanation of the fact that irrigation in the West to-day is fifty per cent. overdeveloped and must mark time, is that farming under "ditch" calls for a large initial expenditure of capital and for highly specialized methods.

Another reason for the tremendous overdevelopment undoubtedly lies in the fact that individuals and corporations have been as busy gobbling up the irrigable acres as have timber thieves in the timber line, and have discounted values beyond the pocketbook of Jeremiah and the other one-horse farmers to whose labor and industry we must look for the bulk of the gleaning. On Government projects individual holdings are limited to from forty to eighty acres, according to the peculiarities of the various sites. But remember, the Government projects have to do with only one acre in every twenty.

GROWING WHEAT ON TEN INCHES OF RAIN

Crowding the ninety-ninth meridian like the standees at the circus ropes, the last of the homesteaders are advancing here, retreating there out over the Great Plains area, the semi-arid lands lying between the ninety-ninth and the one hundred and fourth meridians, a region of between ten and twenty inches of rain, a plateau from two thousand to four thousand feet high—well called the "bench" lands—which must look solely to the bounty of its cloudless heavens for succor.

This is the land of the dry-farmer—the man who conserves moisture for two years to grow one crop.

Toward the north, where evaporation is less rapid, the lot of the dry-farmer is less trying. For instance, the state of Washington makes a success of growing wheat with only ten inches of rain, while Texas fails with twenty. Bonanza wheat farming is extending west and north of the fortieth parallel, out across the plains, in among the intermountain valleys to the Great Basin and to the western prairies of Canada.

THE FATHER OF WHEATS

How far dry-farming will ultimately extend is a moot question. Experiment-station workers on the ground, who are giving their lives to the solution of the special problems involved, believe that in the end all of the range, with the exception of a possible twenty per cent. (consisting of a ragged strip extending to the north and west) will revert to grazing. Plant scouts are scouring the earth seeking drought-resistant plants, such as Durum wheat, Kafir corn, the non-saccharine sorghums, and deep-rooting al-

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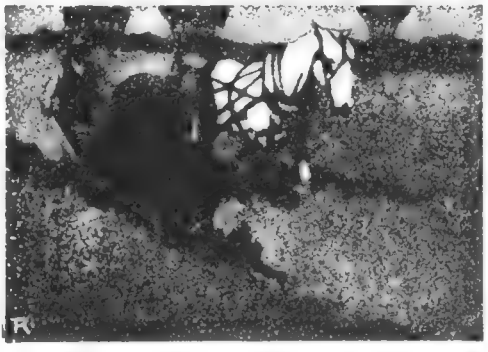
falfa, with which to hold the territory already conquered, to give the courageous settler a better promise than that of one crop every two years, with which he must in the main content himself now.

Botanists recently have discovered the parent of all wheat, wild emmer, the wheat of Joseph in Egypt, growing at an altitude of six thousand feet in a semi-arid waste in the Holy Land. This will be ammunition for the dry-farmer. But even with the aid of science and plant selection, nine-tenths of the rich level soil must eventually revert to bunch grass for nimble drought-resistant cattle that can stand exercise between bites.

The Government stands ready to finance Jeremiah with three hundred and twenty acres of this land if he is ambitious to cast in his lot with the dry-farmer. Several years of bounteous rain might transform him into a distended bondholder—beyond his dreams. Several years of normal drought would subject him to hardships beyond anything his ancestors experienced when they set about their thankless task of subduing the New England hills. Bonanza wheat kings sometimes sow their five- or ten-thousand-acre fields for five years, gambling on rain. It is like doubling one's stakes at roulette with certainty in the long run — if one's stakes hold out.



"But," says Jeremiah, "you are telling me how to farm with capital. You are about as practical as that Eastern railroad that went into the farming business recently to show what could be done toward repairing the dilapidated agriculture east of the Alleghanies. I know how to farm *with* capital. What I want to know is how to farm *without* it. I have a little capital," explains Jeremiah, "but not much. I want to turn my labor into capital, not into rent."

There are the swamps, remember, Jeremiah, if you refuse the chances of dry-farming. Pick up a back-lot in the Middle West. Too much water is better than not enough. The back shelf is crowded with these opportunities, at bargain rates.

There is still another phase of gleaning. That is the hard-wood forests of the North, the cut-over and burned-over land that has been skinned of its first crop either by fire or by the ax. Here is the original task of the early English in New England started all over again. Most of the pioneers so far are Scandinavians, who are imbued with the bitter lessons of generations establishing agriculture in their native ill-favored peninsula. Here is Knute Nelson, for instance.

Knute presided at the terminal of a dumb-waiter in a New York flat until he had accumulated a tidy account in the savings-bank. Then he sent for his brother, who arrived through Ellis Island with a small bag of *kronen*.

STUMP DENTISTS

They journeyed to northern Wisconsin, within smelling distance of the waters of Lake Superior, the largest, deepest, coldest (soft pedal), and most equable in temperature of all the inland waters of the world. They found they could stop off anywhere; because coal and iron and lumber had built a network of railways before them. They could travel overnight in a Pullman in any direction and find nothing but slashed-over timber land. And it was all for sale!

They stopped, looked, and listened —not to real-estate sharks who stood at every hitching-post, but to the immigration agents of the three states, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, who could give them sound advice. There was a lot of land for sale, principally by the lumber barons who had taken their profit in lumber and were willing to take a second out of Knute and his kind. The price ran from five to twenty dollars an acre; and, accepting the statement of a University of Wisconsin professor that forty acres ought to support a family, they invested humbly.

When they ran out their boundary-lines they had to chop their way through scrub growth and briers. Between an arid

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plain and this forty acres there was not much to choose, except that the forty acres had all the rain it wanted, and was connected by railway with the biggest market in the world, two hundred miles away. That meant something. They began to cut cord-wood. The pulp factories and brass smelters in their neighborhood furnished a market. Some of it sold as low as a dollar a cord; some of it, sound beech or maple, ran up to four. Knute and his brother put in the winter with the ax and saw. They worked for themselves at day's wages, plus a tidy profit. And in the spring they had something else besides the start of a new bank account. They had a strip of cleared land that had paid for itself with its waste product.

They bought an adjoining forty. Then another and another. They tackled stubborn stumps with dynamite; and later, when they became a little more prosperous, they rented a patent stump-puller that operated as efficaciously on a stump as does a dental forceps on a tooth. In three years they had a quarter-section as clean as a billiard table.

It was natural clover land. Its possibilities included fruits, grains, dairying, or vegetables for canning. Copper, iron, and lumber had populated towns within easy distance, providing markets. There were telephones, schoolhouses, churches. With clean land that had paid for its own cleaning, they were able to compete with the farms of Illinois, Iowa, or eastern Kansas; and as to the value of their land, it was what they chose to make it.

"That strikes me as promising," says Jeremiah. "I am not afraid of work. Is there any more of that land for sale?"

There are forty million acres of it in one patch, Jeremiah, north of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude in these three states. The Gulf States offer thirty million more. Wisconsin alone has ten million acres awaiting the man who is not afraid to work with his hands. Here in one patch is enough land, if improved, to double our present wheat supply, or to duplicate all the oats, rye, and barley put together.

It isn't all prime. There are streaks of stiff clay, and streaks of loose sand, engulfing whole counties; and there are heartbreaking expanses where the white heat of fire has taken the life out of the land—life that can be restored only by the most painstaking effort. The state of Wisconsin, clamorously ringing her gong for settlers, warns every comer that he must be prepared to spend from fifteen to fifty dollars in labor on every acre he purposes to make mellow. This in addition to the price of the raw land.

Eventually the greater portion of this big woods is coming under the plow. The early comers will reap the biggest rewards, just as they are reaping big rewards in irrigation and in drainage projects.

If Jeremiah will look around him he will find that there is no state in the Union east of the twenty-inch rain line—hardly a county, in fact—that does not offer him opportunities in drainage or in clearing.

And while he is looking over the map for a pin-point on which to exercise his labor and ingenuity, let him not neglect that most anomalous of all phases of our rapid expansion—the depopulated and neglected farm acres east of the Alleghanies, where one-third of the population is compressed into less than one-tenth of the area of the country. Early emigration sucked a vacuum there; and fire-sale bargains with markets at the front gate are still obtainable.

Jeremiah's fathers found mellow farms awaiting them—but no markets. Jeremiah has to mellow his own land—and once mellow, he finds markets awaiting its bounty on every hand.

Who will say that the opportunity of Jeremiah the Gleaner is less than that of his fathers?

In October Mr. Anderson will discuss Jeremiah's opportunities to profit by Soil Sanitation.

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D'Artagnan, of Kansas

by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE STAR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Biographical note:
D'ARTAGNAN, 1607–1672.
Captain of the Musketeers of the King.
Born, Gascon.
Died, marshal of France, on the field of battle.

Then there were three others, who were the Three Musketeers. The deeds of these four, Homeric deeds yet altogether Gallic, made Romance's epic of friendship—"One for all, and all for one!" How it grips the generous heart of every boy, and of every man who is still a boy and worth his fodder!

Toward the last, one of the Four, Aramis, said to d'Artagnan: "Bah! men like us, Monsieur le Maréchal, do not die except when satiated with glory."

Was not that the same as saying that they could never die, those Four? If so, was Aramis a prophet?

Nevertheless, it is recorded that d'Artagnan did die, grasping his marshal's baton during those last misty seconds. But without gainsaying the record, let us take the word "dying" as broadly as may be, somewhat in its infinite or eternal sense.

For no one will imagine that the Chevalier d'Artagnan would browse for long on the cloud banks of Walhalla. His was too galvanic a spirit for prolonged repose. A wink of eternity, a restive nap of a few centuries, and it would be for nosing out a gap in the downy barriers of the Elysian Fields. Olympus has but one dimension, which is height, and height is only a good view. Peering downward, the fretful guardsman perceived the doings of flesh below, and much cannon smoke. So many nice, terrible things were happening down there on the old playground!

These were probably the Napoleonic Wars that beckoned. And yet the volcanic spirit, fidgeting as a warrior with mangled limbs, was held in leash, despite the heavy draft of souls for birth to balance humanity's awful death rate. Even Porthos, a ponderous shade, stirred uneasily, while Aramis—of the Four, heaviest weighted with sin—gazed cynically on the piquant intrigues of Saint Cloud and Malmaison. Athos, in the lofty calm of stately philosophy, smiled indulgently on the trio's mutinous sighs.

The time to go was not yet. Perforce the musketeers must convalesce a little longer from their last adventure of birth, life, and death. For a soul requires more of strength for earth than for paradise. Just the same, d'Artagnan took his immortality hot—a few sips, a final gulp; then flung in with the ceaseless rush of souls to the inhabited planets.

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And d'Artagnan was on earth again. D'Artagnan!

As the world reckoned—mother, father, doctor, nurse, and neighbors—the babe d'Artagnan was a bran-new pink thing; body, soul, temper, all bran-new. A strange change, this, for the grizzled warrior of sixty-five who lay dying in the year 1672. A strangely changed prospect of life it was, after those sixty-five years wrested from ever-lurking death by the flash of his wit and his sword in that bygone perilous century. Strange preface, too—his dueling, musketeer life, to the sealed life-book of the nineteenth-century babe; strange enough, truly, for uneasy anticipation in the babe's parents, could they have read the preface.

And yet they might have read it. Perhaps, even, they did read it, as you or I. For has not every fortunate white family devoured those eleven ardent volumes in which that gay wastrel and marvelous story-teller, Dumas père, godfathered d'Artagnan's memoirs?

But the Kansas parents never knew, of course, that that fourth one of the Three Musketeers was their own cradled infant.

And what had this immortal soul, lusting after turmoil, given for eight and one-half pounds of flesh? For the blinded finite it had renounced a comprehension of infinity there above. For a puny, quivering pulp of mortality it had given up a memory of departed eons. Henceforth many entrancing items, once intimate to his existence, like that baton of a marshal, or a queen's necklace, or a man in an iron mask—all such antiques he could know, if at all, only as visions leaping delightfully from a printed page. And meantime his eternal soul, supposedly bran-new, was expected to qualify as a competent chauffeur for the bran-new pink body.

However, the babe d'Artagnan was not awed before this staggering responsibility. The phenomenon of vocalization absorbed him quite.

The Chevalier had expertly chosen a body that would stand wear and tear and patching. Environment and parentage were likewise ruggedly congenial. Kansas is not Gascony, of course, there being a geographical difference, yet a Gascon musketeer would on returning hitherward naturally inquire for Kansas. The Gascons, you may remember, got themselves observed for their tall words, and yet made themselves respected by their long swords. The latter had a neat facility in justifying the former. D'Artagnan therefore made no mistake in being born in Kansas.

Equally according to specifications were his parents. The father was a shaggy pioneer of the bleeding border days, who probably knew more about the Red Legs than he ever mentioned across the line in Missouri. The mother had never actually aimed a rifle at Indians, but she could have done it. She was that kind of stock. Yet, even so, she wanted to name the baby Launcelot. Just because she was so happy now, she recalled the happiness of her girlhood, and out of that romantic time came the foolish, fond schoolgirl idols, spelled also idyls.

"Launce—what say?—Launcelot!" repeated her puzzled lord, who was leaning over the cradle respectfully, as was due an entire stranger. "Launcelot—Launcelot Thacker," he murmured. "Launcelot Thacker, Esquire. The Honorable Launcelot Thacker. General Launcelot Thack—aw, Jane, it ain't square, Jane! Come now, let's give the poor little flannel-faced citizen a fair start."

"But don't you know, dear, that Sir Launcelot was a knight, a——"

"Um, did he have the stuff in him?—that's what I want to know."

"Oh, he was that brave, that high-minded——"

"Um," interrupted the good man, holding her close, "let's just call him Ned, Jane. What say?"

It was her pleasure to say him "Yes," or she wouldn't have married him; and thus the lucky d'Artagnan escaped his first peril at the hands of mankind.

Lucky was he also that he had no prenatal memory, or the humiliating estate of babyhood must have galled him sorely. But police regulations had altered considerably since his last appearance, so it was as well that he should go through the stages of growing up and get accustomed. Which he did. At least, he did the growing up. But the ancient spirit of the Gascon blazed on in the sturdy Kansas boy.

There were no wars going on. There was nothing more than usual going on. Yet, even in this day, it is still true that if you look for trouble, you need not buy a mileage-book. When d'Artagnan was for

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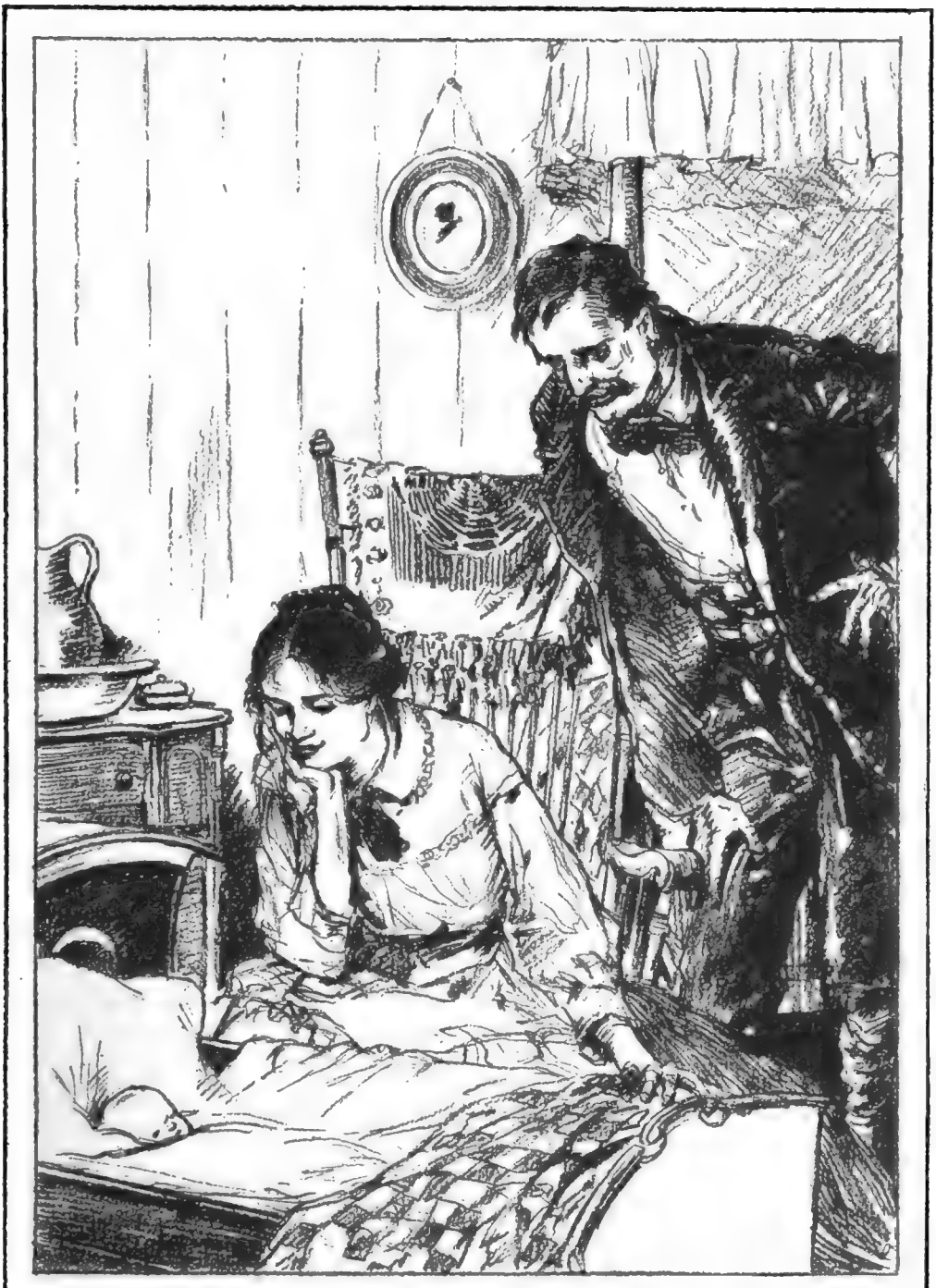

"LAUNCE—WHAT SAY?—LAUNCELOT! GENERAL LAUNCELOT THACK— AW, JANE, IT AIN'T SQUARE, JANE!"

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starting out into the world, his father said: "And, by the way, Ned, whenever the time comes, don't talk—smash!"

Ned Thacker went to college—adventure. To work—adventure. Abroad—adventure. He found himself in no one place for very long, since adventure is itinerant. He was restless. He sucked his lips for a career, and ambition consumed him. He wanted a ladder to climb. But what ladder? The top rounds must be high, the intermediate ones easy to skip. A swift, dizzy climb—that was *the* adventure he required of life.

Being a youngster, he had not much to start with. He had a button. This is to be taken literally—just a button. Unproved as he was, no one would trust him with much more than a button. He himself rather inclined to locomotives. Selling American locomotives to Europe ought to "establish" him in short order. The day before sailing he went to a steel and iron concern with New York offices to talk it over. To steel and iron add copper, lead, zinc, tin, the alloys, and water. To New York add the Continent and arctic mountains. Thus may be measured the stretch of the Concern. It was a spider, an octopus, a thousand-legged creature. Its allied branches of manufacture filled the housewife's needle-case, braceleted arms of the sea, reared Babylonian towers, or turned out battleships by the gross.

Ned did not mention locomotives, there being no time for details. He simply explained to the Concern why he should have the European agency on everything.

The Creature enjoyed his talk—naively impudent talk it was in its crisp self-confidence—and the Creature was moved by an archaic impulse of good-nature. Uncoiling a tentacle of good-fellowship—the littlest one—it handed the likable young man a button, *the* button.

It was what some of us, who need them, know as a bachelor button; yet it was not a nosegay, though the Creature did hand it to d'Artagnan. You don't have to curry favor with an outside sex to get it sewed on, for it doesn't sew on. No, it clamps on, like a piece of machinery—a masculine and manly operation. It replaces the sewed-on ignominy that has just popped off, and you can do it within thirty seconds after your suspenders have snapped up against the back of your neck while you run to catch a train. It breeds ideas of sex emancipation, and that makes for an insidious appeal to the vanity of the male. You have seen these buttons sell off a fakir's box on a street corner, impeding traffic, resembling a suffragette riot in trousers? Well, now you know why.

Ned Thacker batted his sandy eyelashes, suddenly grinned, saw millions, and took the button. He would be the first missionary overseas to a thread-shackled, hope-forsaken mankind. Millions? Aye, aye! He begged the Concern to stock up heavier on copper mines, and, briskly waving his adieux, he darted out for the elevator.

Accordingly, instead of on the incongruous, orange-hued steed that had roused the jeers of the Man of Meung in the seventeenth century, the lad d'Artagnan arrived in Paris this time as modestly and absurdly with a bright, brassy button. As freshly sanguine was he also. He hummed blithely a slogan, his own:

"A cent
Or two
For me
Will do."

Very moderate, that, apparently. But take not appearances too much for granted of this Kansas-Gascon. For there was a multiplier in reservation. And yet another to multiply that one by. A cent for himself as agent—only one cent, yes—on a dozen sewless buttons delivered at three cents. But a male patriot of France would need two dozen buttons a year. Multiply by two. Male patriots in France number several millions. Multiply by several millions. Which will be enough arithmetic for one year. Next year, repeat. And the year after that. And . . .

First of all, the young tyro salesman proposed to himself the biggest possible customer. Grotesque irony for an Emancipator Button, the biggest possible customer was a woman. She was Madame la République. And a tremendous dame she was in the button-providing line. Her soldier-man, sailor-man, postman, policeman, railroad man, bureau man, every little man on land and sea and cushioned stool who wore her livery, was a stanch man of buttons who busted buttons off. They were not Sewless Buttons. Let the lady but say that buttons must stay on, and Mr. Thacker was hers truly.

The trouble, though, was in getting the lady to say it. She had so very many mana-

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gers. If you went to Monsieur the Minister of War, he would have to see his colleagues. Likewise would the Messieurs of Posts and Telegraphs, of Colonies, of the Marine, of

IT WAS NOT ON AN ORANGE-HUED STEED THAT THE LAD D'ARTAGNAN ARRIVED THIS TIME IN PARIS.

Beautiful Arts, even he of Strange Affairs. All had to see each other. Yet somehow they never did. It was an exceeding much to do—or not to do—about a button.

Just a little project of law, a bill passed, specifying the Sewless in every government contract for uniforms, shirts, and underwear, then—But there, Ned told them exactly how the matter could be arranged, and still they didn't. Thus are blessings, when thrust on civilization, so often and unaccountably rejected.

Undaunted, Ned held on, discovering that Paris, where endeavor has a crisp flavor all its own, is a mighty pleasant place for holding on. He could comtemplate the endeavor of others, also the finished products thereof, and so feed on stimulus, gorging his feline patience. He went to the opera, for instance, and marveled at what Wagner had done, and how the tenor ever could do it—buying a four-franc seat high up, and standing higher yet if he would see the footlights. But nothing stopped him between acts from mingling in the palatial corridors with the promenading elegance of Paris, and being of that elegance himself—clean-hewn, tanned, seasoned, virile, and audacious young American that he was.

Between the acts—here is where real drama, amorphous and as yet uncanned, may be, and this was why d'Artagnan with all his wits had come. It was the first night for "Siegfried" in France, and the President of the Republic had to be there, and certainly there would be a covey of Cabinet ministers. If Ned could stalk one to within buttonholing reach, he thought it would be worth four francs, and he'd have "Siegfried" thrown in. *Siegfried* was quite a lad himself, and stimulating, and after one act of him young Mr. Thacker descended to-

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ward the Grand Escalier keyed to galvanic emprise.

A faultless bit of white-gloved Frenchman was just emerging on the dazzling, ballroom-like foyer. He was distinguished and official. The red ribbon of the Legion was in his lapel, and superb, alabaster-shouldered women made him marked curtsies in passing. Why add more? He was a minister. He was Monsieur le Ministre des Beaux-Arts.

Ned stood before him, with lips parted to speak. He waited until one of the dignified though obsequious gentlemen with monsieur had finished a remark, then in his direct, cockleburr French he said:

"Excuse me, Monsieur Coligny, but about that button: Have you seen your colleagues yet?"

He of the Beautiful Arts was both suave and excitable. This seems contradictory. But he had an urbane poise and a deprecating smile; and belying both there was his mustache of iron-gray bristles, each upturned and turbulent. He and the dignified gentlemen looked, a little startled, at the young American, the minister pressing his bristles under a white-gloved finger.

"Button? Button, monsieur?" murmured the official arbiter of elegance with lifted, non-comprehending brows. The others sympathized. It was difficult to get down to so humble a coin as a button. And the American, tasteless like his race, was only a button merchant. *Ciel!*

Ned was subtly given that utterly lost feeling of having made a bad break, and the frank, eager expression on his face changed to a deepening flush.

Worse, a girl with very black, laughing eyes, and very black hair, and very white teeth flashing behind merry red lips—a girl with a dimple—a glorious, lithe, winsome, fun-loving lass who might have been either Spanish or Irish—or should have been, rather than French—was passing by with a tall, calm man. The tall, calm man nodded with considerable brevity to the ministerial group, though the minister's suave smile came forth a little hungrily as he caught sight of the girl, and then Ned was aware that the girl and her escort had paused within hearing. He had had only a glimpse of her, and after that the sense of her behind him, of those dancing eyes surveying the back of his neck, made him as nervous as if she were playing with six-shooters.

Still murmuring "Button?"—though hazily—the minister forgot Ned for the girl, and was turning to her, when d'Artagnan's impetuosity quite drove diplomacy and salesmanship from Mr. Thacker's sandy-brown pate. Being brushed aside, with a girl like that looking on, was not to his notion.

"Yes, sir, a button, sir. Wait." His hand clasped the minister's lapel, a bent forefinger beneath, the ball of the thumb on top. "Let it remind you, Monsieur Coligny, to see those dear colleagues." With this he brought away his hand, and there, clamping the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to the coat, was a bright, brass suspender button, sewless and detachless.

First, there had been the inconceivable affront of the laying on of hands. Second, there was the stigma that remained, the bright brass—but on the ears of the horrified ministerial group broke a joyous choking gasp, the convulsion of a girl trying to strangle a peal of mirth. The only calm soul there was the tall, calm man with the girl. He seemed gravely interested. Other couples strolling near paused to stare at the decoration, and hastily averted their heads. The minister seized the thing in his fingers, and pulled, fruitlessly.

"You see," said Ned, "it's a good button." The mirth of the girl now exhilarated him. He was himself again, inordinately multiplied. "It's there for as long as the broadcloth lasts, unless—" He reached again for the lapel, meaning to clip through the button's shank with nippers carried for just such demonstrations.

But the outraged minister was over the limit. His expression changed uncannily. From fury he smiled, and deftly he snapped Ned's chin in air with his open hand, and bent the person of the young man back from him. The hand might have been gloved iron, and the wrist behind it of woven cable. Shrugging his shoulders, and smiling at the girl—a smile in which he put the hint of a caress—he mentioned that the second act was beginning, and turned to leave.

That Ned did not instantly repay this cold insolence was owing to the outstretched arm of the calm stranger which barred the way.

"I wouldn't," courteously spoke the gentleman in French.

"Don't then!" cried the enraged young man. "What do you think you are, a

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traffic squad? Out of my way, or——"

"Nevertheless," continued the man, "I wouldn't. Do you suppose, Sis," he asked the amused girl—and the word "Sis" was English—"that he is American? Precisely. But methods differ in France. Alas, at the Opéra one does not leap on the Minister of Beaux-Arts like one of monsieur's Comanche Indians. There are unfortunately so many jails in France. Monsieur has lost a button, true, but——"

"And now," cried Ned, glaring at the melting throng, "you've made me lose my man!"

"You really desire to find him?"

"You saw what he did to me just now, didn't you?"

"But," gently objected the stranger, "methods differ. One may not use fists, nor yet," he added, with barely a twinkle in his gray eyes, "a blackthorn."

"Only let me at him, I don't care——"

"You can shoot?"

"Can I?"

"But—it may be swords. You can not fence?"

"Can't I?"

The stranger was incredulous, yet interest, or a tinge of hope, quickened in him. "I do not understand. An American——"

Ned Thacker did not understand, either, any more than he understood that he had been d'Artagnan. Yet the foils were for him a passion that would not be denied. With American youth fencing is a sporadic cult, but in Ned's boyhood town, thanks to Ned, the foils almost replaced baseball and boxing, while Ned pined with regret that nowadays swordsmanship is merely a romantic art, for art's sake only. To defend his life, assert his pride, open a career, behind a quivering point of steel—by the gods, *that* would be something practical!

"Just let me at him, that's all," pleaded Ned.

Instinctively he believed that the tranquil stranger could contrive it.

"Bless me," exclaimed the unknown, "is Monsieur Coligny then a wrestling bear on a chain, and am I his keeper? Ministers, you know, roam loose about their little affairs. When the song is done, they grumble homeward to their lairs. When morning comes, they sally forth. *Pardi*, young sir, where's easier stalking than a minister?"

In his own impetuous fashion Ned would have stopped the calm stranger, for it sounded very much like "kidding," but a glance at the girl made him look again at the man, this time shrewdly and a little uneasily. For mirth had left the girl's dancing eyes. She hung tensely on the man's words, puzzled that he should utter so many, and striving to catch their meaning. She, who should know her brother, evidently knew his light words to be carriers of a heavy cargo. Ned, now that he looked, was ready to believe it himself.

He saw a man not more than thirty, of finely chiseled features, the natural pallor of whose skin heightened an effect of serene stateliness in his bearing. His clear gray eyes rarely concentrated to a keen gaze, and yet more rarely betrayed that hint of a roguish twinkle Ned had noticed. The whole man suggested quiet purpose, lofty purpose, too; yet in the austere calm one felt a deadliness to all baser things that opposed him. Notwithstanding, the young American was oddly drawn to this gently mocking and mysterious counselor.

"Who," he demanded, his spirit groping in the dark of bygone centuries, "in thunder are you, anyhow?"

The man smiled. "What does it matter, since I am not a minister of Beaux-Arts?"

"Of course it doesn't matter," Ned retorted. "Your advice then is to stalk him?"

The gray eyes lighted in kindly approval. "I perceive you need no advice, monsieur."

"But," persisted Ned, "for how long must I? Until when?"

"As to that," replied the stranger, "let me commend to you your own discernment. Well, Sis." Wherewith he gave his arm to his pretty kinswoman, and left Mr. Thacker where he stood, in the now deserted foyer; left that fiery youth consumed by several various fires.

"I wonder," he murmured, "why I'm so darned glad she's only his sister." That was one of the consuming blazes, and you may name it.

He frowned wrathfully. "When that Beaux-Arts dude smiled at her—and I'll punch his head yet—he reminded me of a fat Chinaman." A kindred heat, likewise easily named.

Then burning curiosity: "That grand seigneur brother of hers," he mused shrewdly, "wasn't missing the opera out here just on little Ned's account. Not by a jugful, he wasn't." His eyelashes batted hopefully. "There's a heap more than my own shindy

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mixed up in this adventure, all right."

Lastly: "They haven't invented the republic yet where a sacrosanct mogul can jolt *me* under the chin. Wait!" He hurried to one door after another opening on the auditorium, questioned the *ouvreuses*, parting with franc pieces, and at last located the box occupied by the Minister of Fine Arts.

When at midnight this minister entered his carriage, Ned Thacker sprang into a fiacre engaged by the hour five minutes previously, and out of the sumptuous throng the fiacre jogged along down the Avenue de l'Opéra in the wake of the ministerial equipage.

Across the river, into the nocturnal solitude of the Faubourg St. Germain it jogged, more and more circumspectly, until the *cocher* saw the minister deposited at his baronial door of a Coligny. Then he drew up within gunshot of the same spot. He waited, but his fare did not get out. He jumped to the pavement and discovered his fare preparing for bed. He had removed shoes, collar, cravat, coat, and vest, and was drawing his top coat over him as he lay curled up on the narrow seat.

"Oh, but," ejaculated the *cocher*, "is it that monsieur took me for a hotel, perhaps?"

"Go 'way," said Ned. "It is permitted one to doze until one arrives."

"*Voyons donc*, we *are* arrived."

"No," Ned assured him, yawning, "we are not."

"You said, 'Follow that man,' and——"

"By the hour, yes."

"—— and I did."

"Name of a donkey, *cocher*, are there no more hours on the clock? Follow him some more."

"But he is in his house. In his bed, no doubt."

"What of it? I never did see any one so ridiculous. If you object to his going home to bed, why didn't you——"

"But I don't," protested the muddled cabman.

"Then what in the world——"

"Enough in the world, monsieur, when a crazy American tells me to follow a man who is no more to be followed, and makes of my carriage a *wagon lit*. What in the world, truly! How is he more to be followed?"

"By waiting for him, of course."

The *cocher* took off his glazed stove-pipe and ran five fingers through his hair. "Always by the hour, monsieur?"

"Great Scott, *oui*, *oui!* Now let me sleep."

The *cocher* slammed the door. "These Americans!" he grumbled. But this American, in evening clothes, correct though queer, seemed worth it, and the cabman hung a grain-sack over his horse's nose and climbed to his box, to let the hours pass at the rate of two francs fifty centimes per.

The fiacre was in motion next morning when Ned awoke. Rather, it was the motion that awakened him. Almost before he could open his eyes, his head was out of the window. His first thought was that the *cocher* had deserted the rat hole. They were pounding along a quiet street of the Faubourg, and the silent world was yet gray from the dawn. But eight other hoofs beat the asphalt, and ahead Ned perceived the carriage of the Minister of Fine Arts. He feared that his man was out thus early only to attend a council of state, but when they crossed the Seine, leaving the ministerial palaces behind, he began to take hope of the calm stranger's remarks of the night before. Though mystified, yet was he even more hopeful of a chance at his man when they passed the Arc de Triomphe and kept straight on along the Avenue de Neuilly. For evidently the minister's early morning errand was taking him into the country.

A half-hour later they drove through a gateway between square brick posts, and were in a cool, shady grove of fine old trees. It was somebody's private park, no doubt, with a château-like pavilion or summer-house among the oaks and horse-chestnuts.

Here, under the opal-glass marquee of the pavilion, the Minister of Fine Arts descended from his carriage, and instantly Ned Thacker, while yet unobserved a hundred yards behind, stopped the fiacre, leaped out, and paid the *cocher*. It took nearly all he had, but if he got what he came for, he would not mind walking back.

The young adventurer then drew near in Indian fashion, from behind one tree to the one next ahead. Also present, besides the minister, were seven or eight other gentlemen, all dignified, formal, severely courteous, and rigorously correct in frock coats and silk tiles. There was much stiff

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PEOPLE STROLLING NEAR PAUSED TO STARE AT THE DECORATION, AND HASTILY AVERTED THEIR HEADS. THE MINISTER SEIZED THE THING, AND PULLED, FRUITLESSLY.

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was

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lifting of these silk tiles as they addressed one another.

Ned, in his costume prescribed for a different hour of the day, would perhaps have pained them by contrast, but he buttoned his top coat, pulled his collapsible opera hat tight on his head, and kept hidden, ready for that promised moment when his discretion was to give him the cue for action.

With a solemn bow, as if to say, "Gentlemen, this way, please, if you wish to view the corpse," one of them made a gesture and a suggestion, and, the others gravely bowing compliance, all of them proceeded deeper into the grove. There were two who carried what might have been a half-dozen roses with very long stems done up in wrapping-paper. On these queer parcels Ned Thacker's eyes fastened longingly. He was suddenly jubilant, on fire, for he thought he was beginning to understand the enigma in the words of the calm stranger. He darted from tree to tree, following the austere garden-party.

They stopped out of sight of the house, where the shaded turf was but a thin carpet of grass, and if their intercourse was stiffly ceremonious before, here it became ossified. One would not believe that in all the universe there was so much politeness before breakfast.

"The blessed jackasses," d'Artagnan half laughed, "they think it's the real thing. Yet I'll bet that down in their hearts each one of 'em wishes it was. New fashions can't rub out ancestors all in a minute, or in a century, either."

Yesterday, it seemed, an ebullient patriot had risen in the Chamber and interpellated the Government. Could the Government longer deny that it had sold poor, betrayed France, had sold the dear *patrie*, to the enemy, to the Germans? Could the Government, though brazen and shameless, deny ridiculous[illegible]st evidence of its treachery? And to bed, was the proof, a temple of the state, "But[illegible]ctuary of French achievement, yes, cabm- Opéra itself, sullied by the alien Wagner, debauched by the Prussian "Siegfried". *Hein*, my brothers? . . . And then a responsible minister, he of Fine Arts, had hurled back the dastard aspersion . . . and now——

The ebullient patriot was sternly shedding garments to his shirt in somebody's private park, and over there the Minister of Fine Arts was doing the same . . . But look! Not five feet distant, behind a venerable oak, even Mr. Ned Thacker of Kansas was likewise peeling to faultless linen, and rolling up the sleeve of his tanned right arm into the bargain. He felt the moment to be thrillingly imminent when he might trust his discretion.

Out of one of the long paper parcels came, not roses, but a pair of bright steel foils. The points, previously sealed and signed by each man's seconds, were stripped bare, and a severe though exquisite man, the *directeur du combat*, proffered the two blades to monsieur the minister, who had won the choice. The minister wrapped outspread fingers almost caressingly about the handle of one, drew it out, whipped the air keenly with it, and retired to his place.

The *directeur*, turning to present the remaining foil to the ebullient patriot, had a flashing glimpse of some one dashing at him from behind a tree, and felt the weapon jerked from his hand. The next instant the dumfounded Frenchmen beheld a sturdy youth hotly calling on Monsieur the Minister of Fine Arts to defend himself, and forcing him to it, too, by lightning-like jabs of the pilfered sword.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" gasped the *directeur*, hurling himself at the apparition with his cane. There was an instant's entanglement of wood and steel, and the cane went flying in the air. The others surged forward like fanatics enraged by a desecration, and would have blotted out the infidel, perhaps, but they were checked from a quarter the least expected.

Monsieur the minister, astounded though he was and parrying desperately, yet liked the relish of it. Yes, very much indeed, for it went to his head like good old wine, this quaint, antique draw-and-at-'em manner of homicide. Leaping back to gain a second's time, he shook his lifted left hand imperatively at the others, also his head. "*Parbleu*, gentlemen," said his supplicating gesture, "let me amuse myself. Business can wait."

The others hesitated, which was time enough for them to get the relish of it, too, and they fell back and watched breathlessly. Monsieur the minister, they told themselves as a sop to conscience, was so consummate a master of the blade that there could be no real danger to either adversary. At heart, though—the heart of them that Ned had shrewdly divined—they were back in

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swashbuckling days, and the deadly chafing of steel on steel was a lascivious whisper in their ears.

But when a crimson bead welled and broke on Ned's forearm, and another and another, it was too much. In horror they remembered the outraged conventions. The *directeur*, again with his cane, pried in between the two points, knocking them up. Monsieur the minister, recollecting himself, stepped back, the deprecating smile on his lips. Others crowded between, and for lack of antagonist Ned had to stop.

One of the two surgeons present held Ned's wounded wrist. Both surgeons examined it. A ridge of skin was peeled off. They held a consultation. They conferred with the *directeur*.

"Messieurs," announced the latter, "there is a slight paralysis. I can not permit the encounter to proceed."

"Paralysis nothing!" cried Ned, jerking free his wrist. "Now get out of the way, all of you!"

They were undeniably pained. Such *grossièreté!* Such loutish ignorance of the code of the field of honor!

"Let his Highness rid us of him," suggested one.

"Precisely," agreed Coligny. "It is for our host to deal with the intruder."

"Not so," rose a cool voice, an inexpressibly cool voice, "not so, and always with the permission of monsieur the ministre, I am constrained to observe that in the matter of intruding, 'tis for the host himself to mention it first, if at all. So that," the speaker went on, "it would seem that monsieur the ministre now owes my—let us say, my young friend—satisfaction that he did not before."

The competence of it! Ned rejoiced in those soft phrases dealt his enemy. He turned to the man in eager gratitude. Mostly the voice had held him; moreover, had troubled him profoundly. It was like a voice, known yet unknown, speaking behind a mask. It spoke to no earthly memory, yet called to his soul as a flitting ghost of memory. But to the end of this span of life, he might not know that the voice was the voice of Athos, the noblest of the Musketeers. Turning, he saw that the speaker was the calm stranger of the night before at the opera.

"Your Highness," exclaimed the minister, "your——"

"I waive that," said Athos with a motion of the hand.

"Thank you. But you are yet my host."

"I waive that also," said Athos.

"Ever magnanimous," returned Coligny. "Monsieur will then recall that he charged me with abuse of his hospitality. Having waived every obstacle, he will do me the honor to receive my seconds."

"Assuredly. Yet I can not waive the priority of a guest's claim."

Through the maze of venomous courtesy Ned saw clear. His adroit host had put the matter *en règle*. The sacred code was vindicated.

"What's more," said Ned, taking the cue, "I demand an immediate encounter."

"But monsieur's paralysis?" objected the *directeur*.

Ned laughed.

"But your seconds?"

The ebullient patriot glanced at Athos. "I will serve," said he.

"And I," added Athos.

Monsieur the minister shrugged his shoulders. Since they insisted, he would kindly impale this pestiferous American hornet for their little holiday.

"Of all the red tape!" muttered Ned. "You'd think we were two nations going to war."

The seconds completed the preliminaries at last, and the *directeur* was saying: "*Messieurs, en garde . . . Allez!*" and d'Artagnan and his man were at it again.

"*Peste!*" exclaimed one of the surgeons. "See Coligny—that smile. He means to hurt the boy."

"Eh, and see Monsieur le Directeur," returned the other surgeon. "He thinks so, too. He truly is dancing with his cane, to ward off assassination. *Ooof, what!*"

Something not expected had happened.

Now the young Kansan was naturally as quick and elusive as a cat. "He parries with his legs," the ebullient patriot had ejaculated. "*Tonnerre*, they are hair triggers, those legs!"

But d'Artagnan's greatest advantage was his newness to a real encounter. The minister's affair with the patriot would have had no result, as his Highness, or Athos, knew quite well; but his Highness also knew that with an awkward blade anything might happen. It was what a skilled duellist most feared. When in reason Ned should be breaking ground, the lad gave a terrific

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bound forward. His blade slashed down the length of the opposing steel, then plunged direct, and slipped through a pillow of flesh. It was this that had not been expected.

The smile was fading from Coligny's lips. As he sank, they caught him and lowered him to the sod.

"Get that child out of here," cried the *directeur*, "and let him breathe to none of us who he is or where he lives. Then we can tell nothing to the police. But quickly, your Highness."

Ned took a last look at his prostrate and bleeding enemy. "Come," said Athos.

"Will he die? Tell me."

"No, but you have sent him to bed for the day, at least. Come."

"Your Highness will return?" the *directeur* called after them, and Athos nodded.

"Highness?" It was a queer word to be spoken seriously. Yet no one had smiled when saying it. Ned stole glimpses of the courtly head, the serene profile. He fumbled words. At last they came, impulsively, and as was his way, he put his English idiom into literal French.

"Look here, you gave me a chance back there. You fixed it so I didn't make a fool kid—you understand, a fool anachronism—of myself, and—well, let me thank you."

"GET THAT CHILD OUT OF HERE," CRIED TO NONE OF US WHO HE

"And you," said the man, "I have to thank you for what will be for me a—a very interesting day. Then think"—the suggestion of a twinkle caught in the clear gray eyes—"of the *réclame*—" He paused; then

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to Ned's astonishment he dropped easily into English, English of a rich, scholarly accent, the English of Oxford. "Think!" he said. "'Tis a great advertisement it will be for that famous button."

Ned flushed angrily. "Hold on," he cried, "for if you think I'd fight, shed blood, for business——"

His Highness, interrupting, shot him a glance of covert admiration. "I beg your pardon," he said.

"Still," said Ned, curiosity now in the saddle, "maybe, without knowing it, I was fighting to help somebody else's business."

This time his Highness's glance was keen, penetrating. "Your wits, young sir," he said dryly, "seem to be as nimble as your wrist."

"Oh, don't think I'm sorry," cried Ned. "No, sir, if I've helped you any by letting daylight into that——"

He stopped, for the faint, unmistakable rustle of skirts caught his ear, and he saw a fleet, girlish figure in white hurry among the trees and vanish in the summer-house just ahead. He had a vision of dainty, silver-buckled shoes, and pretty ankles, and a glimpse of a pair of black eyes as she turned her head for a glance behind. She was the girl of the opera, and a princess, since she was this man's sister. And, darting to cover in that way, like a stricken nymph, perhaps she had been eavesdropping on the little episode of fighting back there in the wood.

THE *DIRECTEUR*, "AND LET HIM BREATHE IS OR WHERE HE LIVES."

"Good enough," said Ned, trying to re-

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sume easily, but with a troubled heart after seeing the girl, and after the more than troubling look she had given him out of the black eyes, "good enough, if I've helped you any, but—" he plunged boldly, gruffly—"but I'd just like to hope that I may have helped that—young lady—a little, too."

The calm brow of his Highness darkened like a thunder-cloud, but the startling frankness of the young American carried the day. The man's stern resentment vanished, and with a charming friendliness that won Ned's devotion, he said: "Be happy, then, for that's precisely what you have done—namely, a very knightly service without even knowing it."

Then Ned, before he could ask the first of a score of questions, found himself stepping into a carriage at the pavilion steps—a somberly magnificent carriage emblazoned with a royal crest—and a footman was closing the door, and the man, his Highness, was waving him a gracious farewell.

So Ned had to ask the questions of himself. "What's it all been about? Who *is* he? Who is *she?* Oh, oh, I want to know so bad, it—it *hurts!*"

The same evening, when Ned left his quarters in the rue Saint Jacques for Wiber's, where one could keep within two francs and yet dine not badly, he stopped a hoarse-voiced man crying *Le Soir* and bought a copy. The news in it was not extraordinary. The Government had been overturned, that was all. Ned read:

Equivalent to a vote of censure in the Chamber of Deputies to-day was the introduction by a Member of the Extreme Right of a project of law to waive the French claims against the Principality of Albania. These claims arose out of the excesses committed during the revolution five years ago of the then Province of Albania against the Sultan. The measure to waive our claims, though popular and drafted as a friendly act toward the young Principality, has for some unaccountable reason been violently and successfully opposed by M. Coligny, the Minister of Beaux-Arts. To-day, however, owing to the unexplained and mysterious absence of M. Coligny and the relaxation of vigilance, the Government was taken by surprise. In a dramatic moment the project was brought to a vote, became a law, and the Government had fallen.

"And all on account of a suspender button!" exclaimed Ned. "Wow, what an ad!" He saw breath-taking possibilities, did Ned. He read on excitedly:

His Highness the Prince of Albania was an interested witness of the proceedings as a guest of Monsieur the President of the Republic. With him was his charming sister, the Honorable Patricia, to give her her English title, who this summer has beheld all Paris in adoration at her feet.

The exultant friends of the measure instantly pressed for a vote on the resolution pledging France to recognize Albania's recent *coup d'état* whereby she becomes in name, as well as in fact, no longer a vassal of Turkey, but an independent kingdom. The resolution being carried 'mid enthusiastic tumult, the deputies rose in their seats and acclaimed with the title of King, his Highness, who was serenely acknowledging the congratulations of Monsieur the President of the Republic and receiving a rapturous hug from the Honorable Patricia.

"Whew," gasped Ned, "a king, is he? And me, little Ned, a king-maker! Now I wonder how it would feel to saunter into the palace, down there in Albania, and put my feet on the king's desk. But *who* is he? I don't—" But there were a few lines more.

His new Majesty, and the enchanting little sister no less, have become well known to the world of Paris during their sojourn here this summer. It is then well known that he is, in fact, an Irish baronet of royal lineage, Sir Terence O'Hara by name and title, who offered his sword to the Albanians and unerringly led those dashing brigands to their independence. After which they would not let him go. They made him their prince, and for his loaned sword he now receives a scepter.

"I really don't believe I can stand much more of this," murmured Ned. "But I wish it did answer one more question. *How* have I especially helped the Honorable Patricia in all this?"

He thought a long while. "Anyhow, here's a guess. There's that Minister of Fine Arts. He's a bachelor. He smiles at Patricia. But Patricia won't have him. Patricia's big brother won't ask her to have him. Therefore, no crown for brother. The minister simply gums the cards, stops the deal. It must have been embarrassing for Patricia. Any girl would feel bad who keeps her brother out of a nice job as king. But this morning with my little stick-pin I fixed it all up for her. And now she's happy."

It was a good guess, and hit the nail. Yet the young man sighed. He shook his head mournfully. "Now if a crown, a kingdom," he put it frankly to himself, "can't fetch her, then what chance is there for—for a button boy?"

Abruptly he struck the table—his favorite table at Wiber's—with his fist. "If that's a question," he shouted into his innermost being, "why then, let's get out and find the answer."

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LABOR'S NEW PHASES *and* PHRASES

by

WILLIAM M·DALY

WE ARE rapidly approaching, in our national life, that period when we must choose between truth and repose.

For we have in our midst an embryo revolution: a social and industrial revolution, quite unlike anything ever before conceived.

We must recognize it, analyze it, and determine what we shall do about it; accept the good in it, reject the bad; embrace it bodily, or demolish it thoroughly. But there is no ignoring it.

This new problem is SYNDICALISM. Its philosophy is the new spirit of Labor's unrest. As a movement it will be more popularly known as DIRECT ACTION.

Direct Action is a French importation. It was first used in 1897 by Fernand Pelloutier, General Secretary of the Federation of Labor Exchanges. Pelloutier heartily distrusted the state as an instrument of good for the working man. So he urged the laborers to organize and obtain *directly* —hence the term, Direct Action—what they could not hope to get through participation in politics.

This new idea has literally swept across international barriers and has made great headway in England, Germany, and the United States. It actuated the Lawrence strike, and some later smaller strikes in this country. It has profoundly influenced the recent coal-miners' walkouts in England, France, and Germany, and to some extent the present dockers' strike in England.

So Labor's unrest is international. In this country the advocates of Direct Action are known as the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD—the I. W. W.'s.

Direct Action has been due to the same spirit of democratization that has swept through our own political parties. Direct Actionists are the insurgents of Labor. Their movement is a protest against Trade Unions on the one hand, and the tactics of Socialism on the other:—

The old TRADE UNION has almost served its usefulness. It fought tenaciously, but diplomatically, for higher wages, better housing conditions, shorter hours, and such definite palliatives. It had no quarrel with the wage system: it asked only that wages yield a comfortable living. It did not bother about theories of society. Undoubtedly it accomplished much good. But it was undemocratic. It embraced usually the skilled workers only, and thus left unprotected the large mass of laborers who needed protection the most. But more than anything else, it lacked an underlying emotional, constructive ideal with which to fire and move masses.

SOCIALISM has gradually become too compromisingly political to satisfy the radical working man at the bottom. Its history in every country points to its gradual domination by "intellectuals." These intellectuals have wished to reconstruct society by gradually insinuating socialistic ideas into the body politic. In Germany, England, and France their measures are being rapidly adopted year by year.

But this success is, to the man at the bottom, fraught with disaster. Progress by this method is too slow; it entails too many compromises. He feels that in the mazes of political diplomacy the fundamental ideals are lost sight of.

It is interesting to note, here, that at the National Convention of the Socialist Party, last May, the Direct Actionists were read out of the party.

The Trade Unionist, then, has no ideal, no philosophy: he just wants a slightly larger share of things as they are.

The Socialist would reconstruct society; but gradually, even without confiscation, by POLITICAL ACTION.

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Not so the Direct Actionist. He would abolish the wage system entirely. He does not care about a ten per cent. raise in wages, or a nine-hour day. To him the system of production and distribution is wrong. He would give the laborer the whole product of his labor. He would reconstruct society on an industrial basis, by industries. And he would do this by an industrial revolution: that is, the workers would take over bodily the various industries and manage them on a cooperative basis of some sort, only those contributing actual personal service to participate in the distribution of the surplus product.

Suppose, for example, that all employees in the steel industry said, one fine day, to Mr. Baker, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Morgan, and the other stockholders: "We're going to take over all these steel properties and run them for ourselves. We've been getting the short end for some time now. There's a big surplus coming to us. You've been getting it since the business began. We've made the steel, but we took in wages what you were pleased to give us. We're sorry to do this, because of the loss it will cause you. But if you want to join the ranks of workers, we'll be glad to have you, and we'll give you your proportionate share in the profits." Suppose the same thing be done to the oil, sugar, shoe, coal, railroad—all industries.

Such is the plan of the Direct Actionist.

Aside from any point of justice, a thousand objections as to the practicability immediately arise in your mind. The Direct Actionist admits them; he admits that Labor is not yet ready for this industrial democracy.

The great work of the Direct Actionist at present is in cultivating the solidarity of labor. He preaches that the interests of all working men are one. He frankly encourages class spirit. To him it is to be a struggle finally between all toilers on the one side, and all others on the other. Hence he wants the formation of unions, not of trades, but of all trades in any industry. And at the top is to be the central confederation of all unions—the BIG UNION.

When the Direct Actionist has perfected his organization, when labor has achieved solidarity, then will be called the GENERAL STRIKE. By it, a whole industry, or set of industries, or all industry, will be stopped. Production will be paralyzed. Then Labor will make its demand. Then it will assume control of our industrial organization.

Such will be the procedure.

For the present, the Direct Actionist is bending all energies to achieve this necessary solidarity. This, he feels, is best accomplished by keeping alive a revolutionary spirit. And nothing fosters this spirit so much as a strike. And a strike, not for less hours or more wages, but as a protest, as an exhibition of strength and purpose.

The most powerful weapon the Direct Actionist wields is SABOTAGE. The most powerful because it strikes directly at the owners' profits. Sabotage does not necessarily mean violence. It may be only passive resistance. The worker practises sabotage at his regular task. He may "slow down" instead of "speeding up" as the efficiency expert demands. He can do this if all the workers do it; and the employer is helpless. The workers may even become grossly inefficient—purposely; they may waste material, break implements, or do a thousand and one things which will injure the owner.

Of course, there are more stringent forms of sabotage: using one's intimacy with machinery to destroy it, in the regular course of work, by inserting a wire here, or pulling a plug there, or loosening a screw now and then. This form has not yet become prevalent in this country. But it may.

It must be remembered, though, that the Direct Actionist is against personal violence. To attribute the deeds of the McNamaras, for instance, to this new movement is to be grossly inaccurate.

These, in brief, are the main aspects of a great movement. Whether it will succeed in this country, is too difficult to predict. There are three elements, however, that tend to show that the progress of syndicalism here will be much slower than in England, France, and Germany:

First, the large proportion of American population still engaged in agriculture, still largely owning its own home and land, and having little sympathy or contact with the industrialization of the large centers;

Second, the constantly wider diffusion of wealth, despite the large fortunes at the top and the poverty at the bottom—our middle class is larger, better fed, better educated, with a larger outlook than ever before;

Third, the constant tendency of our government toward realizing the substance of its formal democracy.

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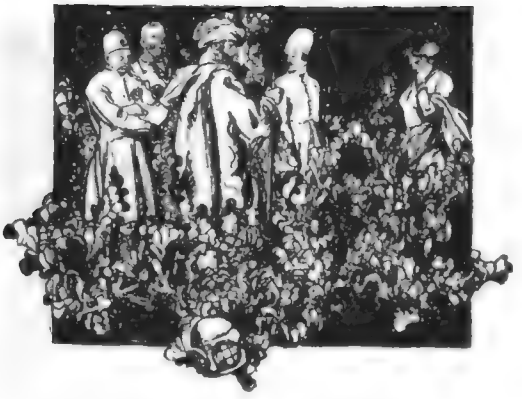

THE MEN OF THE CORAL AMBUSH

by

THOMAS P. BYRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

THIS is the story of a treasure. It was stolen by Prince Hatim, who was a cousin of the Shah of Persia; it was lost in the sea by da Cabral, who was a Portuguese sea-captain; it was schemed for by Mourdjadjo Ali, who was an Arab gentleman of Muscat, by Mr. Rustomjee Cursetjee, who was a Parsee ship-owner of Bombay, and by Gonçala da Cabral, who was a beautiful girl of Old Goa—a city that was the richest in all India in the sixteenth century, and now lies, broken and gray and forgotten, under the jungle of the coast of Malabar.

Also this treasure was fought for, in the maze of a coral forest under the sea, by Mourdjadjo Ali and his coral-men and my friend the Captain, who told me the story one summer Sunday night when we dined in Lisbon at a table before a café of the Praça de Dom Pedro.

A face in the press of the crowd had caught my eye, and I called the Captain's attention that he might have the pleasure of gazing upon its pale, sad beauty. It was a nun—doubtless upon some errand of mercy—who passed through the throng with a rapt look as if *she* beheld visions fairer and farther than the lands of which the Captain and I spoke reminiscently.

"Ever been dead-broke, mate?" queried the Captain suddenly.

I looked reproach at him. "Once or twice," I answered scornfully.

"That time after I was wrecked in the *Collington*," said the Captain, "I tramped the streets of Bombay three months without being able to get a job. One night I slept on the beach. 'Twas down by the Mohammedan burying-ground. You're not listening, mate!"

"Pardon, Captain," said I. "I was thinking of the face of that nun. It was the palest face and the saddest—What makes these Portuguese women look so sad, anyway——"

"That night down by the Mohammedan burying-ground," said the Captain sternly, "I couldn't stand it. So I got up and walked all over Helen-the-Island-of-Bombay. About two o'clock in the morning, going up the Breach Candy Road, I turned the corner of a narrow little street and found a man in a turban choking a little Parsee up against a wall. I knew he was a Parsee by his high, queer hat, and when I'd chased the choker away I recognized the chokee, so to speak. Ship-owner—name of Rustomjee Cursetjee. Rum names those Parsees wear, mate!"

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"ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING I TURNED THE CORNER OF A NARROW LITTLE STREET AND FOUND A MAN IN A TURBAN CHOKING A LITTLE PARSEE AGAINST THE WALL."

"Rum hats too," I supplemented.

"When he thanked me I struck him for a berth. He wanted to know if I could dive. I said I could. Never had, though. But I hadn't eaten very recently, mate. So he looked me over pretty sharp and took me

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to his house. He said he'd recommend me to a Portugee who wanted a navigator and a diver to take a schooner up to a wreck that lay on an island in the Gulf of Oman.

"That Parsee spun me quite a yarn. The wreck was a wooden steamer named the *Mondavi*—about a thousand tons of rust and rot she was, I guess—and six months before a drunken mate and serang had run her in the night-time on Ziril Island. She was coming light from Bushire to Bombay, and was a total loss, being uninsured, to Cursetjee and a Portugee named da Cabral, who commanded her. They owned her in partnership. Her crew escaped to the island and were picked up next day and brought to Bombay.

"Then the Portugee captain, da Cabral, fitted out a little schooner and took a diver and ran out to the wreck. She lay in six fathoms. The diver went down in her and was killed by sharks. Then the Portugee captain went down. Likewise killed by sharks. Rum yarn, eh, mate?"

I agreed with the Captain.

"The crew sailed the schooner back to Goa, where the Portugee hailed from, and when Cursetjee heard of it he couldn't understand why in Davy Jones da Cabral should have spent his money and risked his carcass for that old hulk, which was almost worthless when she was above the water. Then he thought of *pearls*. And that very day he got a letter from the Portugee captain's heir, wanting a loan of rupees, also a navigator and a diver to go after the wreck again. This heir said as how there was treasure in her, and Cursetjee said if there was, he, being half owner, was entitled to half of it. And out of gratitude to me for saving his throat from that turbaned hand, he was going to give me the job of going after it.

"That's what he said, mate; but maybe it was because I could stand two watches, diving and navigating both, and was so hard-up that I would work for rupees 150 per month, and didn't care a ding-dong for sharks. Anyway, Mr. Rustomjee Cursetjee gave me one hundred dibs and a card with a name on it: Gonçala da Cabral, Old Goa."

"A woman," said I.

"Yes, a woman. So I went to Old Goa on a B. I. boat three days later. You know Goa, mate?"

"Not I, Captain."

"You haven't seen the world yet, mate. Now I read about Goa once in a book. 'The Phantom Ship' was the name of it. Ever read it?"

"Yes."

"That book sort of set me looking for a city—with wharves and bazaars and temples and crowds and all.

"Well, when I landed at Mormugão and sailed across to Panjim, I had to tramp five sea-miles out to Old Goa. And when I got there, there was no city at all. It was a *field*—a field like a man dreams he's a kid again and playing in; and at both ends of it was a great, gray, mossy-like old cathedral. There was crosses on them, and they didn't seem to belong there, somehow. It was like some business out of that Arabian Nights book—as if some of them fellows that come up out of bottles you find in the sea had picked them old churches off a hill in Christian Rome and slapped 'em down in that field to please some fellow who made 'em work by pipe-claying a starboard light.

"Out in the middle of that field," went on the Captain, "a girl was sitting on the pedestal of an old stone cross. I steered a course to lay alongside. Mate, once I saw one of these poppy-flowers growing alone in a green field, and that was what that girl was. She flamed! And yet when I looked at her I saw that she was slim and young and pale and *scared*. The flame was in her eyes. They were like windows, and through 'em you could see that she was all fire inside."

"Was she pretty?" I asked.

"That isn't the word, mate. There was something about her—and something about the place, too. And she had that sad look that all these high-caste Portugee women have. And d'ye know, I sat down beside her on that pedestal and we talked for hours.

"What did we talk about?" said he. "Mate, I don't rightly know. I told her about the Brazils, I guess, and about ships and men and the sea, and *she* didn't answer much. She only laughed and listened—a tinkly little laugh like them far-off pagoda bells you hear on the Irawadi. Around that field and them churches the jungle stood in a solid wall. Out of it high, slim areca palms rose like masts, a-sweeping their tufts against the sky like flags, and the monsoon was whispering through it and

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"THE GOA BOYS PUT ME ON THE LADDER, PUT ON MY HELMET, BEGAN TO PUMP, AND THE AIR CAME THUDDING IN TO ME."

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opening up seams where I could see old, gray, dead ruins—broken walls and towers. That's where the golden city of Goa was—under the jungle. And there in that green square where I told my yarns to that little girl was the place where they used to hold the Inquisition, mate. They'd burnt hundreds there. . . . And, mate, I never thought of that treasure up in the Gulf of Oman or of Cursetjee until in the middle of a tale I saw a scrap of letter being twisted in that little girl's slim hands. On it was written: 'Gonçala da Cabral, Old Goa.'

"'Miss,' said I suddenly, 'are *you* Gonçala da Cabral?'

"'Why, yes,' she answered, a flash of the fire within her coming out on her cheeks. 'And why——'

"'I am the captain sent by Mr. Rustomjee Cursetjee,' said I.

"Mate, all the fire went out of her quick-like. 'Mr. Rustomjee Cursetjee is dead,' she said.

"She gave me the letter, and I read it. A helluva letter, mate. I've read it a thousand times, but I never can remember just how it went." The Captain fumbled in his pocket. "A copy of it," he mumbled. "Read it, mate, read it aloud."

I read it aloud:

"Honored Madam:

"This is to make known to you that Mr. Rustomjee Cursetjee, honored merchant of this city and respected parent of mine and also partner to respected parent of yours, is this day taken by Carriers of the Dead and placed in Tower of Silence; and I myself have just come from sitting under cypress-tree in garden and mourning and meditating while vultures eat him—my respected parent. He was stab yesterday late of the night on Malabar Hill by thief-man who Captain Sahib one time have chase away. This stabbing is to make respected parent of mine tell where is hid treasure of steamer *Mondavi*, and after stab first of my father—so say he shortly before deceasing—he fear greatly that in terror have told thief-man that but one person know where is conceal treasure of *Mondavi* which is yourself and respected Madam. So this writing is for that you beware and have a guard of one Arab named Mourdjadjo Ali who is same serang of *Mondavi* who have wreck ship, drown intoxicated mate, but have not drown himself and have survive to make extinct my father last Tuesday.

"Also my father think Mourdjadjo Ali have looked for treasure but can not find.

"So, Miss, this being one very bad business I have decide of it to wash hands and much regret can not send rupees for divers and schooner on account of not having same. And kindly say thanks to Captain Sahib, and will he lend to orphan son money he have receive from lamented father to go to Goa.

"Yours mournfully for recently deceased father and obedient servant to you,

"Rustomjee Cursetjee, Son.

"P. S. Father have also say, respected Madam, that treasure of *Mondavi*, if such is existing, is to you and not to him."

"A helluva letter, mate," said the Captain.

"Helluva letter," said I.

"When I'd read it, I said to her," went on the Captain, "'Miss, there's considerable mystery to this business. This serang—he must have looked for the loot and couldn't find it.'

"'No one but *I* can ever find it,' said she.

"'The serang has done for Cursetjee,' I told her. 'He will come for you next, Miss. You must be on your guard.'

"Mate, her face was white with terror and she trembled like an aspen, but under it all there was a blaze of determination. She burned — fairly burned for the treasure!"

"She was a daughter of those old Portuguese who first came round the Cape to loot the Indies," said I.

"She was, mate," said the Captain, "and she looked me square in the eye and said: 'Captain, I have a treasure lying in six fathoms of water where a diver can get it in ten minutes' work. I have a schooner and a crew to sail out to it, and all I need is a *man*—one who can navigate and can dive. I am alone, do you see, Captain? No one but you and I, and Mourdjadjo Ali and his, know of the treasure. I was obliged to tell Cursetjee to get his aid. Now he is dead, his son is frightened. I must go alone. I will sell my house and garden, buy diver's apparatus, and sail for Ziril Island. You shall command my schooner and you shall dive, and I will not tell you where to look until the moment when the helmet is about to go over your head. And—you shall have half of the treasure for your work.'

"'Miss,' said I slowly, 'rupees, 150 per month, was the sum Mr. Cursetjee mentioned. We will sail on those figures.'

"Then what do you think that girl did, mate? She burst out laughing, all her terror gone. It's a way these people have that live where the olive grows. 'Then if you'll go, have it any way you like!' she cried.

"And she took me down to the bay, where her schooner, the *Nossa Senhora da Serra*—a spry little jolly-boat of ten tons—

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lay off her house and garden, a half-mile or so above the Viceroy's Arch. I took command, and the crew—three Goa boys and a half-caste named João, who was mate—were soon at work under the command of an old Gouanese woman who was Gonçala's cook, taking stuff from the house to the schooner. And she—the girl—was off in a *machilla* to sell house and garden, waving her hand to me as the bearers trotted away.

"And, mate, I took the *Nossa Senhora* down to New Goa that night, where Gonçala slept in her own cabin and a Goa boy with a rifle was on watch. I had an idea we should hear from Mourdjadjo Ali before we left. I was right, too. Three nights later I was back at Old Goa. I had sent the last of Gonçala's effects away from the house in a bullock-cart. My *machilla* was waiting for me in the road, and I could hear the laughter of the boys as I sat before the house and looked out across the Panjim and up at the moon, which was rising over the Ghats. Suddenly a voice spoke up soft and deep:

" 'Salaam, Sidi-Captain.'

I looked up, and there, mate, was an Arab in a spotless white turban and robe. He was tall and lean, with a thin, scanty-bearded face—a true Arab, only the nose was a bit too flat, the lips a bit too heavy, the face a trifle too black. There was Somali blood in the fellow.

" 'Salaam, Sidi-Captain,' he said again, and then went on in good English: 'You do not remember me. You interrupted me in Bombay a week ago when I was choking a Parsee dog named Cursetjee. I killed him two nights later, Sidi, as you have doubtless learned,' he added cheerfully.

" 'Mourdjadjo Ali,' said I.

" 'That is a good enough name for a serang,' he said coolly, 'but it is not mine. I am no serang, but an Arab of Muscat, a friend of the Imam, one-time pasha of Charbor, and a gentleman of education. And now, if you please, sir, put your pistol back in your pocket and we will have a short talk.'

"Mate, he was amazing—that Arab. He sat down beside me and told me of the treasure. It belonged to a Persian governor of the Gulf provinces who after ten years of office had been disgraced and dismissed by the Shah, who was his relative. He'd been putting more down in his own stocking than he turned over to the Shah, it seemed, but when they looked him over they couldn't find any of it. So he was permitted to leave the country, and sailed on a B. I. boat from Bushire for Bombay. Before sailing, he had turned over his loot to da Cabral, who happened to be in Bushire and whom he had known and trusted for years. It consisted of jewels that were worth sixty lakhs of rupees,* and he said that if anything happened to him, the giver, it was da Cabral's."

"What happened?" I asked.

"The first morning out they found him in his stateroom on the B. I. boat. There was a silk cord around his neck, and his eyes bulged out considerable, and he didn't have an everlasting dib about him, so every one judged that the Shah had got his revenues, after all.

"But Mourdjadjo Ali had known of the transfer of the loot, and had gone on board da Cabral's boat, the *Mondavi*, as serang; then he had made the mate drunk and piled her up on Ziril Island after sending the lookout and man at the wheel below. Then he rushed below to take the loot from da Cabral. But da Cabral made no effort to get it—perhaps because the place where it was hidden was already under water.

"All the crew had reached the island, and he had kept away from the rest, and after they had been picked up the next day his dhow had come down and picked him up. He had dived for the treasure and looked everywhere, but couldn't find it, and now when he found that Gonçala was too well guarded for him to reach her to force her to tell, he came out frank with the proposition to divide it. I told him he'd better make his proposition to Miss da Cabral.

" 'She won't consider it,' said he.

" 'Why?' asked I.

" 'Ask *her!*' said he.

" 'I am in her employ,' I told him. 'I do what she commands.'

" 'Then, Sidi-Captain,' said he, 'I have only one thing more to say. You are a man of honor. You refuse to betray your employer. *She only* knows where the jewels are, and I can not get at her to make her tell. Perhaps she would not tell in any case. You are honorable with her! But is *she* honorable with you?'

"Mate, I took a step toward him, and he

*A lakh—100,000. A rupee—$0.32

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rammed the muzzle of a pistol right up against my wishbone. 'By the holy beard of Mohammed,' he said, 'you are not such a fool as to think they were killed by sharks! I tell you, I have searched the *Mondavi* from stem to stern with never a glimpse of a shark. Ask the crew! Ask the girl!'

"'One minute,' said I, and then I raised my voice and called to a boy named Bento, one of the crew who had come out with me. He came running, and stopped speechless at sight of the Arab.

"I took him by the throat with a show of fierceness and manhandled him a bit. 'When the English diver dived,' I grated, 'what killed him?'

"'Sharks, sahib,' he gasped.

"'The truth,' I snarled, shutting off his wind.

"'Sahib,' he begged, 'mercy! I will tell!' He felt of his throat and twisted his head in pain. 'He was stabbed, sahib,' he whispered, 'through the heart.'

"'And da Cabral?' I asked.

"'He never came up,' said the boy fearfully. 'The lines were cut.'

"'You see, Sidi-Captain,' said Mourdjadjo Ali. 'The Portuguese lies in the hold at the bottom of the forward hatchway. What is your answer now?'

"I told him it was the same as before, mate, and he turned without a word. He was not one to bicker, and he went swiftly away under the mango-trees that led down to the water. Dragging little Bento by the arm, I followed. At the end of the point on which the garden stood we heard the plash of oars and saw a boat full of white figures speeding out from the shore.

"Bento gave a gasp. 'The dhow, sahib! Look at the dhow!' he whispered.

"Across the Panjim a great dhow came like a phantom. She carried an enormous lateen sail amidships, a smaller one for'ard on a mast that raked for'ard at an angle of forty-five degrees, and one no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief aft. On the big sail was a great blood-red crescent. She swept down on the boat, loomed over it enormous and evil, and then suddenly came up into the wind, sails and booms rattling like thunder. On her high poop we could see a half-dozen turbaned men pushing her great tiller over. She swung about swiftly, the boat was jerked up, and she flew down the Panjim before the monsoon like a great water-skimming bird of prey.

"A voice came faintly over the water, 'Come and dive, Sidi-Captain. I will be there.'

"That was Mourdjadjo Ali's farewell, and the last words I ever heard him speak. We met afterward, but he didn't talk." The Captain's voice had a grim, relentless note.

"Go ahead, Captain!" I urged.

"I gave Bento my last twenty rupees, mate, to say nothing to Gonçala. And I had plenty to think of as the *machilla*-boys jogged back to Panjim. It was so dashed mysterious, mate. And it cut me deep to think that Gonçala didn't tell me. She was sending me down into the wreck to meet something strange, terrible, and deadly. And she didn't tell me because she thought I would be afraid.

"It stung me, mate, it stung. And when I thought of that calm, desperate, diabolical schemer, Mourdjadjo Ali, and all the manner of traps and deviltry he might have lurking for me down in the *Mondavi's* hulk, why, maybe, mate, I *was—a bit afraid.*

"But I swore I'd go down without a sign of it, whether it was to come up again with a slash in the heart or to stay—with da Cabral. I dreamed about it, though, and pretty soon I had an idea.

"Four days after Mourdjadjo Ali's call the submarine armor came. I tested it and drilled my crew a bit there in the Panjim, and then we stood out into the Indian Ocean and headed up toward the Strait of Ormuz.

"Ziril Island was nothing but a rock, shaped like a lopsided pudding. It was maybe two hundred feet high, with walls as smooth and steep as a haycock, and it didn't cover more than twenty acres. There wasn't a crack or a bush on it, and it rose straight out of the sea except on the southerly side, where there were a lot of nasty rocks that were barely awash at high tide. On the other side the sea came up to it smooth, and broke against a straight cliff in yellow froth, and it was there that the serang had driven the *Mondavi* right against the wall. She lay on a reef—in a mess of rocks and coral, with her topmasts just clearing the water.

"When we had sailed around the island and scanned it close through a glass, we anchored just astern of the wreck and lowered a boat. I looked at the hulk through a water-glass.

"The *Mondavi* lay down in the coral, wavy and sinuous-like, a dead ship, mate, asleep

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for keeps there on her side, with schools of tiny fish passing over her slow and peaceful, as if there were naught about her to be feared. But the open forward hatchway stared up black and mysterious from her slanted deck. There was the place to descend to go after the loot, and there it was that da Cabral and his diver had gone.

"I determined to lose no time, so I laid the *Nossa Senhora* close on the wreck's starboard side, sent Gonçala below, and got the boys to work putting me into my armor. She came on deck just as I was ready for my helmet. All the fire was gone out of her, mate. She was white—white——"

"As white as that nun?" I asked.

The Captain gave me a quick look. "Just as white, mate. And I knew what was the matter with her. She was a strange girl. She'd acted mighty strange on the voyage, too. Sometimes I'd catch her staring at me—sort of wild-like. She was sick at heart over what she was letting me go down in the wreck to face. So I said to her—in English,which none of the Gouanese understood:

"'Don't worry, Miss. They won't get *me*. But you must tell me —where the jewels are.'

"Mate, she began to cry. She looked at the sky, at the island, at the mainland, at the Goa boys standing there wondering, and then at the topmasts of the *Mondavi* just clearing the calm, still sea. And then, her eyes shining through her tears, she came up and put both hands on my shoulder as I stood there in my diving-suit.

"'I can't let you go,' she said, trembling. 'It—it wasn't sharks.'

"'I know it, Miss,' said I, smiling. 'Mourdjadjo Ali told me back at Goa.'

"'Mourdjadjo Ali!' she gasped. 'And you—you were going down?'

"I told her I was, mate. And then she wept again. She called herself names. She said she was vile, cowardly, contemptible—a whole lot more. And I stood there waiting for my helmet, and miserable, until she was through. Then I told her that the first time I was just going down to scout-like and that she must tell me where the loot was.

"'I won't!' she said. 'There's some terrible thing down there. Some terrible trap. It killed the diver. It cut my father's lines. Let's let it go,' she begged, 'and sail back to Goa. All the treasure of the Indies isn't worth it.'

"'Miss,' said I, 'you *must* tell me. All it needs is a man. If I fail, get another one.'

"Mate, that crumpled her up, and she sank down on a deck-chair and stared at me white-faced and told me in a whisper. There was a secret compartment built alongside the keel of the *Mondavi*—she was a wooden ship, you know—between the panels and the strakes. It was twenty feet aft of the after line of the forward hatchway, and the panel over it was cut with deep grooves. All I had to do was to go down in the hold, feel my way aft until I found the marked panel, smash it open, and pull out the loot, which was in a camelskin bag.

"It was easy work—if nothing interfered.

"The Goa boys put me on the ladder, put on my helmet, began to pump, and the air came thudding in to me. It made me ill-tempered, as, I've heard since, it does to some divers, so I let go the ladder, opened the valve, and sank. The sea gripped me soft and satinlike, a silver gleam flashed along the keel of the *Nossa Senhora;* I was cut off from the free, easy, and bright world above, and swathed in the embrace of one that was slow and deliberate—a compressed place that seemed to clasp me in a million arms and hold me tight, taking away my strength. I sank into it slowly, and then my feet settled into weeds and dead coral to the ankles, and there was a coral forest all about me. It grew everywhere—on the tops of great rocks, in regular thickets on the tiny hills and tiny glades of the uneven surface of the reef, and it was black, and

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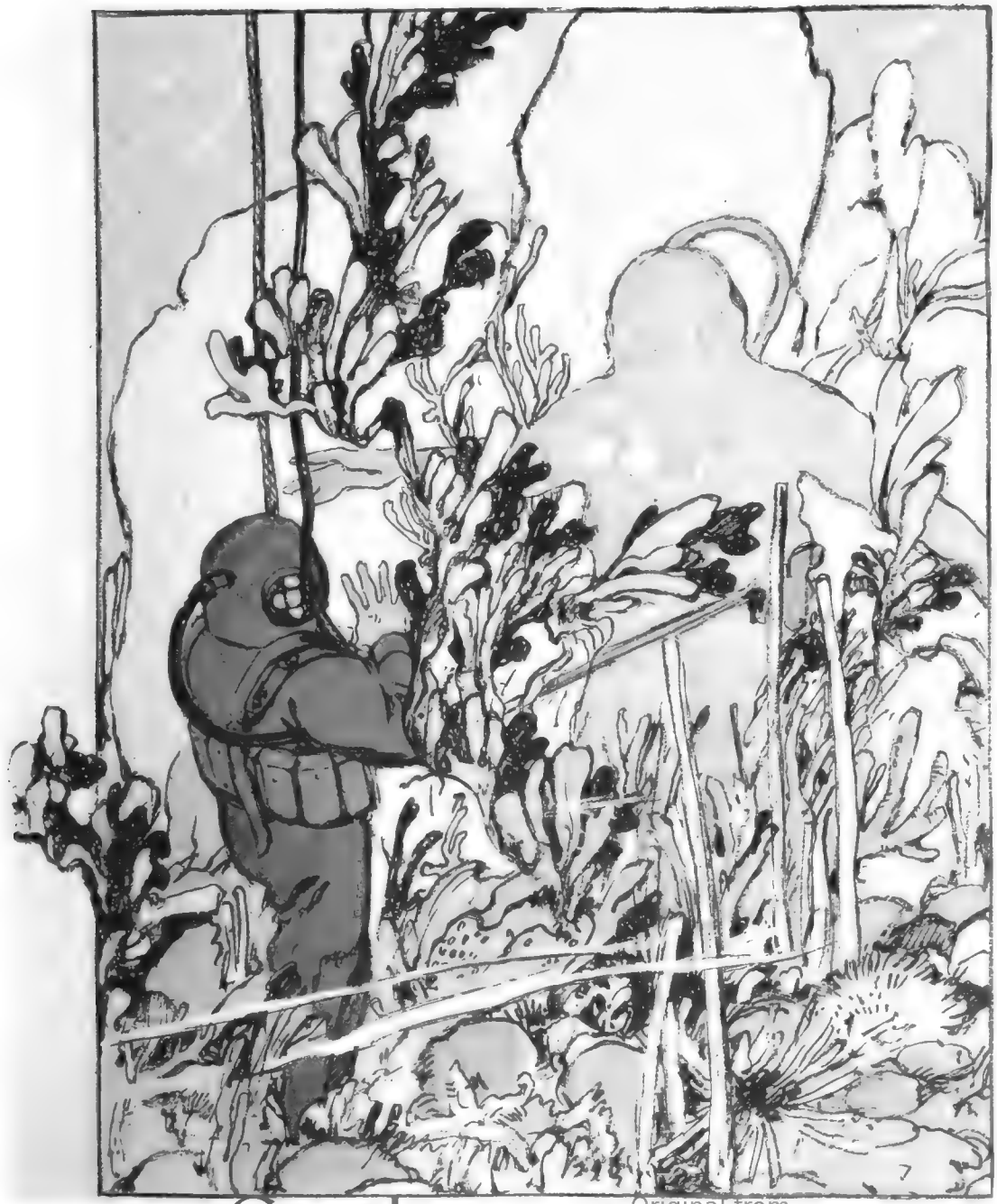
gray, and purple, and rose-colored, and of shapes that a man never dreamed of, mate. It was a vast, mysterious, underwater forest, dim and yet gorgeous, and it was the most silent place in the world, but still a lively one.

"There were things scuttling about in the coral—crabs and such like, and other



"I SAW HIM COMING, A DARK, MONSTROUS BULK . . . HE HELD A LONG LANCE BEFORE HIM, AND HE LUNGED AT ME THROUGH THE CORAL."

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things that had no name; and there were big fish, and schools of tiny fish—millions of them—and once in a while one of these would slip up and bump his nose against my glass and then away with a flirt of his tail; and all about the life of the place was shooting here and there in sudden gleams of soft light. In the distance everything was vague—vague shapes and vague monsters that swam round and round endlessly. But never a sign of a shark, mate.

"I got plenty of air, although I breathed quick and hard from excitement, and, looking up to see that my line and air-hose were clear, I began to pick my way—keeping clear of high rocks and too dense coral thickets where the lines might foul—toward the crumpled nose of the *Mondavi*.

"I crept forward cautiously until I was only thirty feet from where the bow of the steamer lost itself in an indigo darkness against the wall of the rock. I was in the shadow of both the wreck and the island, where everything was dim and blurred, where the coral had only a faint tinge of color. I studied the place—it seemed for hours, but it was for minutes, I guess. I reasoned with myself. If there was a danger here below, it was a dead, inactive one—perhaps a deadly trap there in the fore hatchway. Active danger could come only from above, and there the Goa boys and Gonçala were scanning island and sea and sky to haul me up at its first approach. It would come in a dhow—full of desperate men and rifles and simitars. And perhaps there was no trap. . . . The diver must have been a bungler! He had impaled himself on something! And da Cabral had swung his lines against something razor-sharp! Mourdjadjo Ali had been bluffing me!

"I felt that I was a fool to hesitate. Down in that calm, still place, where the coral fairly blazed out in the open water and the submarine life passed to and fro carelessly in phosphorescent gleams, there could be no danger, save a trap in the dark hold. And a trap could be avoided by acting with care. So I determined to invade it. And I signaled for more slack and stared for a last time at the place of intense indigo darkness where the *Mondavi's* bow was blurred into the island.

"And as I looked, mate, suddenly a great white globule, flashing like quicksilver, swung upward along the island wall—a prisoned brightness eager to join the brilliant world above these dim, watery depths.

"And then that coral forest swam about me—swam with shapes—sharks, a hundred other things. For I knew what the shining brightness was—the same flashes swung upward constantly from my own exhaust. There where the bow of the *Mondavi* met the island a man in submarine armor lay in ambush. I looked and looked, and waited and waited, but never another bubble of air, mate.

"But I saw the thing like a vision as I waited and stared; it was like a picture before me on that shadowy blackness:

"A man lurked there and waited with his weapon ready. There by the *Mondavi's* bow was a cave that led into the island, a cave where two lines twisted away, and the bubbles from the ambusher's exhaust passed along the roof and finally fled upward to the surface of a pool that was open to the sky within the island, where his men worked and pumped air to him. In his eagerness to watch me he had come a little too far and a single bubble had escaped outside.

"I figured it all out, mate. It was clear as day. The ambusher had killed the other two as they left the wreck—as soon as he thought they had secured the treasure. Good enough! He should think *I* had the treasure, too, and he should come to kill me, but not within the wreck—out there in the open coral.

"So I went boldly to the side of the wreck and struck blows with my ax upon the hull. I knew he could feel them at his end. In any case it would puzzle him, and he would come out to investigate, fearful that I might lift the treasure and be hauled up.

"He answered the lure promptly.

"I saw him coming, a dark, monstrous bulk, picking his way through the coral, the shining bubbles of his exhaust leaping upward in a constant stream. I dropped my ax and gripped my knife and waited.

"He too, like me, would be armed with a knife; all other weapons would be too unwieldy, I thought. So I never knew the danger I ran until, when he was only ten feet away and separated from me by a tangle of coral, I saw that he held a long lance before him. And before I could give the signal to be drawn up he lunged at me through the coral with it. It came swift and sinuous-like, scraped on a branch of coral, and missed me by an inch.

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"I seized it just behind the head, gave it a sudden jerk, and pulled the ambusher straight into the tangle of coral. Again and again I jerked, and at last the thing came free. It must have been fastened to his wrist, and when the fastening broke it left the man overbalanced and hampered by a dozen branches, some broken and some clinging, and before he could free himself I had turned his lance about—a most unwieldy thing to turn it was in the water—and thrust back through the coral at him.

"I felt the lance quiver, mate, and thought I had barely touched him. But as I drew it back quick for another lunge, I noticed a strange thing. From the end of the weapon crept a faint, dark haze, and from the ambusher, where I had touched him, bubbles leaped as they did from his exhaust, and there crept about him the same gloom that came from the end of the lance. It was thickest where I had touched him, and there in that calm water, hardly disturbed by the efforts of the battle, it crept about him slowly like a shadow until he was wrapped in it and was become a dark, uncertain bulk from which the silver bubbles of the exhaust rose regularly.

"Then the darkness crept away and spread itself thinly abroad, and I saw him clearly again. His arms had risen and hung out straight from his sides. They swayed up and down, while his body swung from side to side. He quivered and moved in every part of him, except his feet, which were anchored in the coral. He seemed to dance—that was it—to dance, not with his feet but with his body. And he was dead.

"That spear, that bamboo lance—weighted with iron until it would float on a perfect balance in the water—had gone right through him and killed him.

"And there he stood and danced; and when I had gone past him and was almost even with the *Mondavi's* smashed stem, I looked back, and there against the faint blaze of coral beyond, he was still dancing.

"Right where the *Mondavi* had struck the wall there was a hole—one would have had to stoop to enter it—and through it went the lines of my dead dancer. I could see a very faint light from within, and had half a mind to explore a bit, but then I saw that there were *four lines*. And two of them led straight into the *Mondavi's* gaping bow.

"*Another coral ambusher lurked inside the wreck.*

"I was full of hate and full of my victory over the first ambusher, and for a moment I thought to cut the second one's air-hose and let him die choking and strangling as da Cabral must have done. And then a grim, diabolical idea of humor came to me, and I laughed and laughed about it as I stood there with my hands on his lines and my knife ready.

"I took a position at the entrance of the cave twenty feet from the *Mondavi's* gaping bow and cut the second ambusher's line. Then I took my lance, of which I had no more need, and, aiming it carefully, sent it flying like a long serpent directly into the hull of the wreck.

"Then I took the end of the severed line which was attached to the ambusher, jerked it violently three times, released it, and waited with his air-hose against the rock and my knife against the air-hose.

"In a moment he came out and stood there just outside the hulk—a dark, indeterminate monster with his air-bubbles flying upward steadily.

"He could not see me, mate, but he saw my exhaust and I reckon he guessed that the other was dead, that it was an enemy who had cut his life-line and stood before him ready to cut the air-hose.

"We stood there for at least a moment, and then, mate, what do you think he did!

"That thing in the coral there, that monster, let go his lance, which floated slowly away from him, and he advanced step by step, his hands up like one who surrenders, until he stood not ten feet from me in a little open place. Then he lowered his hands and held them toward me clasped together, like one who prays; then his body crouched and, still holding his hands outstretched, he sank to his knees, lowered his head, and waited. He seemed to kneel there and pray—to beg in pantomime for his life.

"I gave the knife a sliding pressure that sent it half through the air-hose, watching him all the time. I knew it was Mourdjadjo Ali. I don't know how I knew it, but I did. I thought of him there at Goa, sure and cunning. Now he was playing his last card for his life. He knew it was

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not in the white man's code to kill a foe who surrenders, and here in the bottom of the sea, where he had wrecked a ship and foully murdered two men, he was begging for his life.

"I don't know, mate, what I would have done. I *couldn't* have spared him, for I hadn't lifted the treasure yet; but there was something in the way he knelt, something in the way he moved his hands—and I couldn't cut that air-hose.

"Five minutes passed—maybe ten, or maybe it was only one, mate—and the fish floated about us as we stood there motionless. . . . I've often wondered, mate, what he thought while he waited there.

"And then—that dead dancer, mate—*he* settled the question."

"The dead dancer?" I exclaimed.

"Aye, the dead dancer. He came to life," said the Captain calmly. "Suddenly there was a commotion—a phosphorescence—around there by the *Mondavi's* hulk, and he came flying at me head first through the coral. He knocked things endways and struck me fair with his helmet—almost knocked me down; and then he fled under the island with a series of mad jerks and zigzags, leaving a gleaming trail of phosphorescence behind him. And there was a thrashing that made everything obscure and black around me. For I had cut the air-hose the minute the dead dancer came. Up in the interior of the island, mate, they had discovered something was wrong and they had hauled him—the dancer—up quick.

"When things were clear again, I looked at Mourdjadjo Ali. He lay there, head and feet to the bottom, a shapeless thing, among the coral and the sea-anemones.

"I wanted to be sure," said the Captain slowly, "and when I'd lifted the treasure I made fast to one of his legs, and after they'd hauled me up, we hauled *him* up. And it was he—Mourdjadjo Ali. So we sent him down to his wreck again with plenty of ballast to anchor him there, and then we clapped on canvas and sailed."

"Did you see any more of the coralmen?" I asked.

"When we rounded the island we saw some of them on the rocks. They fired a few shots, but no damage was done.

"We had a fine passage to Bombay, mate, and there Gonçala wanted to give me half the loot. She never could forgive herself because she had been going to send me down without telling me—about the diver and her father, you understand. I wouldn't take it. But I finally took five thousand rupees and sailed for England. I was glad to get away. It hurt me, mate, to see the change in that girl. She got pale and thin and sad—you never saw such a mournful girl for one that had just lifted a treasure of sixty lakhs. It seemed to sort of blight her. The last thing she said to me was that she would never forgive herself."

"Were you ever in love, Captain?" queried I abruptly.

The Captain gave me a withering glance. "Never, mate," he said dryly.

"A year afterward," he went on, "I was in New York, when I got a notice that eleven hundred thousand milreis had been placed to my credit in the Credito Franco-Portuguez here in Lisbon. When I came here I found that Gonçala had given me half the treasure, after all. I looked for her, mate, for I wanted to give it back, until—until I found where she had gone, and then—I kept it."

The Captain ceased speaking and we stared silently at the crowd in the Rocío.

"João—the mate of the *Nossa Senhora*," said the Captain—"I got a letter from him once. He had been to Ziril Island again in a pearler. They had found the open place in the island. There was a low cave that led under the island to it and there was a pool there and a sand beach. There were a couple of graves on the beach, he said, and in the rock over one they had cut a cross. I reckon that's where they buried da Cabral. You know there was no sign of him in the hulk when I got the treasure. And the other, I reckon, was that dead dancer."

"Did you ever see Gonçala again, Captain?" I asked at last.

"An hour ago, mate."

I thought of this for a while. Then I spoke timidly: "I say, Captain, was she—was that nun——"

"Yes, mate," said the Captain, "that nun was Gonçala da Cabral."

For a long time we were silent, and then the Captain spoke.

"I wonder what in time," he burst out, "what in time a girl like that—a beautiful, wonderful girl like that, with sixty lakhs of rupees, mate, sixty lakhs of rupees, and all the world before her—I wonder what *she* wants to be a nun for?"

"I wonder, Captain, I wonder," said I.

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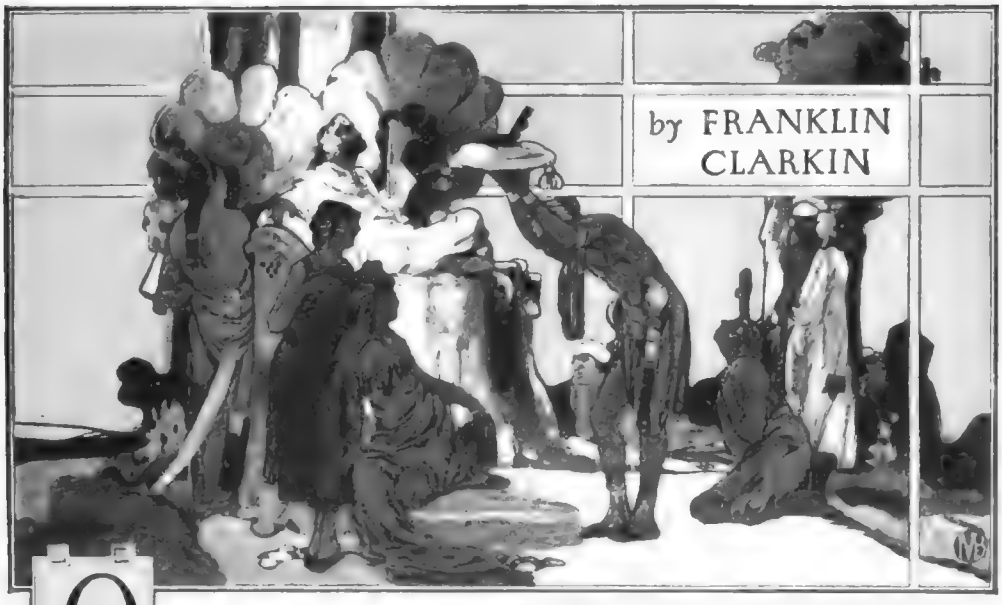
The Jewel of Great Grace



DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL.

ONLY nabobs may collect it.

Wielders of scepters, conquerors of empire, bankers with great audits, monopolists, and railway organizers—these alone may assemble for the mere pleasure of the eye this rare, precious, and "luckiest" of minerals.

True, in mid-Manchuria you find it adorning women's shoes—tiniest of shoes ever worn. But it was the spoil of ancient victories.

Perhaps there is a text here for those now demanding whether a woman is a child or a citizen, a thing or a soul. After decreeing that woman should take pride in small feet, men induced her to conform through her immemorial weakness for jewels. They decorated her footgear with the jewel of chiefest price and vividest beauty. All to keep her from running away.

Is that why the modern woman seldom cares for this gem except as a negotiable possession?

Otherwise its appeal is to the strongly masculine. Highly inflexible, red-blooded, furnace-bright with the cheer of a good open fire, it also encloses silent suggestion of far-off, over-the-mountain places, and bears a torch lighted no mortal knows by what process.

Collectors of it are men you think of as practical men. Observe the types—from trampling Cæsars and Pedro the Cruel down to Lord Rothschild, William Astor, James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, and "Bet-a-Million" Gates. The list includes Louis IX. of France—"the best of the Louis's;" Gustavus Adolphus, militant leader of Protestantism; Benvenuto Cellini; Catherine of Russia (she was certainly mentally male); Henry V. of England; the sheiks of Arabia, to whom these jewels are like a bank account; the luxurious but material

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Gaekwar of Baroda; Thebaw of Burma; the King of Pegu and Visapur; the dethroned Shah of Persia; the Boa of the Bermans; the lately deposed Sultan of Turkey.

They ranked as first among precious stones—the ruby!

Old Benvenuto Cellini, that fiercely virile, discerning figure of the Middle Ages, gave the diamond only third place. To Cellini the diamond had "an adamantine luster like a beautiful but cruel woman." He was more taken with the ruby, and he described "its vitreous live red heart pulsing always like the inexpugnable sun, like the burning blood let from feverish arteries and shot with undying fires—a bit of petrified glory out of the earth."

Most collectors are not so expert as he in rubescent language. Ask why they care for the ruby, and the answer comes hesitantly, so hard is it to frame a reply that will make their liking plain.

One thing sure is that they never collect rubies for their own personal adornment.

"To gather them, to look at them, is a consolation, a private delight and recreation. They are beautiful to philosophers with a working idea of infinity. We speak of gem stones as live things," explains one, "as things which influence the destinies of man. They may be dead things and shine only by reflected light. Like some stars. Indeed, they are stars—stars of the subterrene. Now and then, under the rays of the sun, a ruby gives out a star, as if the sun spoke to it, and it answered by some inner heliograph. So do silent things have their intercourse."

It appears, on the word of Thomas A. Edison, who knows more science than is represented in his inventions, that in fact rubies are live things. One of his delights has been to experiment with them.

"There is intelligence in all matter," he says. "Rocks have a lot of intelligence. Runs in different channels from our own, no doubt, but they give bromium movements, living movements. Under a strong glass you can see the molecules in rubies working like a band of bacteria. The ruby is alumina oxid, stained by chromium and impurities, and is alive."

That American master of precious stones, W. R. Cattelle, tells me that "no other sort of collecting is so nearly hopeless. Rubies are so scarce and different that it seems impossible to gather a well-matched necklace. To fashion a small necklace of one-carat stones, fifty would be required. For one- or two-carat stones thirty or forty would be required. I don't know where you would find them.

"Compared with some princes of the Orient and royal and noble families of Europe, probably there are not in this country any ruby collectors really worth the name. E. H. Harriman came nearest to it. I am unfamiliar with what stones are held by Hill and the heirs of John W. Gates. In the old régime there were many stones in the South—Charleston, New Orleans, Richmond. They have been widely scattered. Yet it's the South that keeps faithful to the ruby. Other people, who take their ideas from Europe, lately have also been seeking it because the new British queen has given it vogue. But the new supply is scant, and no owner of old ones will part with them except in utmost extremity."

TIMIDITY OF THE RUBY

Purchasers of rubies do not advertise the fact until, to use a bull, they lose some. The ownership of the best in America is known only to the sellers, and it is contrary to custom for jewelers to yield up buyers' names.

Sales are kept concealed because of three fears:

Fear of robbery; fear to challenge comparison of prices; fear that the purchase may have been intended, as the trade phrase is, "to go around the corner" (in romantic terms, to "the other woman").

Smuggled stones vanish as did the Maximilian crown rubies brought from Mexico.

Others hide out of nervous distaste for publicity or for tax-gatherers. Only after Queen Victoria's death was the long missing Timur ruby found. This is perhaps the most wonderful of all rubies—an uncut stone weighing 352 carats. Taken in successive Indian conquests, it finally found its way to the private collection of Victoria. She, however, said nothing about it, and it was not heard of again till her gems were inventoried.

Being difficult to match, sizable rubies

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are mostly set solitarily in rings and pendants. It was so in the collection of the dispossessed Turkish Sultan. Yet I have it on authority that William Astor collected and gave to his wife, mother of John Jacob, a necklace of fabulous value, "known to jewelers the world over." Each of Mrs. Astor's stones measured large, and the string, which was long, was among her bequests.

After her death and after the estate had been settled, no trace could be found of these wonderful jewels. Were they "traded in" for that string of hotels—Knickerbocker, Astor, and Apthorpe?

There is record of a purest pigeon's-blood weighing a fraction above eighteen carats sold by a Chicago importer to John W. Gates. Mr. Gates paid eighty thousand dollars for it nine years ago.

What became of the eleven-carat ruby imported from India for a client by a famous New York jeweler, can not be disclosed. It was invoiced at the custom-house at fifty thousand dollars. Frequently it shines in the "jeweled horseshoe," of the Metropolitan Opera, at the throat of a woman who is of the few who take reverential pleasure in the simple possession of the real thing.

James J. Hill, "builder of the Northwest Empire," declares he has no interest in precious stones. Yet one of his St. Paul friends relates:

"Mr. Hill is a devoted fancier of unset rubies. He always wears a cutaway coat, and I've seen him put a hand in the tail pocket and pull out a fistful of them and scatter them on his desk, taking joy in the glancing color.

"Once I came upon him in a jeweler's shop, in New York. He was examining a ruby necklace, and saying: 'That stone is a Burma, this is from North Carolina, this one is a poor Siam, and that's a reconstructed.'" He told the rosy beads down to the end, and the white-haired jeweler back of the counter remarked to me: "I've been in this business thirty-five years, but Mr. Hill has me beaten on offhand judgment of rubies."

Perhaps what Hichens observes in his story of the slave of jewels is not wholly fantastic: "They like men and women who like them, quite as the rest of us."

One who merely deals in rubies may never be sure without using the dichroiscope whether the specimen under his eye is genuine and natural. But it will yield up a sign to ardent fanciers. Of such was E. H. Harriman. In public the foremost railroad man of his time, in private he was the foremost American amateur of rubies.

MANY A CRUSADER WORE A RUBY ON HIS HELMET.

"Mr. Harriman," recalls one of his jewelers, "kept with us a standing order to notify him whenever we got hold of a superior ruby. He entered a jewel shop to look over rubies as a sort of relaxation. You would know he was passing fine moments of delight and sentiment. Never was he deceived. When we thought him wrong we would find him right. He would weigh, consider, and examine. Then he would mention the price he would pay. If he liked a gem, he was liberal, even going beyond the price we had in our own calculations set upon it. Then we would think—'That stone was finer than we knew.'

"One dealer, not knowing the plainly dressed, decisive little man, but much impressed by his adept appraising, offered him a job.

"'It wouldn't be work,' sadly smiled Mr. Harriman. 'It would be gross self-indulgence!'"

No modern collector outshines Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao, Gaekwar of Baroda. To his inheritance of jewels—his because an ancestor wrested Baroda from the Moguls—he has added others. Now he owns bushels of

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loose stones; among them uncounted rubies. Richest of all are the fifty immense pigeon's-bloods which knot at the shoulder that much-written-about two-million-dollar scarf composed (besides the rubies) of five hundred diamonds, two hundred emeralds, four hundred pearls!

Sparkling stones fill his war-chest, decorate his throne, his elephants, the walls of his palace ("The Abode of the Goddess of Fortune"). They decorate himself and his Maharanee only on state occasions, when they must parade and show resplendent. His gems are for the "rainy day"—not for the sunny languor of leisurely hours. When he lately came to New York he wore no jewels—not even a scarf-pin.

Princes everywhere still desire their regalia to dazzle forth material splendor. Also, that their treasuries shall contain what may be turned into hostages of safety, or sinews of war, or values able to support them after their thrones are, perchance, overthrown—as happens nowadays.

Once royalty held rubies and diamonds superior to money. With them they could buy money. Now they get loan of it by a lien on customs duties.

At that other time conquerors had the habit of quickly falling upon the treasure-chambers and war-chests as the vital point—a heel of Achilles. Recent revolutions, those of the Republicans of Portugal and the Young Turks of Turkey, struck at the custom-house first, but next at the jewel storehouses. To try to preserve the Manchu dynasty Premier Yuan of China levied upon the rubies and other jewels of Manchu nobles, not alone because Yuan was archaic, but because Mongols and Manchus have set great numbers of rubies in shoe-tops of wives and concubines.

"WHY IS A RUBY?"

If you ask in this day, when science is so vastly wise, "What and why is a ruby?" nobody can fully answer. On this question Nature's retorts have been secret-proof.

Gather whatever is known about the ruby and all you may learn is that:

It is found in river-beds, washed down from disintegrated hill rock, or crystalline limestone which eons ago was spouted out of the hot interior of the earth and then was covered for other eons by water. A very few have been found in North Carolina. The mother earth has been upturned almost solely in a small bit of India, a slender strip of Siam adjoining, and in the island of Ceylon, which depends from India like a lavallière—all under the tropic of Cancer: which should be called the Zone of the Precious Stone—the zone where every weed and bird is bright and flaming, and only man is dark or dingy.

Being of the Neolithic Age, the time of generation and growth of the ruby goes beyond all but the most coldly calculated pre-Biblical periods of time. It goes beyond any calculation, if you take Huxley's word that "events in geology which are called contemporaneous may be ten million years apart."

Mr. Cattelle says: "It is *supposed* to have been produced by the alteration of lime-bearing feldspars from which carbonate of lime was eventually formed, while the aluminum silicates by decomposition produced alumina. Later, under heat and pressure, this became ruby or sapphire according to conditions during crystallization."

Declares Miss A. M. Walker of Maiden Lane (the only woman precious-stone expert): "The actual cause of the flame color has been the subject of elaborate scientific investigation. Although believed to be salts acting on the alumina and oxid of chromium, the real cause is undiscovered; it is obviously due to a mysterious cause or quantity not yet isolated."

Science may trace the beautiful pebble to its lair, reduce it to its simplest chemical elements, closely imitate it, and still the puzzle of how the Sovereign Alchemist transmuted it remains hidden and undemonstrable. All is inscrutable—like what paints the orchid or the rose.

You can make a ruby that only the expert can distinguish from the genuine, but you can't produce it simply with "alumina oxid" touched with the stain of "chromium and other impurities." Experiments show that the use of oxid of chromium often colors an artificial crystal blue instead of red, makes it sapphire color instead of ruby. Another paradox is that in trying to produce a blue sapphire, which is a blue ruby in the sense that a ruby is a red sapphire, the stone first comes out pink.

One of the favorite chemical formulas for imitations—"synthetic rubies"—is this—

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A BURMESE "RUBY KING" AND HIS FAMILY. THE DAUGHTER—STANDING IN CENTER—WEARS ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF GEMS.

ingredients to be exposed to white heat in a covered crucible for thirty hours:

One-third ounce powdered rock crystal,
One-fourth ounce dry carbonate of soda,
80 grains burnt borax,
40 grains saltpeter,
4 drams red lead,
15 grains purple of Cassius,
1 dram sal ammoniac.

Observe that of the ascertained chemical constituents of Nature's ruby the principal is alumina, and that it is not in the man-made formula at all.

By the discoveries of the chemist-mineralogist, M. Tecla of Paris, rubies are "reconstructed" from the finest ruby sand—a very different process from the making of a synthetic ruby in a crucible.

With an apparatus called a *chalumeau*, which is merely an adaptation of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, a tiny stream of ruby dust is fed down a tube into a small retort, where it falls directly into a gas flame intensified to 1200° Fahrenheit by a jet of pure oxygen pumped from a tank. Fusing is accomplished in the middle of the flame—not its hottest part: its hottest part would utterly consume the dust. Melted, the drops go through the flame into a little cup, where, drop by drop, is built up a solid, pear-shaped "boule," of the general color of

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the original stone. This is what goes to the cutter.

"If a man could stand twenty-four hours or more watchfully tending heat of 2400° Fahrenheit, he could probably produce a ruby of thirty-four carats," says Mr. Van Eclen of Tecla's. "An instant's interruption of the feed of gas, or of oxygen, or of electricity, ends the process, and a new stone must be commenced. There is no adding to a stone that has once stopped its growth. The best we have done is twenty-five carats, and that one took eight-

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NATIVE RUBY MARKET AT MOGOK, IN UPPER BURMA—A CITY BUILT AROUND THE RICHEST RUBY MINES IN THE WORLD.

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een steady hours of application without the slightest interruption of vigilance."

"Nobody would know the difference," is a shibboleth in the trade; and lately a young woman reasoned backward, saying to herself: "If a stone of inferior quality may be mistaken for one of superior quality, why shouldn't dealers themselves make the opposite mistake?" She went into a shop and bought up all the low-priced red-stone rings, in the hope that through some accident a genuine ruby

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RUBY CUTTING IN A NATIVE BURMESE SHOP. THE CUPS SHOWN ABOVE, RICHLY ORNAMENTED WITH RUBIES, WERE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE FORMER SULTAN OF TURKEY.

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might have been mixed in.

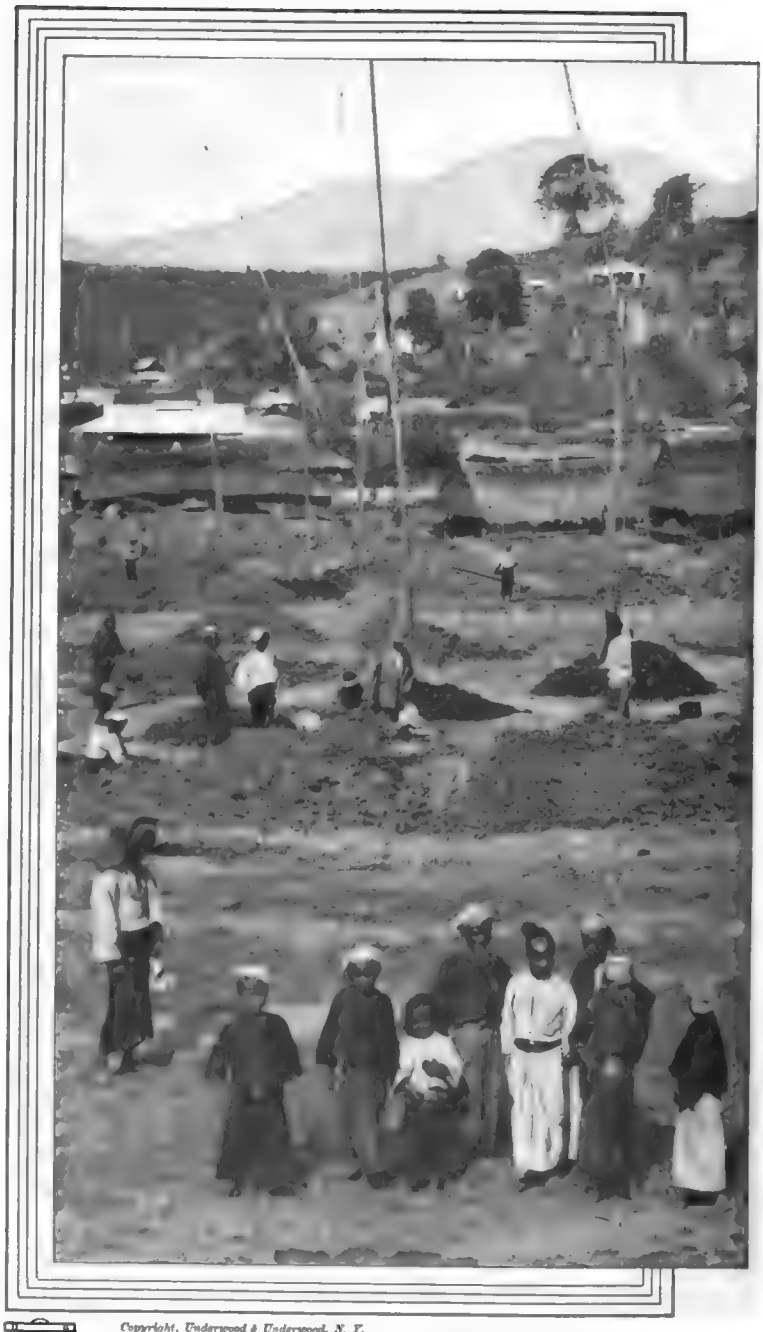
She did not know, as dealers and pawnbrokers should know, that there are absolute methods of distinguishing false from true, or even near-true, and that the original merchandisers of stones seldom err on the wrong side.

Yet it has come to be true that natural rubies of impressive size are so rarely in market that experts disagree upon their genuineness with all the witness-stand diversity of experts in sanity and handwriting.

"Lately I lost the sale of a large ruby which I know to be natural, because an expert pronounced it synthetic, or artificial," a celebrated dealer told me. "I sold a very fine synthetic to a dealer for what it was, and another expert pronounced that to be a natural stone!"

The determination of true and false is chiefly by means of the dichroiscope—just a little brass tube like a telescope ,with a cleavage of Iceland spar in place of glass. Through this you may see whether a ruby shows two images. If it does, one aurora-red and the other carmine-red, it is the true thing. Spinel, which is light red, but not a ruby, will show two images, as a diamond will, or garnet, or even red glass! But both these images will be of one color instead of two.

In hardness the diamond ranks ten, the ruby nine—next lower. That is, the ruby can be scratched by nothing but a diamond. Two rubies rubbed together will not scratch each other.



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THE GREAT RUBY VALLEY OF BURMA, WHERE NATIVES PILES OF RUBIES ARE LEFT ABOUT

M. D. Rothschild, one of the leading ruby men in New York, points out the third unfailing test, saying:

"Chemists have succeeded in producing

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DIG THE GEM-BEARING GRAVEL FROM THE RIVER-BED. UNGUARDED AND QUITE SAFE FROM THEFT.

minute crystals of rubies and sapphires which, under the microscope, present the true crystallization of corundums—which is the ruby family—and upon being tested prove to be of the same hardness as rubies and sapphires. Reconstructed rubies have almost the same hardness and specific gravity as the real, but they *lack the brilliancy.*"

No process has reproduced the brilliancy.

So, in short, the surest, simplest touchstone for a questionable ruby is a real ruby—rubbed one against the other, or merely compared.

Your collector scorns imitations, however wonderful in themselves, however romantic as an achievement in chemistry. He can not contemplate stones produced in a crucible; his blood surges for triumphs in personal discernment of value. In that he finds the glow of hope, the shock of disappointment, the furious contentions of competition—all that Stevenson would have called "the true elixir of vital spirits." But why there may not be collectors of imitations, I do not see, since there are ardent collectors of minor poets.

Values in precious stones from three-quarter carats up are ranked: first, ruby; second, emerald; third, diamond. "No stone increases so much in value in relation to size, all excellences being the same, as the Oriental ruby," one is assured by the London expert, Streeter. One of less than twenty-four carats, the property of an Indian prince, was bought for 156 pounds avoirdupois of gold. When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into market, a sum will be offered

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for it ten times the price given for a diamond of the same weight. But should it reach the weight of ten carats no value can be set upon it. In trade it remains true of a good ruby, as of a good pearl, "nobody knows the worth."

Nothing that is ruby but has its price. Bits almost microscopic, suitable for delicate watch-jewels, bring in the rough one-half cent apiece, and, as I have shown, the dust itself may be sold for fusing into "reconstructed rubies." Moderate sizes, inexpertly cut under the tents along the Moko Road of Mogok, hurdle in price high over the coddled diamond.

Cut pigeon's-bloods range from $2,000 a carat up. In Chicago a jeweler has a nine-carat marked at $25,000. One of eleven carats a few years ago sold in this country for $80,000, and is now worth $120,000. These prices may be compared with those of two stones ten years ago sent to London to be recut to 35 5-16 carats and 38 9-16 carats, which brought afterward $50,000 and $100,000. To-day these are valued at much more than double those prices.

Long ago Marco Polo brought home the tale that the King of Ceylon possessed a ruby which was the "span of a hand" in length. One the "span of a hand" would be worth an old-time war. However large it was, it is true that Kublai Khan, leading his Asiatic hordes in conquering force toward the West, offered a prosperous Mongol city for it. The offer was declined. Finally he acquired the stone in the accustomed way of conquerors, and had it cut up to adorn the footgear of his Chinese favorites.

Two of the biggest rubies remain the property of the King of Visapur, India. One is of 53¾ carats and one of 17½ carats. The first should be worth $1,750,000, more or less, according to its brilliancy and perfection and the competition for its purchase.

A WAR FOR A MINE

Benign as its reputation is, there has been one war for the ruby. Not a bloody war. It was what the chancelleries of Europe complacently term "a beneficent assimilation." Still, it was a lucky war—for the banner that won.

Here was the dire situation that called for action:

In Burma, in a valley bordered by nine hills, there was, and is, the greatest ruby-bearing ground on earth. About a century ago a missionary-monk, describing to the Vatican the country and people he was laboring with, mentioned it, giving latitude and longitude. The report lay gathering dust in the archives. In the course of India's conquest the English got rumor of these mines. They at the same time heard that oppression existed there. Hastily they "went to it."

"The King of Burma," wrote a chronicler of the time, "was known to be excessively fond of these jewels." His title was the splendid one of "Lord of the Rubies." His oppression was that he had exacted from delvers in the soil every ruby weighing one hundred ticals,* so that his queen at Mandalay could crown, rope, and buttress herself with the choicest of pigeon's-bloods, and his treasury be well lined. With every bit of treasure-trove of stipulated weight a runner would go hurrying over jungle slopes, through beast-haunted forests, across the nine hills, to the king.

The king, on sighting him, would order out his troops, call elephants from piling teak, have them gaily caparisoned. Then past glittering palaces and lively bazaars and bending multitudes "the gladness" would be escorted by the gay pageant up to the doors of the treasury, where it would be deposited to the account of his gladdened Highness. After which the runner would walk home.

Under this custom the European market had been deprived of the most beautiful stones. So distressful a condition made it imperative that one more of the Little Peoples should be taught that the earth is for Big Business. Besides, they were very little and had weaknesses, and a sort of wildness. What they received in British coin for their finds, "they exchanged for incredible savage debaucheries."

When the English in 1886 made their march to relieve this Little People of their grinding rule and bad habits, the armed expedition did not omit to take with it the leading gem expert of Great Britain, G. Skelton Streeter.

Mr. Streeter, in an ingenuous account of this "beneficent penetration," wrote: "It was expected that we should not reach this unknown country without opposition."

However, it was easy going. They reached the foot of the nine glittering peaks which surrounded the ruby valley,

* Tical = 236 grains Troy.

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with mules and ponies as pack-animals carrying ammunition, guns, and supplies. Ascending a mile a day, they climbed above the clouds. "The Dacoits and Shans fell back, evacuating one strong stockade after another," before this salvation force.

"The morning before Christmas" (mark the benignant season) "we reached a point at the end of a narrow valley where hills rose high, and through which two passes led directly into the Ruby Mine District. The passes were found stockaded strongly by the enemy. General Stewart attacked the right front first, dropping a few shells into it, and moved an attacking party against it.

"One hour, and its former occupants could be seen scuttling over the hills. Bugles sounded rest for Christmas. . . . Christmas broke English-fashion—heavy white frost on ground. Divine service held."

Next day the column threw itself forward. But the stockade had been abandoned.

"We entered into the richest of ruby-bearing districts."

Since then, for twenty years now, the spectacle of the runner bearing across the nine hills to Mandalay a new great ruby for the king's treasury, and the pageant of its reception, have been unknown. The elephants remain in the "sludgy squdgy

Photograph by Louis H. Dreyer, N. Y.

MAKING RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES IN OXY-HYDROGEN FURNACES.

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creek," and the new-found gems take their orderly way through mercantile channels to the counters of London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Brussels, and New York. Because once in possession, Great Britain chartered a company, headed by the new Baron Nathan Mayer Rothschild, to exploit the valley.

Baron Rothschild went to the Ruby Valley to start the new exploitation. A shack of bamboo was put up as an office on the ground itself, and notice was given that shares would be sold. So thick was the swarm of Burmese, Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Shans, Dacoits, English, and other "wild people" assembled to buy shares in his company that to reach and enter the temporary office the Baron had to climb over their dark, ragged heads by ladder to a garret window!

Rothschild holds sixty-five per cent. of the output of rubies in his two hands. He had no need of a combination such as the Diamond Trust to maintain prices.

The diamond, once rare, has really become plentiful, and its maintenance at par has long been one of the most successful "corners" or "trusts" in commercial history. Only such a quantity is set free to the trade as shall keep the product at its previous, or increased, money-worth; and the unique relation of the Diamond Trust to the people (which in America the Steel Trust and the Beef Trust try to copy by widely distributing shares) is that people owning diamonds which are autocratically kept "as good as gold," (like people owning Steel common or Beef stock) are not clamoring for reductions in prices, or for the trust's dissolution.

In return for the monopoly, Rothschild's Ruby Mines Company was required to pay some $34,000 a year to the Government, and to license natives to dig in their own way. In other words, what the natives were free to do before—except for the payment of rubies "over one hundred ticals" in weight to Thebaw's treasury—they now must pay a flat tax to do.

Primitive customs in the Ruby Valley continue side by side with the latest labor-saving machinery. Castaway American kerosene cans, jute bags, bamboo baskets and sticks are operated like the Old Oaken Bucket and its pole.

Every week there is an auction. Only in the rug market at Teheran, the general market at Nijni Novgorod, the horse-races at Yokohama, that imported show-line at old Coney Island, can you have seen so many variations of Adam gathered together.

The memory is dream-like. You pass over high, cool trails down to where tiger and rhinos abound; through jungle that blooms with orchids and scarlet-flowered Dhak trees; and descend to the marvelous valley, where the heat is overpowering, and mahouts fall asleep on the elephants that carry burdens. In the midst of this scene rise the gaunt, creaking skeleton structures which are the modern American-made machines for digging and sifting.

In other ways this mining-camp is unique. There is no guarding of the hoard the soil has been made to yield up. No claims are staked; no rivalries fought. When tenders and operatives go to their huts to eat or cook a meal they drop down their sun umbrella, or shovel, trowel, and sack, by the side of their pile of rubies. You may paw over anybody's pile and no one is apprehensive.

Is it because of some happy quality in this most precious mineral gem which is the color of the Holy Grail?

THE GEM OF MOST GRACIOUS REPUTE

The gracious or sinister influence of inanimate objects science considers to be due to the mental effect of thinking on their previous associations. As Wall Street avoids persons known to be luckless, so are luckless jewels avoided. Why defy chances already demonstrated?

Rake the ruby's past: almost never will you find it to have been a "moon-eyed heralder of dismay" even in fancy. Ancients believed its owner would never fail in anything, love or fortune or powers, and that it gave courage and victory.

Picturesque and dramatic has been this special setting of luck. It was the favorite talisman and love-token in the Middle Ages. Many a crusader went on his Holy Quest and to battle with a ruby on his helmet.

To this day the royal House of Hohenzollern holds with firm care a ruby that has been regarded as a family talisman since the Elector, John Cicero, flourished, toward the end of the fifteenth century. Tradition is that a huge toad dropped it on the coverlet of a princess just as she had given birth to a son. Each emperor of the Germans,

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when on the point of death, has handed to his successor a sealed packet containing the stone. That the powers of the Empire would wane and the influence of royalty in that country grow less were the stone to be lost, is the family belief, and to this the Kaiser himself is subject.

There was the compassionate two-inch ruby which relieved the sixteen-year Mary Tudor from a loathsome marriage. Old Louis XII. of France had determined on a second wife to spite the haughty Louise d'Angoulême, who, sure that she was the mother of the next monarch, François de Valois, had been prematurely interfering in court and government. The king confounded her by suddenly announcing his arrangement to wed Mary Tudor.

Difficulties had beset that arrangement. But when Mary Tudor was shown "the goodly gear" which Louis was ready to lavish upon his queen—"fifty-six pieces of jewelry, including noble rubies, one of them fully two inches long"—well, what could a poor princess do?

"I will give them to her one by one," promised the old king. And Mary succumbed, receiving the day after the ceremony the two-inch ruby.

Louis had been fortunate while he held it. Eighty-two days after parting with it, he died; and Mary, scarcely in womanhood, yet a queen dowager, with all of the fifty-six varieties of jewelry in her possession, went home to marry the English duke she truly cared for.

A French knight sheared from the helmet of Henry V. of England—"the very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt," and that now hangs in the dusky gloom of Westminster Abbey—a ruby clasping a feather. It was the great uncut ruby which Pedro the Cruel had given to "Black Prince" Edward for having put him back on the throne of Castile.

Feather and jewel fell under the hoofs of horses. King Henry had lost of men only sixteen hundred against ten thousand lost by France, so his only fret was over the ruby. A prisoner, an archer, told him where it could be found, stipulating that he have his liberty for the information. The king got the ruby, but the prisoner did not get his liberty.

When Charles I. lost the same ruby to the Commonwealth, he at once lost his head. The Stuarts obtained the ruby and set it in the coronation ring of Scotland. James II. on a historic flight took it across the Channel with him. His incognito required that the jewel should be concealed. Perhaps concealment nullified the virtue. Anyway, the hopes of the Stuarts and their Jacobin and Catholic supporters of "the king over the water" could not prevail after England's efficient Elizabeth had acquired the gem.

The late Elizabeth of Austria wore over her heart a ruby. It was "such a favorite of hers that she never appeared in the evening without it—a huge ruby set as the heart of a rose with smaller ones spreading out as the petals. It made the center of a *berth*, the rest being foliage carried out in diamonds." That morning in Geneva when an assassin's dagger struck her down she was not wearing it.

One of the sublimest rubies was obtained by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in war, and he took it to Catherine the Great in St. Petersburg when he solicited the hand of the Grand Duchess Alexandra. The betrothal happened, but no wedding. The gem scintillates in the Russian crown. Gustavus lost his throne, and his reason.

One more anecdote. Until you follow to the sequel you might think that here, at last, is an ill fortune with which to reproach the ruby.

It was a far-back instance of malign enticement—the instance of how Polynices, desperately smitten, bribed the vain woman Eriphyle with a string of rubies. For it he induced her to persuade her unwilling husband to join the Expedition of the Seven against Thebes.

She did, and her husband marched to the battle which, as prearranged, made her a widow.

This was the tragic episode that impelled Epictetus to ask a question as big to-day as then:

"What is a necklace? It is the opinion concerning such things which would not allow a wife to continue a wife or a mother a mother."

It is only to be added that in shame the vain Eriphyle disposed of it; and presently, because for that string of stones she had persuaded his father to go upon his fatal march, her son, Alcmaeon, slew her.

The cumulative lesson, you see, seems to be that after getting it honorably, the best thing to do with a ruby is to keep it!

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Jimmie's Infant Industry

by

Charles Johnson Post

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"WUTHLESS—o' course he's wuthless if he won't work! Now, Ma, there's no use in talking—I don't intend to be the fool father of a rich man's son—at least not any more." With a dexterous movement the old man flapped his morning paper open and with one blow of his palm smote it flat with the financial page uppermost. "More coffee," he ordered over his shoulder curtly.

A butler, silent, scornful, automatic, moved through noiseless grooves; and from the other end of the breakfast-table Ma kept on, heedless of the old man's dictum of finality.

"Why, Pa, I don't see how you can act so—you've got money enough for all of us. Let the boy enjoy himself."

The old man grunted from out of his coffee cup, with his eyes still glued to the market reports before him. "Let him learn to make money like I did, so's he can take care of it when I'm gone—that'll be enjoyment enough."

The ample form with its placid curves rippled in a spiritless indignation at the other end of the table. "It ain't fair, Pa," she urged peevishly. "Here he is just getting on with real nice people and invited all around—house-parties and such, and

THE OLD MAN BEGAN TO THINK.

clubs and all that—and now you're going to make him come down to your stuffy old office every day!"

This was a gross libel on the old man's headquarters; a whole floor had been remodeled by a fancy architect in an ascending scale of opulence that culminated in an inner sanctuary with fluted columns, padded floors, and silk rugs—a place where everything had been carved, woven, painted, or designed to special order. It looked expen-

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sive, and thereby satisfied the old man's only esthetic sensibility.

Dispassionately he grunted as he pushed the empty cup away. "Jim's going to learn to work," he announced flatly. "Tell him to come down to the office at five this afternoon. If he don't come, his allowance is cut in half. Not before five o'clock, though. I'm busy." He shoved his chair back from the table and jammed the paper in his pocket. "Don't forget to tell him about his allowance—he'll come."

"His allowance—oh, Pa!" The silk and lace morning gown fluttered in an agony of agitation. "Why, he hasn't enough as it is, and I was just going to ask you—wait a minute—wait a *minute*, Pa—" But with a final snort over his shoulder the old man had disappeared, and from the distance came a further series of puffings and gruntings that marked his struggles with his overcoat. Helplessly the fluttering laces and silk settled back.

The thumb of Destiny had been turned down, and the doom of a regular and vulgar daily toil was about to descend on the son of the house.

Down-town, late that afternoon, the old man sat alone in his carved and padded sanctuary. Thirty stories below, the haze of the evening was already settling, softening the roof-tops of the distance and leaving in delicate contrast the purple cañons of the intersecting streets. Before him, on a littered desk with the area of a billiard-table, four clocks bearing enameled signs—London, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—marked the hours with a mechanism as silent as the passage of time itself.

As the New York clock indicated a quarter of five he had dismissed brusquely the last conferee and then apparently lost himself in staring idly over the mellowing lights of the great city. The smooth-shaven, heavy jowls and the lean lips were as immobile as ever, yet at intervals the old man's eyes traveled across to the little clock that was slowly counting out the minutes of the New York day. And one of the heavy-knuckled hands covered with the loose, parchment skin of old age abstractedly fondled an unlighted cigar that would ordinarily have been half consumed by this time.

A muffled buzzer sang at the side of the desk, and a second later a faded little secretary appeared. "Your son is outside, Mr. Gorem."

"YOUR SON IS OUTSIDE, MR. GOREM."

"Send him in," ordered the old man curtly. He swung around at the desk, lighted the cigar briskly, and began shuffling among the scattered papers. "Prompt—maybe he's got the goods. He ought to have—from me, anyhow. Or maybe he wants the allowance," he added grimly to himself. "On time, hey?" He looked up as his son entered the room. "Ma told you what I wanted you for?"

The younger man nodded as he lighted a cigarette. "Said we needed the money—I'm getting a big boy now—time to go to work, put my shoulder to the wheel, and all that sort of thing," he answered flippantly.

The old man snorted. "Well, made up your mind what business you want to go into, hey?" he asked.

"Well, Dad, I've come down to talk it over. But you know I've no taste for business—what need, anyway? You've got more money than you or the rest of us can use. Of course," he went on seri-

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ously, "if we were like most families and you needed me, why, you know, Dad, I'd pull along in the yoke with you like all possessed. But as it is, I don't feel that I'm a shirk."

"You won't be a shirk, Jimmie—you've got my blood in ye—and it's time to begin. I've got some pride o' family, and I made my own pile myself—I've got the pride of wanting to see my son do what I've done, and with a better chance at the start than I had—peddlin' tinware. In the next place, there ain't room in this country for a man that won't work, whether he's one of these rich hoboes or just an ordinary poor one; and then, for another reason, I don't intend to be one of these fool fathers of rich men's sons, spending the dollars they don't know the value of."

"ISN'T IT A TRIFLE—AH—DRASTIC?"

"But you've made enough, more than enough, Dad—you can't use what you're making now," argued Jimmie.

"That's not the point," retorted the old man harshly. "A man's what-d'ye-call-it, hey?—destiny, that's it, destiny—is work—and work is anything from peddling bananas or tinware, like I did, to bossin' from the top o' the heap, like I'm doing now. My money's going to give you a better chance to choose than I had—now then, what ye going to have, hey?"

It was a crisis for Jimmie, but Jimmie did not know it; for, like most crises, it looked very commonplace. A score of times Jimmie had escaped with audacious ease; this was merely another time, probably.

"From any one else, Dad, that would sound like an invitation to have a drink. But if I've got to choose right off, it's only fair to begin at the bottom and peddle bananas as you suggest," said Jimmie gaily.

The old man leaned forward grimly. "All right, selling bananas it is; I'll take you at your own word. And," he added bluntly, "if you go back on it now—well——"

"The banana business!"

Jimmie recognized, a trifle late, that he had really passed a crisis. In the momentary whirl and adjustment of ideas, an impossible picture arose in his mind of a young man and a two-wheeled cart piled high with sprawling yellow fruit. "Oh, I say, Dad, that's only a joke!" he exclaimed.

"Joke nothing! Or if it is, it's your joke, ain't it? You make a wish, just like a story-book, and here I am like the fairy godmother that makes it come true—like that!" He cracked his big knuckles in illustration.

But the harshness died out of his voice as he went on: "Why, Jimmie, son, I don't care what it is you're in; but I'll put you at the top o' the heap. You needn't worry about pushing a cart through the streets—I did that, or pretty much that, when I started. But you'll start right—big business, modern ideas, and all that sort of thing. Bananas! By gad, I'll show the world what the banana business ought to be!"

He punched a button under the rim of the big desk, and the faded little secretary popped into the sanctuary. "Fix up a room for Jim outside somewhere. Put a desk in here for him till it's ready." The faded secretary slid noiselessly out.

"Jim, you'll come down-town with me mornings after this. Your business at first will be to sit tight—mostly to stop, look, and listen, as the railroad signs say. You can go up home now and tell Ma that your salary will be what she thinks your allow-

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ance should be—now that you won't have time to spend it."

Jimmie accepted the state of affairs with an easy adaptability, though still a trifle dazed at the swiftness with which events had crystallized. "All right, Dad! Hooray for the banana business if you say so—this automatic choice is a great load off my mind. Want me to go home by way of the docks and pick up a few bargains in left-over bunches?"

"You don't know enough," retorted the old man curtly. "I don't reckon you know enough about business to start anywhere but at the top." His face hardened in abstraction for an instant.

"If anybody cares enough to know, you might say that you're the secretary to the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company."

GRISCOM WAS CHIEF OF THE OLD MAN'S STAFF OF PERMANENT COUNSEL.

Jimmie whistled. "Swell name that, Dad! When I can reel out an offhand inspiration like that, I'll be qualified to sit among the big guns, too. After this I'll never be able to look a banana in the eye without taking off my hat to it."

The old man's harsh features softened again, and he walked across and laid his heavy-knuckled hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Why, Jimmie, son, there's no greater world to conquer than that of modern business. You've got brains—ain't I your father?—and with me back of you we'll found one o' these financial what-d'ye-call-'ems—destinies, no, dyn-*asties*—that's it, dyn*asties*. I'll show you. Tell Simmons I want to see him," he concluded abruptly as they reached the door together.

Before the old man had returned to his desk, Simmons, the drab little office secretary, was again at his elbow. "Mr. Jim said you wished to see me, sir?"

"Yes; everybody gone? Well, call up Griscom and tell him to meet me at the club this evening; important. Get Foote on the wire—tell him to be there, too."

Griscom was chief of the old man's staff of permanent counsel, and Foote was his chief consultant on legal matters of importance. Big-boned, gaunt, and taciturn, after Gorem's own pattern, Foote had risen by the sheer force of a cold and powerful brain from the shady twilight zone where he had been the chief legal bulwark of a long-dead political gang, until he was now almost a symbol of adroit legal and intellectual ability. The old man had once remarked—it was the nearest he ever came to a compliment: "Foote don't waste any time telling me what the law won't let me do; he shows me how to go ahead and do it!"

As Simmons withdrew, the old man dropped into his chair and began to think. His cigar went out; absently he drew another from the drawer and as absently lighted it. The city below him veiled itself in the amethyst twilight, and little lights pricked the depths like stars from an inverted heaven; his eyes saw nothing; time, space, hunger, all were forgotten while the agile, shrewd old brain tested swiftly shifting plans.

This banana project was the sudden result of a domineering nature and a peevish impulse. It was new, untried; his friends would regard it as freakish; yet there was never a thought of change: The banana business for Jim it must be. He had dealt with the great staples—steel, mines, traction, railroads, and once a venture in a textile consolidation. The perishable com-

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modities that needed quick markets were, to him, an unexplored field. Yet he knew the principles that had made his success in other fields, and never for a moment did his faith in his own powers falter. Besides, this appealed to him because it was the beginning for Jim.

Jim's beginning—He thought of his own: the dull, deadening battle with poverty; then the slow rise with others as humble as himself until chance gave him a sudden lift. But it was not until the war that his first really big strike had come. The old man recalled his first partner, now long dead, and their start in army contracts; how first a slight change was made in the contracts and then how, observing the possibilities, they had schemed and maneuvered to get them still further changed. It had cost money, too; but it was worth it—getting the specifications altered to easier conditions after the contract was awarded.

That was long ago, and it was very raw work, but it had given him the tip; some special privilege—illegal, legal, or natural—that was the point. Once that was attained, no commercial genius was needed to bring in a flood of dollars. Given a monopoly, and no brains were needed to make it profitable. He had dealt in monopolies and special advantages—privileges—governmental and private, tariffs and rebates, and monstrous fortunes had followed.

He had no politics, although he would have denied this angrily; and he always proclaimed his party label with unction. Whatever ideals his party might have had, he had for decades met it on the common ground of—"business is business," and the establishment of a profitable business the chief end of man. "Business is business" had indeed served him as a bill of rights and a creed of humanity.

Jimmie's entry into business rapidly absorbed him. He had faith that Jimmie had brains; but the brains would take time to develop. And meantime he had no mind that Jimmie, his son, should have his name linked with failure. But how to put the banana business on a fool-proof basis—that was the problem.

At first he had thought of organizing an expanding chain of stores with their own wholesale distributing warehouses. With the heavy financial backing for which he would be the sponsor, it could control the trade after the field had been cleared in a relentless war of competition. But there was no iron-clad monopoly in this; competitors could spring up again and could not be permanently controlled. It would be neither profit-tight nor fool-proof. It would require a commercial genius at the helm, and he had no illusions: Jimmie was not that.

Then the old man's mind turned to controlling the source of supply. A vision arose of a fleet of steamers plying to the tropical ports that were established centers of banana shipments; but there would be nothing to prevent other steamships from competing. Or, if a monopoly *was* established, there would be nothing to prevent other tropical countries from developing the banana trade, and this again would make that most undesirable thing—competition.

"AT THIRTY CENTS A BANANA A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO GIVE UP EATING THEM."

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No, it would not do. He could not monopolize the world's output of bananas, for the tropical banana belt girdles the world. . . . His thought was suddenly illuminated, and he broke into a raspy chuckle somewhere down his throat.

He pulled out his watch; it was too dark to see the hands, and he turned on the desk lamp. As he saw the hour he grunted: "Must be getting old when I can't think any faster than that!" A minute later he was in the elevator and dropping past the thirty doors that streamed up from the street level.

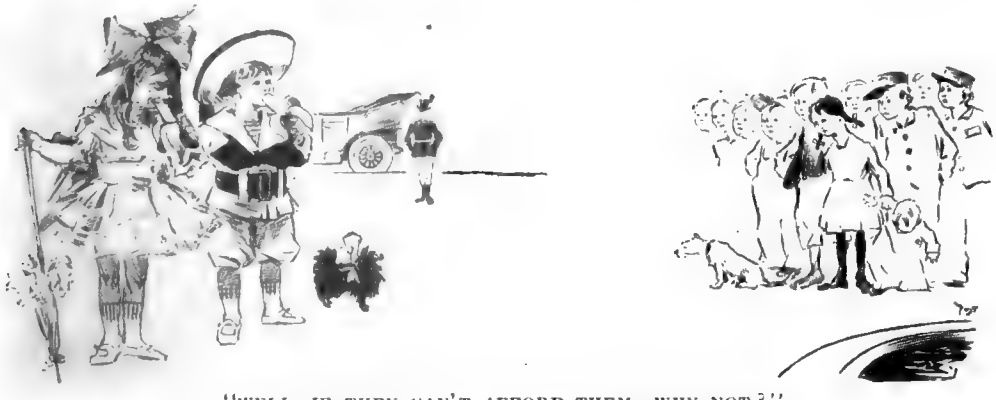
That evening he met Griscom at the club. Later, they were joined by Foote, and the three conferred late in one of the upper rooms, where they were nominally busy with dummy bridge. And the next morning the wheels began to turn, with Jimmie gravely watching each revolution.

New offices blossomed on one of the lower floors of the tall office-building, and a corps of clerks and draftsmen was detailed therein. Long arrays of filing devices and tabulating systems lined the walls, and presently the head draftsman began to report up-stairs to Jimmie and the old man with bulky rolls of blue-prints, on which were irregular patches of colored areas, with marginal notations. Maps accumulated, and more devices were installed to file them. A dozen stenographers were kept busy with subsidiary correspondence, and the chief filing-clerk from up-stairs came down and organized a system for filing and tabulating vast numbers of reports of temperatures, high, low, and mean, together with rainfalls, barometric readings, and general meteorological data.

Up-stairs the old man sat with his hand on the throttle; real-estate men from the big centers came and went by his private entrance in a steady succession, and a score of confidential satellites flitted in and out. A special legal department was formed and was kept busy drafting or scrutinizing title deeds and options on vast areas of abandoned farms and other land throughout New England and the Middle States. And Jimmie, faithful each morning at his desk in the old man's sanctuary, grew dizzy in the maelstrom of shifting, whirling energy.

A trivial incident had been the foundation on which the old man had built the scheme. A little perfunctory notice in a daily paper had caught his eye some days before his interview with Jimmie. It briefly stated that from the Botanical Gardens two bunches of bananas had been sent to the patients of the tuberculosis hospital on the East River. They had been grown under glass, he read—but they had been grown in the United States! Later, when he thought over the banana problem on the evening after the interview, this recurred to him—*they had been grown in the United States*. It could be done; there was the proof—he would found a great American industry!

One night some weeks later, the old man pressed a button and a powerful group gathered around the long directors' table in the private room of his up-town club. There were a couple of New England senators and a few congressmen from scattered but reliable constituencies, and the remainder were representative of the heavy-caliber, substantial business interests. On each chair lay a printed pamphlet



"WELL, IF THEY CAN'T AFFORD THEM—WHY NOT?"

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—the charter, as it stated on the cover, of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company; folded within was a blank for stock-subscription pledges. Attached by a wire clip was a typewritten statement, headed: "For the Daily Press."

Jimmie sat at the old man's right near the head of the table. His name was printed in the pamphlet as one of the incorporators of the new company, and to-day he was to take an active part. He was to read a few typewritten statements, as befitted the potential secretary. As the faded Simmons ushered in the last expected magnate, Jimmie's father rapped on the table with his knuckles.

"I reckon most of you gentlemen know the purpose o' this meeting—at least in a general sort of way," he announced, "so that we can get together on some of the details. I won't take up any more time now except to say that I'm backing this proposition to the limit. It's the best project I've ever handled, and if we all stand together on it there's more profits in it than we've ever made before.

"Another thing; Jim here is to be the secretary—and there's a lot o' room in it for some more sons and relatives, and I guess that'll come in handy for most of you, anyhow. You've read the copy of the charter of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company; it's to raise bananas on the waste lands in New England, and it's drawn so that we've the power to run anything from a dago boarding-house to a pipe-line. Jim, read that statement that's been written for the newspapers, and then if there's no objection we'll send it out."

Jimmie arose with his mimeographed typewritten copy in his hand, and read:

Experiments made in the past few years in the growing of bananas under glass in the Botanical Gardens of New York have demonstrated conclusively that it can be done. A new field is thereby opened to American industry. Two bunches were recently presented to a local tuberculosis hospital in triumphant conclusion of these experiments.

No more important field for a great national industry has been opened up than that which lies in the development of this tremendous and proven opportunity. Not only will it solve the question of the enormous areas of abandoned farms and cut-timber tracts throughout New England and the Middle States, and thereby give employment to thousands of workmen, but it will react throughout the country and stimulate every industry that is related to this great development of the American home-grown banana. This is obvious when it is considered that millions of feet of glass will be required for the vast areas of greenhouses, that thousands of tons of structural steel will be needed for the frames, and vast quantities of paint and putty to finish their construction; also, in the line of accessories, there are the boilers and heating pipes, the brick and cement, and the enormous demand for coal that will bring prosperity to all these trades.

The Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Company proposes to begin on a moderate scale and at the end of the first year to have one hundred thousand acres of these abandoned and cheap lands under glass, and to expand this acreage as rapidly as possible. It is safe to say that no industry that has been undertaken in this country in the last half century has held such tremendous possibilities of profit and prosperity as lie in the growing of the American banana. It is only natural to expect that our Government will lend its protection to such a vital national enterprise.

Jimmie laid down the typewritten page, and the old man handed him another. "This is the engineers' report. Read it, Jim. No, not all of it; just the summary —I've marked it."

And Jimmie read:

As the result of the above-mentioned experiments (the two bunches grown in the Botanical Gardens) it becomes a simple matter to arrive at the total production on the basis of the first year's operations, i. e., a basis of one hundred thousand acres under glass and planted to bananas. It is proposed to use the latest methods and intensive cultivation, and therefore the banana trees should be planted ten feet apart each way. This will give an average of four hundred banana trees to the acre, or a total of forty million banana trees. Allowing only one bunch of bananas to the tree and also figuring but two hundred bananas to the bunch, there would therefore be grown for the first year the total of eight billion, or eight thousand million, bananas.

At a profit of only one cent each, which it is proposed to add to the cost of growing and marketing, they would produce a net profit of eighty million dollars! Should the proper political and trade conditions be secured, a profit of two cents each may be considered, which will, of course, increase the dividend to one hundred and sixty million dollars for the first year. The banana will bear the first year, under proper conditions.

Jimmie sat down; his part in the meeting

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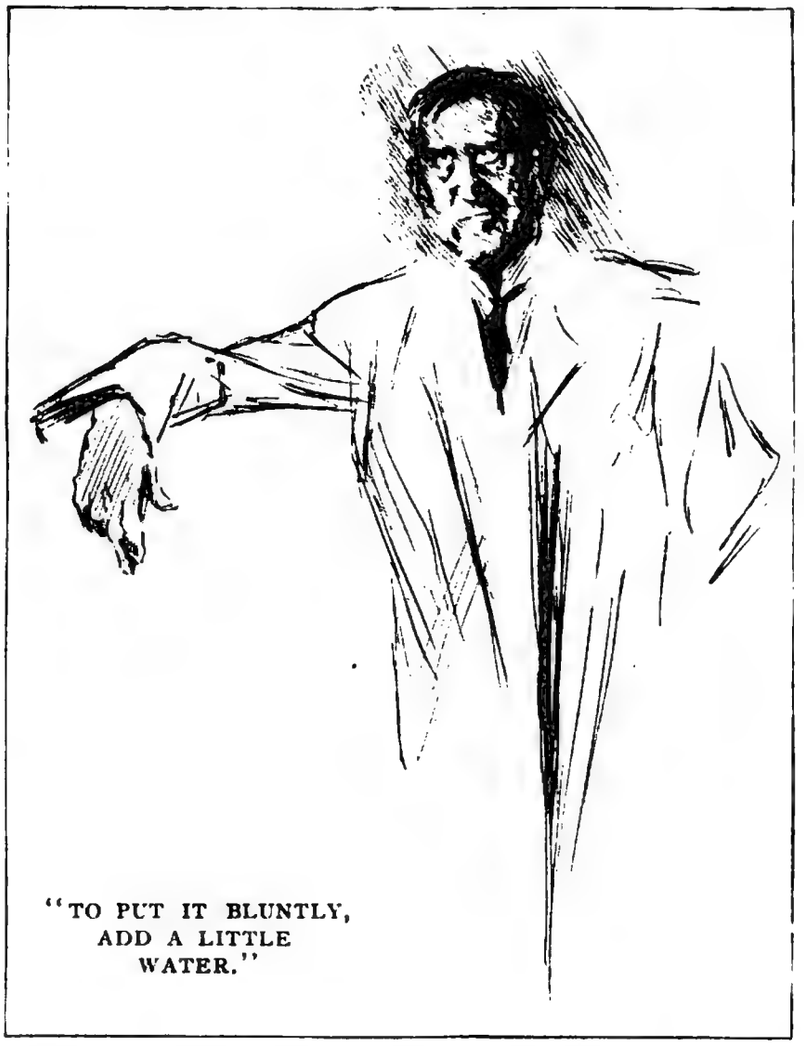
was now over. His father leaned forward impressively and spoke:

"I want to say that those last figures on the profits are wrong." He paused as if to note the effect. There was none, for that highly sophisticated group knew the old man too well to be startled by anything except a loss; and he never lost. "They're wrong," he continued, "they're too small. It will cost, roughly, fifty thousand dollars an acre to put the land under glass. In order to make a return of ten per cent. on that investment it will be necessary to add six and a quarter cents to each banana above the cost of production. And there'll be nothing to stop us making it more — within reason, of course."



"TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, ADD A LITTLE WATER."

The head of the Sheet Glass Trust rattled his copy of the charter and looked over his glasses fussily.

"Six and a quarter cents apiece for a banana, Mr. Gorem, is a pretty high price, even if it is extra fine and hothouse grown. They're six for a nickel generally around my office—sometimes less." He was a thrifty man of noted thrifty habits, and a quiet smile went around the group.

The old man cracked his knuckles cheerfully: "Six and a quarter cents apiece!—Who said six and a quarter cents apiece! I said six and a quarter cents above the cost—net profit—and probably more. I propose, Mr. Parkinson—and gentlemen—that our first crop shall sell for *thirty* cents apiece! It'll cost twenty-one cents each to grow 'em—can't be done for less under glass."

A gentleman in a white waistcoat leaned forward interestedly; he was the Consolidated Steel Trust.

"I take it," he remarked, "that you have, Mr. Gorem, of course considered the question and the relation of the present supply of bananas from the tropical countries? They are quite ample, and quite cheap, I believe?"

"Yes, I've considered it," returned the old man, "and I don't propose that another banana shall be landed on these shores. What's a tariff for, hey? Ain't it to protect American industry and capital, hey? *I propose to have it made as dangerous to bring a banana into the United States as it is to forge a check, commit bigamy, or smuggle a petticoat!*"

It was the president of the Consolidated Woolen and Textile Trust who chuckled dryly from the lower end of the table. "I follow you all right, Gorem, but isn't it a trifle, so to speak—ah—drastic? Thirty cents a banana—phew!"

"Well, if it is," retorted the old man indignantly, "it ought to interest you good and plenty. If you textile people can get rubber arctics tariff-taxed as woolen goods and then get a duty on them of forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent. additional, this ought to be right in your line. If there's anything more drastic or fantastic than that, it ain't in my banana proposition!" He prodded the table with a big forefinger in emphasis. "*Forty-four cents a pound* on woolen clothing is more than I'd have the nerve to ask for a tariff on bananas, let alone that sixty per cent.

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additional that you fellows put through!"*

The other leaned back good-humoredly. "Oh, that's all right, Gorem, I guess. It can be fixed for bananas, too, probably. Let's hear a little more. This begins to sound pretty good already."

"If Mr. Gorem will allow me," spoke up the gaunt, saturnine chief consultant at his left, "I will run over this scheme briefly as it has been worked out and as it relates to our common interests."

The old man nodded, and Foote went on:

"Our charter, as you note, is extremely broad. It will take a large amount of capital, and Mr. Gorem agrees to finance the enterprise; it is also desired that you cooperate. Besides your assistance, there is a large amount of European capital that stands ready to come in as soon as we can secure a proper protective tariff on bananas. Such a tariff will of course settle the question of competition and make our market iron-clad. In fact, the foreign banks stand ready to take up heavily the bonds of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company.

"We propose to place the contracts for these greenhouses and their equipment entirely with you representative gentlemen. Incidentally, I may point out that on the strength of these very profitable orders you will be enabled to make an extra issue of stock; to put it bluntly, add a little water."

The little group nodded appreciatively.

"Also, the moment these heavy orders become public, your water will become instantly a good, digested security. Of course the success of this project depends on the passage of an adequate tariff act, and I need not suggest that at first our united efforts must be centered in that direction. Our political party has been pledged for years to this great principle of protection for our American industry in every line, so that we can confidently look to it for support now, as in the past."

The senators and the congressmen nodded an indorsement. A little desultory discussion followed, and then the company was formally organized, its laws were adopted, the officers elected, and the little blanks, now filled in with pledged subscriptions, were passed over to Jimmie, in his official capacity, to file.

*The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Tax Law of 1909 taxes woolen clothing at forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent. additional, and rubber arctics have been included in that classification.

After the last magnate had departed, Jimmie turned to his father, who was standing before the onyx fireplace and rubbing his big-boned hands together in the way that Jimmie knew denoted perfect satisfaction.

"I say, Dad, at thirty cents a banana a lot of people will have to give up eating them, won't they?"

"Well," said the old man good-naturedly, "if they can't afford them—why not?"

Jimmie thought of the office- and messenger-boys with their lunch of frankfurter and banana topped off with a spoonful of "hokey-pokey"; also of the typewriters in his own outer office who brought their lunch in a paper, with the banana as the final effect. He could not help thinking that they could just afford them *now*.

Shrewdly the old man divined Jimmie's thoughts. "Jimmie, son, don't get swept off by any sentimentality over individual cases. One's got to think o' things—big things—as a whole. Why, son, the minute I float that foreign bond issue abroad and the money's deposited here to the credit o' the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company, the per capita wealth of this United States will be increased over one hundred dollars a head, man, woman, and child! Think o' that wealth, hey!—ain't that national prosperity? I tell ye, Jimmie, the Big Business men here are the country's greatest benefactors. What difference does it make even if fewer bananas are eaten by them that can't afford them, hey, if those that can, pay more for them? Isn't there more money in circulation? Ain't that prosperity? Bananas cost more; more money in circulation; more prosperity—don't that stand to reason, hey?"

"I see," said Jimmie. "And the higher we sell bananas, the higher wages we can pay, so that the prosperity gets distributed?"

The old man chuckled abruptly. "Don't be foolish. You just pray for a proper tariff to keep bananas out o' the country, and immigration and the natural birth-rate 'll take care o' what wages we pay—that's the natural state o' man in this world—competition."

"Still, Dad, it's kind of tough on those that can't afford bananas, isn't it?"

"Business is business," returned the old man briefly. "When you go, tell Ma I'll

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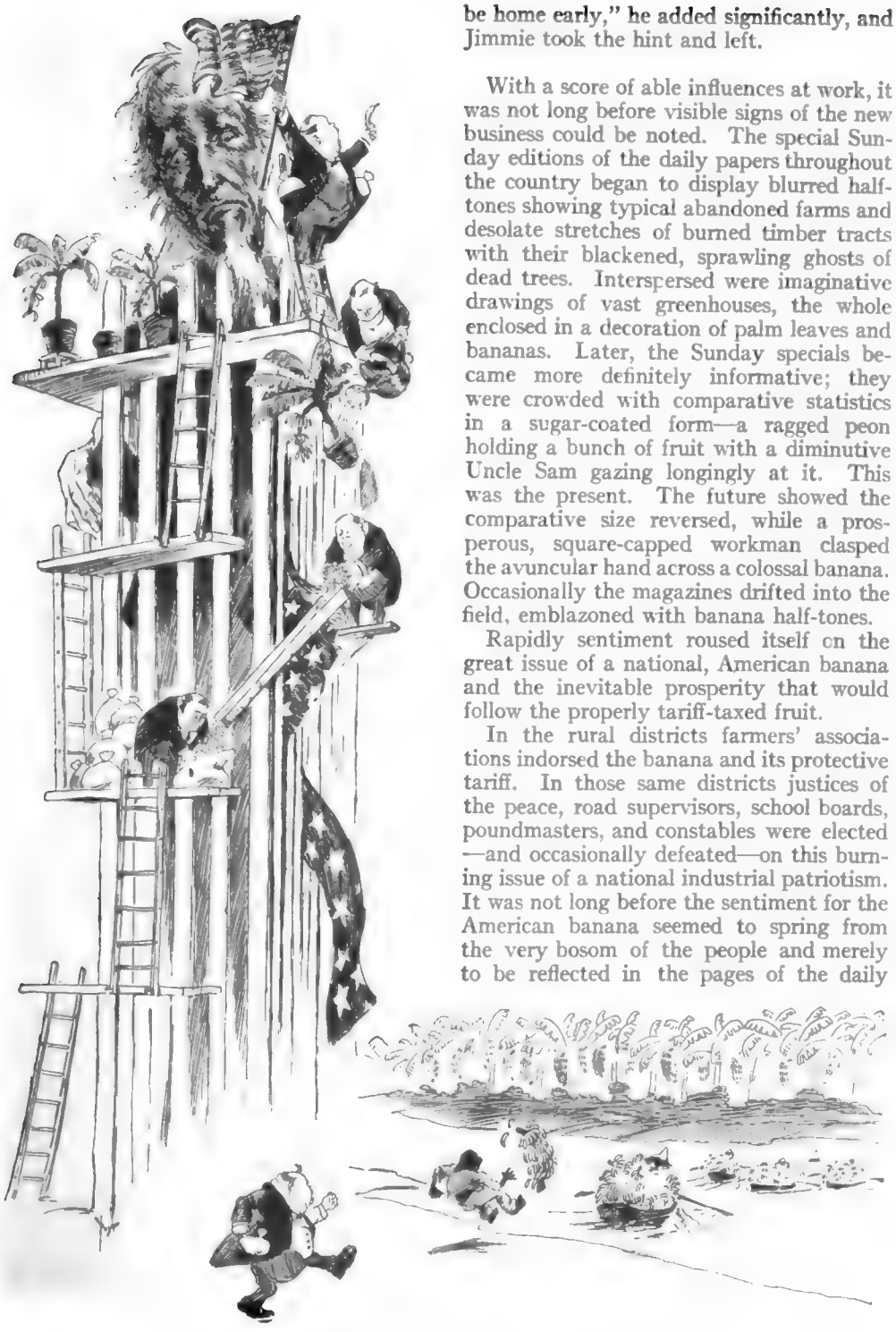
be home early," he added significantly, and Jimmie took the hint and left.

With a score of able influences at work, it was not long before visible signs of the new business could be noted. The special Sunday editions of the daily papers throughout the country began to display blurred half-tones showing typical abandoned farms and desolate stretches of burned timber tracts with their blackened, sprawling ghosts of dead trees. Interspersed were imaginative drawings of vast greenhouses, the whole enclosed in a decoration of palm leaves and bananas. Later, the Sunday specials became more definitely informative; they were crowded with comparative statistics in a sugar-coated form—a ragged peon holding a bunch of fruit with a diminutive Uncle Sam gazing longingly at it. This was the present. The future showed the comparative size reversed, while a prosperous, square-capped workman clasped the avuncular hand across a colossal banana. Occasionally the magazines drifted into the field, emblazoned with banana half-tones.

Rapidly sentiment roused itself on the great issue of a national, American banana and the inevitable prosperity that would follow the properly tariff-taxed fruit.

In the rural districts farmers' associations indorsed the banana and its protective tariff. In those same districts justices of the peace, road supervisors, school boards, poundmasters, and constables were elected —and occasionally defeated—on this burning issue of a national industrial patriotism. It was not long before the sentiment for the American banana seemed to spring from the very bosom of the people and merely to be reflected in the pages of the daily



THE TRIUMPH OF PROTECTION; THE ALL-AMERICAN BANANA.

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press, from the stalwart metropolitan journals on down to the little country sheet with its "patent insides."

The tariff must be revised; a tariff tax must be placed on the foreign, tropical banana that would effectually prevent its competing with the proposed national project; no longer could the country submit to the demoralizing effects of the exotic, pauper-grown fruit. The demand was specific, insistent, and there was no doubt that Congress would be forced to take up the question in response to the popular will.

When Congress met, the old man called Jimmie into his room. "You might as well go over to Washington a spell," he remarked. "Things are going all right, but it won't do you any harm to look on—and learn, maybe."

So Jimmie packed up and hied him to Washington and sat through the slow hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the lower House, the first preliminary. Foote, was there, in the background, but marshaling the forces. Many of the faces Jimmie recalled from the memorable meeting in his father's office weeks before. These men were experts in trade and industry, and were cheerfully bearing witness before the committee to the benefits of an adequate tariff on bananas. The amendment to the existing tariff act would place a tariff tax of thirty-two cents apiece on each banana—this amount having been decided upon as sufficient to afford the ordinary leeway.

It was a foregone conclusion that the bill would be reported favorably out of the committee, as finally it was.

Then came delay, though the bill was advanced as rapidly as possible on the House calendar. Its advocates knew that a few chronic malcontents might oppose it on the floor, but its passage was assured; in the main it was recognized by its party sponsors as an opportunity for some oratorical efforts that might come in handy back in their home districts.

When the Banana Bill, as it was popularly known, was moved, a flood of minor oratory broke forth. Faithfully Jimmie followed it from his seat in the gallery. It was the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee who was to make the closing speech. When it was known that he would speak, the old man himself came over and sat next to Jimmie. It was Jimmie's own business that was being launched; it was the old man's last project—he knew it; and to have this foremost orator speak in this case was, in a way, like his delivering the salutatory for the opening of Jimmie's career in commerce. Therefore the old man was on hand.

The chairman began with a review of the history of this country; he read the minds of the early fathers of the Republic and praised their transcendent wisdom. Those first early taxes on imports, he explained, were but the indication of the finger of Providence in our destinies.

"In those early days of struggle, Mr. Speaker, our country was poor; they dealt thriftily in small figures and had but faintly grasped the full principles of national prosperity. And I call the attention of the House, Mr. Speaker—and also of that small, unpatriotic minority who oppose progress and prosperity—to the indisputable fact that our country is more prosperous to-day than it was then; I further emphasize the fact that our tariff taxes were small then and are greater now. Never was the relation between the tariff and prosperity more clearly evident.

"As we have increased our tariff taxes, so has our welfare thrived. Our great West, our vast natural resources, our inventive skill, and our industry—what are these but tributes to the genius of the tariff tax! Standing before the solemn altar of History, I say to you that those qualities do not make prosperity. It is the tariff.

"In past decades of timid tariff taxation it used to be apologetically stated that the foreigner paid the tax. We are a proud people, Mr. Speaker, and to-day we meet the issue squarely and say that the foreigner does not pay the tax! With a proper pride and self-respect we pay our own taxes—we ask no one to pay them for us. We have taxed ourselves rich and, as new fields of prosperity are pointed out to us by the great captains of industry, we should be proud of the opportunity to put our shoulder to the wheel of taxation.

"It has been alleged that this tariff on bananas will raise the cost of the banana to the American people. What of it! Is it to be said that an American is ashamed to buy expensive things—he, the highest paid worker on the globe! For this argument of cheapness I have the least patience. As that great statesman, President McKinley,

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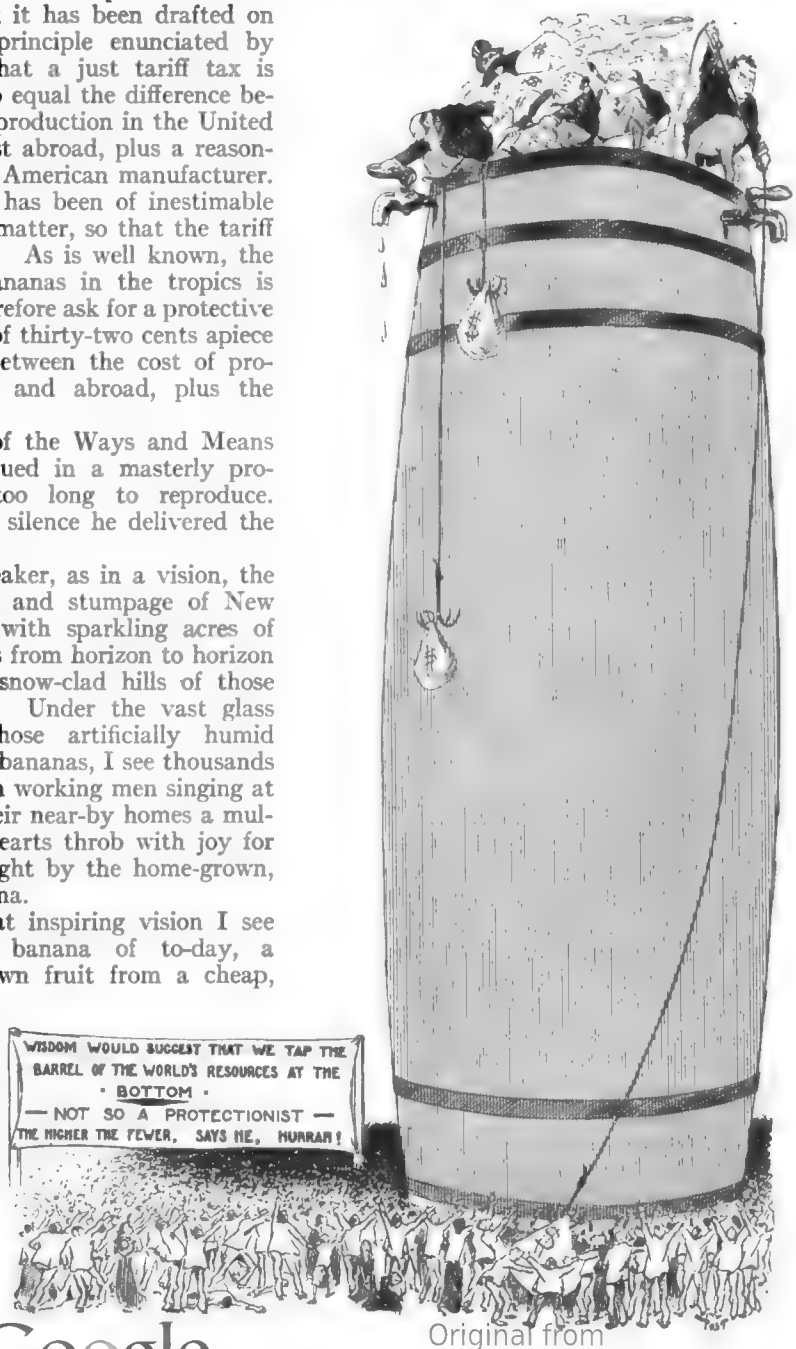
when discussing this same tariff principle during his brilliant career, said that 'a cheap coat makes a cheap man'—so do I say with all the fervor of my cause that no less does a 'cheap banana make a cheap man!'

"This bill which we report has been drawn by experts; it has been drafted on that vital tariff principle enunciated by President Taft—that a just tariff tax is one so levied as to equal the difference between the cost of production in the United States and the cost abroad, plus a reasonable profit for the American manufacturer. The Tariff Board has been of inestimable assistance in this matter, so that the tariff asked for is exact. As is well known, the cost of raising bananas in the tropics is trivial, and we therefore ask for a protective tariff on bananas of thirty-two cents apiece —the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, plus the reasonable profit."

The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee continued in a masterly protection address too long to reproduce. Then in a hushed silence he delivered the peroration:

"I see, Mr. Speaker, as in a vision, the now barren lands and stumpage of New England covered with sparkling acres of glass—greenhouses from horizon to horizon and topping the snow-clad hills of those now bleak states. Under the vast glass roofs, and in those artificially humid groves of fragrant bananas, I see thousands of happy American working men singing at their labors; in their near-by homes a multitude of happy hearts throb with joy for the blessings brought by the home-grown, all-American banana.

"As against that inspiring vision I see the present: the banana of to-day, a cheap, pauper-grown fruit from a cheap, pauperized foreign country. A negro in a ragged pair of breeches and a tattered shirt—or no shirt at all—and with a machete in his hand, living in a wretched palm-thatched shack and working for less than half a dollar a day! That is the man who is growing bananas for a freeborn American people! No American will accept such a wage or such a life—nor can he compete without an adequate protection against this pauper fruit.


WISDOM WOULD SUGGEST THAT WE TAP THE BARREL OF THE WORLD'S RESOURCES AT THE BOTTOM
— NOT SO A PROTECTIONIST —
THE HIGHER THE FEWER, SAYS HE, HURRAH!

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"Under the shadow of those Stars and Stripes that proudly floated from Sumter to Appomattox, and in the great name of our free people, I ask you to pass this bill and give justice to the American banana!"

As the speaker took his seat amid a wild scene of tumultuous applause, a mob of eager hand-shakers surrounded him.

The old man turned to Jimmie.

"Come on, Jimmie—no use waiting any longer. It's all over; the Senate'll pass it without debate, and you're launched in business at last, son, and it's profit-tight and fool-proof. Bringing a banana into the country from now on'll be a criminal offense, and you can make money as long as you don't have to sell bananas at over thirty-two cents apiece."

The next year the old man took his first vacation, and Jimmie slipped gradually into the sole control. Then the old man took his Final Vacation, and Jimmie was at the helm. Being, as the old man had felt, no fool, he continued to make monstrous sums of money from the banana business.

But if he had been a fool, the profits would have come in automatically, just the same.

In the Small

by
Harvey
·J·
O'Higgins

AUTHOR OF "THE SMOKE EATERS," "OLD CLINKERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

THERE trailed, two by two, across "The Field" of Central Park, a procession of East Side children who had come from the streets of the tenements to enjoy a "May Day" on the grass; and, like all those little picnics of the city poor, they made such a parody of the sunburned jollity, the old-country mirth of the poetic festival, that they would have been ludicrous if they had not been so pathetic.

They were headed by a boy with a May-pole made of a broomstick and a barrel-hoop that had been trimmed in the colored tissue-papers of a butcher's holiday beef. A bullet-headed young "King of the May" walked under that canopy as stolidly as a stage super with the footlights in his eyes; and the "Queen," beside him, in the white costume of her "first communion," blinked and stumbled in the sunlight that blinded her with its glare on her white veil. The girls who followed—all subdued by the unaccustomed spotlessness of their finery—went clumsy-footed with excitement in their broken and warped shoes. And the boys—with the boy's fear of being laughed at—tried to repudiate the gaiety of their turned coats and daubed faces by carrying themselves with an air of studied unconcern.

They were almost grotesque. They were stiff, instead of jocund. As an outward show

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of the inward spirit, they were as pitifully inadequate as poverty's Christmas gifts.

Policeman Flaherty held out his white-gloved paw for their "permit," pointed out their allotted place under the trees at the edge of the field, and stood to review them with the sympathetic smile of a man who had once been a tenement picnicker himself. The boys did not look at him, except with a furtive glance over the shoulder after they had passed safely. He understood their manner, and his expression changed to the self-conscious smile of the officer who is new to his uniform and to its effect on the public. He watched them until they had clustered around a gray beech-tree over to his left, swarming noisily together in their release from the order of parade. The careful mothers began to change their daughters' white dresses for play clothes. He turned away.

Below him, to his right, the small boys of a fashionable boarding-school were playing a game of cricket, aristocratically dressed in white flannels, and coached by an athletic tutor with an imported "English accent." And Flaherty wrinkled his eyes to study them, interested in the game because he had never seen it played before, and—for the same reason—contemptuous of it. He stood on the wooded edge of a knoll, with the picnic on one side of him and the cricketers on the other; and he made a fine figure of Government in the Democracy, placed above a happy family of rich and poor who were engaged in the pursuit of happiness side by side.

He saw, in the distance, a bicyclist wheeling across the grass. He hurried away to intercept the trespasser.

Meanwhile, the boys of the May party had been refused an immediate entrance to the lunch baskets and had scattered to seek the opportunity of innocent amusement. They invaded the knoll as soon as Flaherty had left it. They treed a sickly looking squirrel that had a tail as scrubby as an old pipe-cleaner, and they derided its infirmities with the healthy cruelty of the young barbarian. They dared one another to climb the tree after it, and to that end they began to set pickets who should watch Flaherty's movements—for climbing park trees is prohibited by law.

It was one of these pickets that discovered the cricket game. He came running back. "Say, fullahs," he called, hoarse with excitement. "Get on to *this!* Look 't here!" And they followed him to the edge of the wood, where they spread out, in a staring silence in which there was something vaguely inimical.

The game was new to them—as it was new to Flaherty—as it was new to Central Park itself—for "Mr. Gray," the young English tutor, had just introduced it to the school, and this was the first public practise that his pupils had attempted. He hoped to continue it. "Cricket, you know," he used to say, "is as much bettah than baseball as chess is bettah than draughts." He wore a pince-nez. His hair was too long for the taste of the May party—among whom the "velvet cut" was the prevailing style, for sanitary reasons. And to them his game did not seem so much better than baseball. "Pipe off dhe bat!" one of them said, in husky scorn. "Dhey's flattened 't out so's dhey won't miss dhe ball." Another commented: "Gee! why don't dhey pitch 'em in! Dhey's rollin' lobs!" Some one giggled. They began to crowd in toward the nearest wicket, grinning. Gray called "Ovah!" The game shifted to the wicket at their end of the green.

He strode across the grass to them. "Keep back from heah," he ordered, with a masterful gesture. They retreated a few feet. "Get back from heah, I say!" he repeated. "Fahtheh! Fahtheh!" He drove them to the edge of the wood. "Go away, now," he said. "Go away. We don't want you heah."

They eyed him sulkily, knowing that he was within his rights, but resenting his manner and contemptuous of his pronunciation because it was unlike their own. As soon as he had turned his back, "Pocky" Leech called: "Get a ha-a-air cut!" And that cry was the signal for battle—for the beginning of a new conflict in that unending social war between privilege and proletariat which is inevitable in the Republic.

They mocked his accent: "Fahdah! Oh, I say, fahdah!" They criticized the game: "Hully Gee! Dhey's playin' miggles! Oh, the bum short-stop! T'ree strikes; youse is out!" They chanted in chorus: "Get a ha-a-air cut! Get a ha-a-air cut!" When he turned to awe them with a class-room glare, they shouted: "Ain't he fierce! Oh, fahdah, ain't he fierce"—ready to run if he should attempt to reach them.

He endured it until he saw that his endurance only made them bolder; then he looked about him for a policeman. He saw Flaherty, far across the field, and went to summon him. "Pocky" Leech and his fel-

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lows promptly dodged back among the trees, watching from ambush like so many Indians.

"Officah!" Gray shouted. "Officah!"

Flaherty turned.

"Drive those boys away!" Gray said, as if he were speaking to a London "bobby." "They interfere with ouah game."

Flaherty looked at him under a threatening black eyebrow. "What?"

It was the tone of a man whose whole past had made him insolent with envy of the wealth and culture and education that had bought and despised and overborne him all his life. It was the tone, too, of a policeman whose brief experience of office had already discovered the respectable public's contempt of him as the official of a corrupt Tammany administration.

"Those boys yondah intahfeah with us," Gray repeated sternly. "I wish you to drive them away."

Flaherty replied: "They've got as much right in this park as *you!*"

Gray flushed. "They have no right to encroach upon ouah game. They——"

Flaherty cut in upon what he considered the insult of Gray's manner. "Go an' mind yer own bus'ness an' don't get gay. They've got a per-*mit* to stay where I put 'em, an' they're goin' to stay there. *You* don't own this park—an' you don't own *me*."

"No?" Gray said. "Who owns *you?*"

His tone was so coldly polite and his meaning so hotly insulting that for a moment the simple Flaherty glared at him in a sort of amazed stupidity. But as soon as Gray turned to go back, Flaherty struck an open hand on his shoulder and swung him around. "Look-a-here," he said fiercely, "I don't take that talk from no man. You don't own me—ner no one else don't. My uniform—if I can't get respec'—I wouldn't wear it. I know *your* style. Yuh think yuh're the whole screw. There's other people's got a right to live."

Gray put his hands in his pockets and met Flaherty's anger with a level eye. "If you wish to be respected," he said, "you had bettah not browbeat everybody who makes a complaint to you."

Flaherty cursed him. "Complaint! Yuh came over here——"

"I came heah to tell you that those boys crowded in on ouah ground, annoying us."

"Yuh didn't. Yuh came over here an' ordered me——"

"If I gave you that impression——"

"That's what yuh did."

"I had no such intention whateveh."

"Huh!" Flaherty blinked savagely. "Yuh're too dang loose in the jaw, anyway. Yuh had no bus'ness sayin' what yuh did—about some one ownin' me——"

"I apologize," Gray put in, with an air of daring Flaherty to do as much.

But an apology, to Flaherty and his kind, is the cowardly surrender and self-abasement of a "quitter." "Apologize be d——!" he said, thwarted in his efforts to defend himself. "Yuh go back to yer ball game an' atten' to that, see? Go on, now. That'll do yuh."

Gray turned, frigidly indignant, and went back to his cricket. Flaherty glowered after him. "Danged goggle-eyed mutt!"

He felt the man's contempt for him. He felt that he himself had been in the wrong. And the two thoughts burned together in an anger that started him across the field toward the picnickers, fuming.

"Pocky" Leech and his confederates scattered and disappeared among the trees.

Flaherty bore down on the women and the lunch baskets. "Look-a-here," he said, "if I see those boys o' yours interferin' with any one again round here, I'll cancel that per-*mit* an' run y' all out o' the park, d' y' understand? That'll do yuh now."

A woman—the able mother of "Pocky"—folded her arms in the pose of a cook who has just received a week's "notice," and faced him. "Are yuh speakin' to me?" she said.

He waved her off. "Yuh got to keep them boys in order, that's all."

"W'u'd yuh be so kind's to explain?" she asked, with a dangerous meekness. "What is it they've been doin'?"

"They've been interferin' with that ball game."

She looked out contemptuously at the youths in their flannels. "Thank yuh," she said. "It's well we got *you* fer to teach us our places. We've been discommodin' the swells, have we? The boys has stared at them, no doubt. Mebbe they've run acrost the grass that us poor folks has no right to when our betters is on it." She rocked corpulently from side to side, her little eyes glittering. "This's a man's job yuh have. It's a nurse *they* want—them an' their ball game."

"Well, look-a-here—" he began.

She did not pause for him. "We've been on the grounds here a matter o' five blessed minutes, an' the boys is scarce out o' me

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sight, an' yuh come buttin' in with a shout like this! Is 't likely we c'u'd 've done anythin' to any one in this time, d' yuh think?"

"Look-a-here," he shouted, "I don' know what yuh've been doin', but they're chasin' me up, kickin' an'——"

"An' yuh come with one side o' the story an' fire it into yer frien's. Shame on yuh! 'Tain't so often the poor youngsters has a day on the green that yuh sh'u'd come plaguin' them with offendin' the lollypops yonder with this an' with that! Sure, we're poor but we're decent. We want no favors from no one but to be let alone."

"Aw!" Flaherty waved off her eloquence savagely and turned on his heel, in a smarting disgust for the whole incident.

A BULLET-HEADED YOUNG "KING OF THE MAY" WALKED UNDER A CANOPY TRIMMED WITH COLORED TISSUE PAPERS.

She called after him: "We're able to take care 'f ourselves. Let th' others do as much an' there'll be no trouble. Runnin' to the *po*-lice with their whines an' their whingin'!"

He hesitated, made an excuse for his hesitation by kicking a small stone out of his path, and then retreated without more words.

He circled around the knoll. "Dang goggle-eyed mutt!" he said. "I s'pose he thinks I got nuthin' to do but stan' round an' watch out fer him an' his nursery—an' fight all th' ol' women an' kids in the park 'cause they get in his way!" He scowled at the cricketers. "I try to do the right thing, too," he complained to himself. "An' they don't gi' me no credit fer it. . . . The dang long-haired dude!"

If justice were indeed administered by a blind goddess with an unerring balance, the situation would have been simple and the government of a democracy an ideal dream. But the gods will not enforce their own commandments, and their deputies are not divine. Flaherty summed up his various indignations in a purely human resolve to let Gray fight out his own quarrels "an' see how he likes it." It wasn't his "bus'-ness to dry-nurse all the kids in the park." In fact, the genius of the Republic is opposed to "paternalism"!

He went off, shouldering sulkily through the bushes. As soon as he was out of sight, "Pocky" and his band swooped down in cautious circles through the wood. "Get a ha-a-air cut!" They had a new contempt for the cricketers—the contempt of the East Side "gang" for the man who "calls in dhe cop." Leech picked up a pebble and deliberately threw it at the wicket.

Gray's assistant came across the sunlight toward them. As soon as he was within hail, he shouted cheerfully: "Any of you kids get us a pail of water?"

"Pocky" dropped his second missile. He had had experience in taking tribute from the persecuted venders of hot chestnuts on the street corners. "How much'll yuh gi' me?"

"Five cents."

"Make it a dime."

"All right. Hurry up, now."

The whole gang raced for the tin picnic pail, and went whooping and fighting with it to the nearest drinking fountain.

"That's blackmail!" Gray declared passionately. "That's sheeah blackmail! You shall not pay it! We have a right to police protection. Wheah's that officah?"

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"LOOK-A-HERE! I DON'T TAKE THAT TALK FROM NO MAN."

The other wiped his forehead and smiled. "We're getting off cheaply."

"Yes! That attitude—that attitude's the root of the whole trouble. In England——"

"Will you have a drink?"

He answered "No!" with such violence that his glasses slipped from his perspiring nose. He hurried away from the sight of "Pocky" Leech returning with the water.

When that representative of the proletariat put down his pail, he said aggressively: "D'yuh want to buy some san'wiches?"

They did.

II.

At midday Policeman Flaherty was standing, with his hands behind him, on the path that led from the field to the nearest street gate, when the young cricketers trooped down upon him, on their way from their morning's exercise, their bats over their shoulders, their coats on their arms, flushed and laughing and bandying blows as they went. They passed Flaherty as they would have passed any other idle spectator, without any change of manner. He remembered how differently the boys of the May party had gone by, and his unconscious feeling of caste resented the difference.

One of the cricketers had a paper box under his arm. If he had been of "Pocky" Leech's party, Flaherty would have had good reason to suspect him—for tenement picnickers do not carry away either food or empty boxes; they steal park flowers. But this boy was above suspicion; and it was only a jealous resentment of class superiority that moved Flaherty to interfere with him.

"Here! What yuh got there?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why—a box!"

Flaherty took him by the elbow. "Open it," he ordered.

The boy opened it nervously. It was filled with crocuses.

Flaherty said: "That's what I thought. You come along with me."

The others called: "Mr. Gray! Mr. Gray!" and the teacher with the pince-nez came running up. "What is it?" He forced his way through the frightened circle of his pupils. "What's the matteh?"

Flaherty did not answer. He thrust the boy roughly ahead, with the box of stolen flowers in his hand. "What is it?" Gray demanded of his pupil. "What have you been doing, Stewaht?"

"Stealin' park flowers," Flaherty replied, with a satisfaction that was not quite concealed.

"I did not!" young Stewart cried. "I bought them. I bought them—from that big boy—with the picnic."

Flaherty stopped. "Wha-a-at?" He turned the lad around to him. "What boy?"

Young Stewart stammered: "The—the one with the marks—on his face. The smallpox marks."

Flaherty took a long look at him. Gray

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said: "Exactly! *Exactly!*" Flaherty blew his policeman's whistle. Gray said to his assistant: "Take the boys back. I shall follow lateh with Stewaht." He was smiling dryly.

The cricketers left their classmate—his lips quivering in a brave attempt to smile—standing between Gray and the policeman. He was a small, dark-skinned boy of the self-reliant sort that spends his summer holidays in his bathing-suit, sailing and swimming. He was frightened but not confused.

"Was it the lad who brought the pail of water?" Gray asked him.

He answered: "Yes, sir. 'Pocky' they called him."

Gray nodded. "This," he said to Flaherty, "is the direct result of youah refusal to protect us. We had to——"

"Cut it out," Flaherty growled. "I'm not askin' *you*."

"Very well," Gray said.

A second policeman, in answer to Flaherty's whistle, came to take charge of Stewart, while Flaherty himself made a wide detour through the woods to strike the May Day picnic in the rear. In a few minutes there was an outcry

"IT'S WELL WE GOT *YOU* FER TO TEACH US OUR PLACES," SHE SAID.

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among the trees; a crowd of boys, with Flaherty at their heels, darted out into the field and scattered in all directions. Among them "Pocky" was made conspicuous by the fact that Flaherty followed him. The boy took a flying glance over his shoulder and saw that justice had singled him out for pursuit. He looked around the open field desperately as he ran; and then, seeing no hope of escape, he turned and surrendered.

Flaherty hooked him with a finger in the collar and led him over to Gray and his pupil. And the "gang," followed by Mrs. Leech and the disordered picnickers, closed in on them in a state of shrill excitement.

"Did yuh sell him them flowers?" Flaherty demanded.

"Pocky" tried to assume an expression of indignant innocence, and achieved one of brazen effrontery. "I never sold him nothin'," he declared. "He's a liar. He came over an' 'ast me to swipe some o' them fer him—an' I tol' him he could swipe his own flowers—an' keep his money. I didn't want it." He looked around him for a corroborating witness. "Ain't that right, Redney?"

"Redney" squeezed in beside him. "That's right. I tol' him I'd punch his face fer him if he came aroun' tryin' to get us in trouble."

"Hol' on there!" the second policeman cried; and, thrusting the two boys apart, he grasped Leech's wrist and forced his hand open.

There were two ten-cent pieces and a "quarter" in the boy's dirty palm. He had been trying to pass them to "Redney."

"That's the dime I paid him," young Stewart said. "There's a hole in it."

Flaherty gave young Leech a cuff on the head. The mother shoved in between them. "Stop it!" she cried. "Shame on yuh! W'u'd yuh strike the poor boy fer takin' money? If he did pick a few flowers, it's no great crime. They're public prope'ty! An' it was that dirty young snake that tempted 'm to it, comin' round with his money! Oh, I seen yuh, yuh bold brat! I seen yuh pointin' out the bed o' lilies er whatever th' are, an' givin' Jimmy the money to go an' steal them. As sure's yuh're alive, I seen him with me two eyes——"

"Did you?" Gray asked his pupil.

Stewart blushed guiltily and shook his head. "He offered to go and pluck them if I gave him ten cents. I showed him the ones I wanted."

"There!" Mrs. Leech cried. "There y' are! Th' one's as bad as th' other. Bat *him* on the nut, now! Hit him, if yuh——"

"Shut up, will yuh?" Flaherty shouted. "Stop that shovin'! Get away out o' here, the whole dang lot o' yuh."

The children fought away from him, struggling against the press of the outer circles. Every one talked at once. "It's youah fault!" Gray declared. "They blackmailed us! They —" "You an' yer money," Mrs. Leech screamed. "Temptin' poor boys to do wrong —" "Shut up, will yuh! Get out o' here!"

"Redney" took advantage of the confusion to kick young Stewart

P.N.

THE WHOLE GANG WENT WHOOPING AND FIGHTING TO THE NEAREST DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

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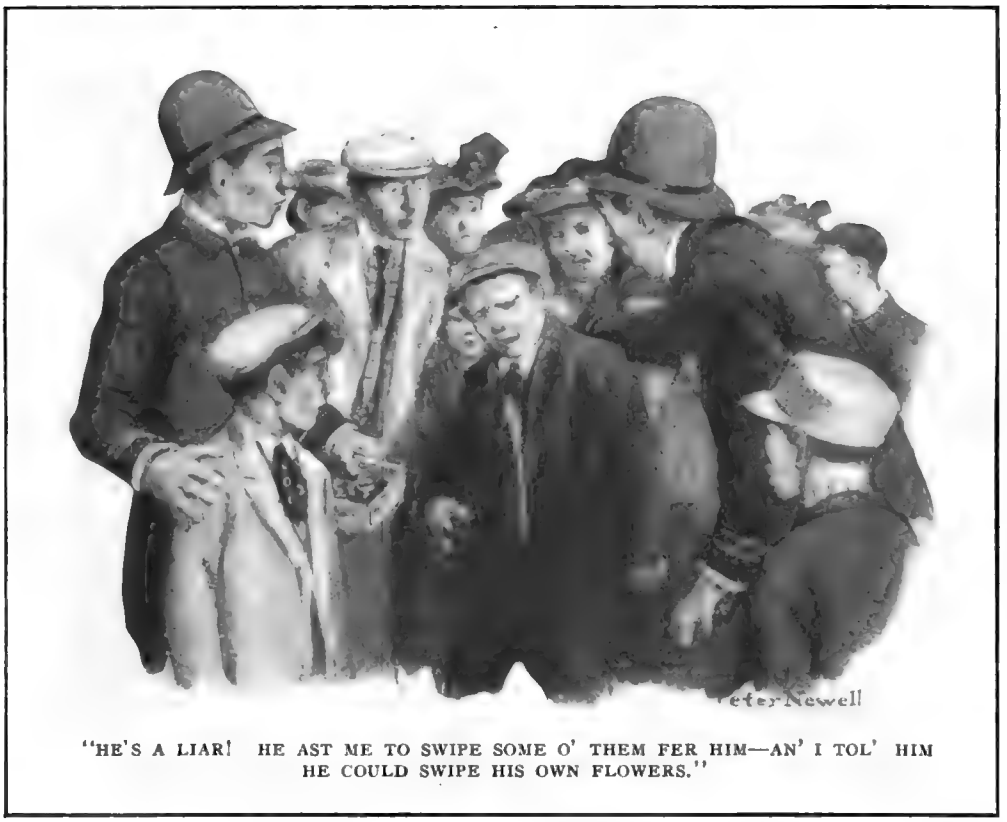

"HE'S A LIAR! HE AST ME TO SWIPE SOME O' THEM FER HIM—AN' I TOL' HIM HE COULD SWIPE HIS OWN FLOWERS."

from behind, and the latter turned and struck out furiously. "Clear out!" the second policeman cried, and cuffed every small head he could reach. Flaherty aided him. In a few minutes only the principals in the affair were left in the center of a wider and more subdued circle of spectators.

Flaherty came back and took a paper from the inside of his helmet. "Gi' me yer names an' addresses," he ordered; and "Pocky," knowing that this was an empty formality, winked stealthily at his confederates.

Flaherty wrote down the information with solemnity. "Now yuh can go," he said. "Gi' me them flowers."

Leech ducked and ran. The teacher assumed his sternest class-room manner. "I hope that this may be a lesson to you," he said to Flaherty. "As a result—as a direct result—of youah failyuh to protect us, we wah compelled to buy protection from those young rascals. You see wheah the thing is bound to end ultimately. In a community wheah a man has to buy his rights, he will invariably buy moah than his rights. It's inevitable."

Flaherty had listened thus far—swallowing wrathfully—with his helmet in his hand. He clapped it on his head. "G' on," he broke in. "Get out o' here er I'll run y' in. Shake yerself, now. Yuh're as bad as he is. He wouldn't 've stole if yuh hadn't paid him. G' on! Chase yerself!"

"Pah!" Gray said disgustedly. "Come, Stewaht! We can do nothing with these people!"

He stalked off with his pupil. Flaherty pointed after him. "*What* d' yuh think o' that?" he asked the other officer. "*What* d' yuh think o' that?"

The latter shook his head. "Search ***me.***"

Flaherty regarded him for a moment, with the troubled eyes of a government that has refused to be "paternalistic" in a quarrel, and has been scored by both parties to the issue.

"This 's a gay life," he muttered, rubbing his forehead. "I wish to hell I was out of it."

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SALLY CASTLETON, *Southerner*

by CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

AUTHOR OF "THE ISLE OF DEAD SHIPS," "OUT OF RUSSIA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Toward the close of the Civil War two young Southern girls, Sally and 'Genie Castleton, daughters of a Confederate general, are left alone, with one old negro servant, in their home in the Shenandoah. The war is pressing close, and a letter is brought from General Castleton, bidding the girls start for Richmond at once. But before they can get off, Philip Byrd, 'Genie's boy lover, gallops up with important despatches for Lee, and falls unconscious from his horse. First forwarding the despatches, the sisters and the old negro care for Philip until, suddenly, Yankee horsemen sweep up the valley and surround the house. In frantic fear for Philip, they rouse him to consciousness and hide him in a huge box-stove. Immediately the Federal officers take possession. Presently Philip's horse is found dead in the stable, and when all of the Yankee general's questions are persistently evaded, he orders the girls to their room. Toward evening, Captain Frank Radcliffe, bound for Richmond on secret-service duty, arrives with orders from Grant: the general is to make an attack on the Confederate lines in order to slip Radcliffe through. The Yankee forces leave at once to execute the order; and immediately afterward the Castleton sisters and Philip, who has overheard all the enemy's plans from his hiding-place in the stove, set out to give warning. Not long after they reach the Confederate camp at Tye, Radcliffe, posing as a Northern trader, arrives at Rockfish, is taken in charge by a Confederate officer, and hears a telegraphic message which reports his arrest as a spy. He is sent on to Tye, where Philip Byrd fails to identify him with certainty, and Radcliffe is temporarily released, with the promise of a pass to Richmond. Meantime, Sally, who had seen Radcliffe at Castleton farm, is summoned to Confederate headquarters and asked to accept Radcliffe's escort to Richmond for 'Genie and herself, in order to watch his movements. Sally protests in horror, but finally consents. On the two days' journey the strong interest Radcliffe and Sally have felt for each other from the first moment deepens to love, and Sally's horror of her task increases. After they pass the outer defenses of Richmond, Radcliffe secretly lames his horse, in the hope of getting the girls to go on and leave him outside the city. But Sally, suspicious, refuses, and the party applies for accommodation at a near-by house. Here Radcliffe, who knows that his host is an accomplice, identifies himself by giving the countersign of the Federal spies in Richmond.

CHAPTER XV—CONTINUED.

"I CAME as quickly as I could," said Radcliffe. "Have you anything for me?

The old man shook his head. "Ain't had a thing since they hung Avery."

Radcliffe drew his breath sharply. "It's true, then!" he exclaimed. "They did get Avery! We heard rumors, but——"

"Got him and Jackson. Got Jackson first. Lord God! I didn't sleep for a week afterward. My neck ain't felt just right yet. But here's the stable. Come on in. There ain't nobody on the place—no niggers or nothin'. We c'n talk safe enough."

The old man led the way into the stable and helped Radcliffe put up the horses. Meanwhile, Radcliffe talked.

"We heard that two of our men had been caught and hanged," he said. "We didn't know which two, but we guessed it must have been Avery and Jackson because they were the two you knew and we didn't get anything more through you. We've got another man in Richmond, and I've come down to get some information we think he has and to put you in communication with him. I must do it without the knowledge of the young ladies who are with me. They are both Confederates to the core, and would denounce you or me without hesitation. I shall want your help. It's dangerous—deadly dangerous, for I'm sure I am suspected and watched. Do you —volunteer?"

The old man fingered his shriveled neck. "Well!" he observed slowly. "It sho'ly does make my throat sore to think about it. But I'm some old an' I might as well go that way as any. I reckon I owe it to the Union, anyway. As for Mary—well, Mary's willin'. So, if you need help, I guess you've just naturally got to have it."

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STEP BY STEP SHE FORCED HERSELF TO MOVE TOWARDS HIM, UNTIL SHE STOOD ABOVE THE BED.

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CHAPTER XVI

The night was far gone, and to all appearances the Jefferson household was wrapped in slumber. The lights were all out, and measured breathing came from more than one of the chambers that opened on the big up-stairs hall.

But the stillness and darkness were deceptive. As the last stroke of four from a clock down-stairs died away, one of the doors in the hall opened and Sally's face peered out. All night long she had watched, fighting off her deadly weariness by sheer will-power. "I am a sentry," she told herself again and again. "Sentries that go to sleep at their post are shot. I will *not* go to sleep. I will *not* go to sleep."

Very certain was she that the stop at Jefferson's had not come about by chance. She felt certain that Radcliffe had planned to meet his fellow-conspirators—that meeting which she had been sent on this long ride to witness. They were barely three miles from Richmond, within the outer line of the fortifications, and to Sally it seemed easy for Radcliffe's fellow-conspirators to visit him. If the meeting took place without her knowledge, the main reason for her trip would have come to naught. On the other hand, if she made a single false move, Radcliffe might be alarmed and might give up his enterprise even at that eleventh hour. That, too, would be failure. In either event nothing would remain for the Confederates except to arrest Radcliffe and hang him. Her heart stood still at the thought.

The only thing she could think of was to spend the entire night watching the door of Radcliffe's room. Pretending anxiety for his comfort, she had gone far beyond the bounds of good manners in insisting on inspecting the room where he was to sleep; and once in it, she had scandalized both 'Genie and her hostess by examining the windows and trying the doors and peering into the closets. The fact that all the rooms opened on the outer hall and seemed to have no means of access to the ground floor except by the stairs that ran down from near her own door comforted her a little; but her anxiety rose as she noticed that the windows of Radcliffe's room were not impossibly high above the ground.

How was she to know if he should slip through one of them and make off through the night to some rendezvous?

She could think of but one way. If she saw any reason to suspect that he was gone, she would rouse the house on one pretext or another and at least force the disclosure of his absence.

Luckily such action proved to be unnecessary. Radcliffe had gone to bed leaving his door not merely unlocked but also ajar. Hour after hour Sally had crept barefooted across the hall and listened at the door to the faint sound of his breathing.

The four strokes of the clock startled her and brought her to her feet, staring around confusedly. In a moment, however, she realized where she was and realized, too, that she had been dozing. On the threshold she paused, listening; behind her, from the bed, came 'Genie's soft, regular breathing. Then, silent as a shadow, she slipped across the hall, ghostlike in the faint gleam of the moon.

At Radcliffe's door she paused, listening. No faintest sound come from the room, and her heart contracted in fright. Could he have gone while she dozed? At any rate she must know.

Hand on the knob she stood, quaking. The beating of her heart almost choked her. Then inch by inch she pushed back the door till the crack yawned into an opening wide enough for her slender body.

The room was dark, but not so dark as she had expected to find it. A faint glow of moonlight, sifting through the honeysuckles that almost filled the window, fell across the floor and on the bed, where the bed covers were heaped above a motionless form.

Breathlessly she leaned toward him, straining her eyes. Was it indeed he? Or was it a dummy put there to deceive? Had the door been left open to give her the chance to fool herself into believing that he was still there? She must be sure. She could not go back to her own room and leave that question unanswered.

She took a step forward and stopped. Light as her tread was, its sound seemed ear-piercing to her overstrained nerves. The pulsations in her throat choked her and the ringing in her ears made them at once deaf to outside noises and madly acute to her own movements.

But she must go on. Step by step she forced herself to move across the floor till she stood above the bed.

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Even then she was not sure, for the face of the sleeper was buried in the pillow and was half hidden by the high-pulled sheets. She must move them enough to see.

Light as a rose leaf her slender fingers slipped down till they touched the edge of the coverlet. Gently they closed on it and tried to lift it. It yielded, held by the weight of the sleeper's head, but coming slowly away in her hand. Inch by inch it moved till at last it revealed the face beneath.

Unmistakably it was Radcliffe. Even in the misty moonlight she knew his curly light-brown hair, his close-set ear, the curve of his cheek and chin, half buried as they were in the pillow. He was there! And it was past four o'clock. A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over the girl. She had been needlessly suspicious, she decided. The stop at Jefferson's had really been an accident. Radcliffe had no intention of meeting any one that night; he was resting —as she might be—for the toil of the morrow. Silently she tiptoed from the room and drew the door shut behind her; and silently she stole to her own room. She would stay on post till dawn, because it was her duty, but she would be uneasy no longer.

It was well for her peace of mind that she could no longer see behind Radcliffe's door. Scarcely had she passed into the hall when he sat up and slipped softly from the bed. Simultaneously the door to the adjoining room opened and old Jefferson entered. Swiftly and silently, without a word, the two changed places, Jefferson slipping into Radcliffe's bed and pulling the sheet about his ears, and Radcliffe slipping into the other room and closing the door behind him.

At the back of the other room stood Mrs. Mary Jefferson, illumined by a narrow streak of moonlight that came in at a door which stood ajar. Silently she beckoned to Radcliffe. As he came to her side she pointed to an armful of clothes that lay upon a chair and then to the outer door.

Radcliffe caught up the clothes and slipped through the opening, which closed silently behind him. He found himself at the top of a flight of narrow steps that ran down the outside of the building, as in many Virginia houses, like a fire-escape on a city building. An instant he stood peering into the black shadows of the yard, then, his heart hammering, he began a cautious descent.

At the foot of the steps he paused to slip on the ragged coat and trousers the old woman had given him. Half fearing that he was being watched, he sped toward the outbuildings, keeping in the shadow and avoiding the moonlight. He skirted the barn, plunged into the woods beyond, then increased his speed, following a faint cross-road until the dim bulk of a light wagon, loaded with vegetables, and a patient horse standing with hanging head between the thills, loomed in the dim light ahead of him.

He climbed boldly into the seat and took the reins, at the same time slipping a soiled bandage about his bare head and putting his arm into a hastily tied sling. As he raised the lines and clucked to the horse, there was a faint sound in the bushes at the side of the road. Radcliffe knew that to go deliberately ahead was his only chance. He fought down the desire to turn his head and peer into the bushes, spoke once more to the horse, and drove out into the waning moonlight.

CHAPTER XVII

As his horse plodded along through the woods, the spy's nerves were tense as he waited and listened for more sounds. He did not fear attack; he feared only that the Confederates might not have been thrown off the track.

After a few moments, during which the woods on both sides of the narrow road were intensely still, the timber gave place to open country, and Radcliffe drew a sigh of relief. No sooner, however, was he freed from the fear of the noiseless watchers of the woods than he faced a more concrete danger. A short distance ahead of him a dim line, too straight-ruled to be a low hill or a patch of scrub, bulked across his path. He was in sight of the inner fortifications!

At a glance he saw that they were even stronger than the outer line. Not only was the only entrance by a similar twisting road, but the earthworks were doubly protected, being reenforced by a triple line of abattis, formed of trees cut down and laid with jagged branches pointing outward. Entangled in them, men and horses could be shot down at ease by riflemen safe behind the ramparts.

His horse halted of itself beside a sentry

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and an officer standing with a lighted lantern. Mechanically Radcliffe drew a paper from his pocket and handed it over—a permit for "William Colfax" to bring market produce into the city.

The officer scanned it, then looked up. "You're not William Colfax," he objected sharply.

Radcliffe shook his head. "No, suh," he answered. "I ain't Will Colfax. I'm his brother Tom. I'm back home on furlough gitting well of this arm and head. The Yankees sho'ly did pump it into me hard. Will ain't well this mornin', an' I'm a-drivin' his stuff into the market. I'm a-comin' right out again, suh!"

"All right!" The officer handed the paper back and waved the wagon on. He examined hundreds of permits every morning, and he did the work automatically. There was little danger at the inner line of defenses, and apparently he had received no orders to keep a special lookout on this particular day.

Radcliffe drove on. As soon as he was away from the ramparts, he urged his horse to greater speed, overtaking and passing many other wagons bound on the same errand as his own ostensible one. As he went on, the road changed slowly from a country highway to a city street. Houses loomed up through the dim light, and patches of sidewalk began to appear. The signs of city life multiplied fast till his horse's hoofs clattered on the cobbles and he knew that he was in the Confederate capital at last.

Few people were abroad. All around him the dim houses slept, dark and silent, filled, as Radcliffe knew, chiefly with women and children and servants. The men were all away. Down one dim street and up another he hastened, turning on his path with sudden haste, circling a block now and again, trying in every way to discover whether he was followed. Satisfied at last that no one was on his track, he turned abruptly into a tree-bordered cross-street and halted before a high-stooped house with white columns.

Climbing from the wagon, he lifted a crate from its interior, hoisted it upon his shoulders, and mounted to the door, where he set down his burden and jangled the bell and hammered on the wood with the butt of his whip.

At last a window opened and a gruff voice challenged him. "Who the devil's that?"

Radcliffe looked up. "I'm a-lookin' foh Mr. Carter, suh," he explained. "I got some garden stuff here that Mr. Adams done sent him from the country. Are you Mr. Carter, suh?"

"Yes, certainly. I'm Carter. But I don't know anybody named Adams. You sure you're looking for me?"

"Yes, suh! Powerful sure, suh. Better come down an' git it. It's mighty good eatin', suh!"

A short laugh came from the windows above. "I reckon you've got the wrong Carter," said the voice, "but food is too scarce nowadays to be refused when it's thrown at you. I'll be down."

Radcliffe waited while bolts were drawn and locks turned and the door opened. Then he picked up the crate. "Got some mighty fine chickens foh you, suh," he said. "It's a good ways they've come, too, Mr. Carter, a good ways."

Carter started. "How far?" he asked casually.

"From Washington to Richmond. An' if you don't want 'em, they'll have to go back again."

Carter seemed stricken dumb for a moment. Then his dry lips moved. "You're sure you're on the right road?" he inquired.

"Quite sure, Mr. Carter. I'll give you Andrew Jackson's toast. 'The Federal Union'—" he paused.

"'It must and shall be preserved.' Come in quick, for God's sake."

Radcliffe entered. "I'll take these here chickens to the kitchen foh you, suh," he offered loudly. Then in a lower tone: "Have you anything for me? Quick!"

"Not here!" Carter wrung his hands. "The papers are at the State Department. Oh, what a misfortune! I can't get them for three hours."

Radcliffe's lips tightened. "That's bad," he said. "I'm suspected—watched. I think I've managed to elude the watchers this time, but I can't do it again. Can you send the papers to me at my hotel—the Exchange?"

"Not the Exchange. I haven't any connection there. At the Spotswood it's different. Go to the Spotswood and—but—but—can you go there?" Mr. Carter's eye roved hesitatingly over Radcliffe's clothes.

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DAY WAS BREAKING AS, UNHINDERED, RADCLIFFE PASSED THE BARRIER.

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"Easily! I'm in disguise now, but I'll be presentable later. How'll you get them to me?"

"There's a boy there—a Northern darky. His name's Tom. He came down here with me early in the war. I got him in as bell-boy. He's a nigger, but he's whiter than most white men. He'll give them to you. How long will you stay in Richmond?"

"No longer than I must."

"Can you stay till to-night? There's another paper—an enormously important paper—that I have been afraid to steal. I can get it to you by supper-time if you can wait for it."

Radcliffe hesitated. "Is it worth it?" he questioned. "I'm suspected, I tell you! I *may* have been seen coming here. The risk will be terrible for both of us!"

Perspiration stood on Carter's forehead. "I know it!" he gasped. "God! Don't I know it. But I swore to do my duty without fear. The paper is worth any risk! You'll wait?"

"Yes, I'll wait!"

"Good! Till supper-time only. If you hear nothing from me by then, you'll know I've been caught and you needn't wait any longer. What's your name?"

"Radcliffe. Frank Radcliffe. Quick, now! Give me the names and addresses of half a dozen people who live near here. Anybody! It doesn't matter. Write them down."

"For what?"

"To try to protect you. No time to explain now. Write them down here, on this piece of paper. Not friends of ours, you know—anybody!"

Carter snatched at a scrap of paper and a pencil and scribbled madly for a moment. "There! Will that do?" he questioned.

"Yes." Radcliffe had been speaking swiftly and low; now he raised his voice. "I reckon you'll find them chickens all right, suh!" he said. "I got to hurry 'cause I got a lot of other truck to deliver. Mr. Adams done sent presents to a whole lot of people. Good mornin', suh!"

"Good morning!"

Radcliffe went down the steps and climbed into his wagon. Then, as swiftly as he might, he drove to one after another of the addresses on Carter's list, delivering at one a bag of potatoes, at another some eggs, at a third a few chickens, and so on, alleging that all came from the mythical Adams. At last, with an empty wagon, he started to retrace his way to the Jefferson place.

Day was breaking as, unhindered, he passed the barrier. With the dawn, a wind had sprung up, fresh, strong, invigorating; and the swaying trees flashed their million leaves in welcome to the rising sun. Gold was flushing the sky as he hurried up the steps and slipped through the unlatched door into Jefferson's room and thence into his own.

As he entered, the clock struck seven. Almost simultaneously there came a tap on his door.

"Mr. Radcliffe!" called a voice. "Mr. Radcliffe!"

Radcliffe stopped in the middle of the floor, gesturing for silence to Jefferson, who was just rising from the bed.

"Eh! What! Is that you, Miss Castleton?" he asked, in sleepy tones.

"Yes." Relief spoke in the girl's voice. "I'm sorry to wake you, but I think we'd better get started."

CHAPTER XVIII

It was late when the travelers reached the barrier on their way into the city. Despite the desire of all three to hasten, they had been delayed by numerous small details, chief among which was the necessity of giving Prince's shoulder another rubbing down, as a precaution against any return of his "lameness." At last, however, they got under way, and ten o'clock saw them passing the barrier.

The number of soldiers at the entrance was much smaller than it had been at the outer line, but the press of traffic in and out was much greater. Ammunition wagons, returning from the outposts to be refilled at the ordnance depots, lurched heavily over the worn planks that gave the road its name; orderlies and aides galloped recklessly in and out; batteries bumped past; a column of weather-beaten soldiers, some bandaged and all tattered, filled the road as they tramped beneath shot-torn battle-flags.

It was all new to the girls and even to Radcliffe, and all three watched it interestedly, Radcliffe alert and ready for emergencies; 'Genie frankly curious and wildly excited by her first visit to the city since childhood; Sally watchful for any signal that might indicate that her task had been

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completed and that the heavy burden she had borne had been assumed by stronger shoulders.

Soon she received one. From behind a wagon drawn up at the side of the road a hand signaled her, and she quietly slipped out of line, letting 'Genie and Radcliffe go forward to meet a nervous lieutenant who, with his arm in a sling, was examining the passes of all who entered.

Beside the wagon she found Philip. "It's all right, Miss Sally!" he said hurriedly. "We'll take charge now. You are relieved from duty. Get rid of the man as soon as you like."

Sally drew a long breath. For an instant she felt that she had been freed from an enormous burden; the next she felt another settling down upon her. The task of leading Radcliffe to his death was finished; but the task of saving him was yet to be begun.

She leaned over. "Where is father?" she asked. "Is he still in town?"

"Don't know!" The boy shook his head. "I haven't had a minute to inquire. You'll find out at Mrs. Mason's, I reckon."

With a nod of comprehension Sally rode on, ranging alongside Radcliffe just as he handed their papers to the officer in charge.

The latter scanned them curiously and folded them up. "Pass," he said.

Radcliffe demurred. "Don't we get our passes back?" he questioned. "You'll notice that mine reads between Tye and Richmond. It's a round-trip affair, good either way. I don't suppose I'll want it again, but I might."

"Can't help it, suh!" The officer folded the paper and put it into his pocket. "Can't help it. Orders are to take up all passes carried by people coming to town. You'll have to get another one to go out."

"Oh, all right!" Radcliffe shrugged his shoulders and lifted his reins. "When you're ready, ladies," he said.

He turned to the girls and found Sally ready. 'Genie, however, was sitting high in the saddle, craning her neck to see over the vehicles that blocked the roadway. At Radcliffe's call she hesitated, but finally followed. An instant later, however, she leaned over to Sally.

"Sally! Sally!" she whispered. "Isn't that Philip yonder?—there! back of those soldiers! Look! Quick! Oh! he's gone!"

Sally shook her head. "Oh, I reckon not," she said calmly. "If it were, he would have joined us. Come along."

In an instant they were through the barrier, riding down the long, straight road that led without a turn or a break into the heart of the city.

As they rode on, the roadway and later the streets grew more and more crowded. Newsboys peddled flimsy newspapers filled with rhodomontade about "gallant defenders" and academic discussions of the right of secession, but singularly empty of news from the battles that for weeks had been raging not twenty miles away.

To Radcliffe the city seemed careless or ignorant of its impending doom. The people either would not or could not realize the power of the coils that were tightening around them. Despair may have been at their hearts, but it did not show in their faces. They were thin, and Radcliffe knew that many of them must be hungry, but they laughed while they starved and showed cheerful faces while they buried their dead.

The three did not have very long to watch the scenes, however, for their route soon led them into an unfrequented cross street, up which they rode northward for perhaps a quarter of a mile, finally turning in at a wide gate and cantering up a sweeping gravel drive toward a big, vine-clad house, half hidden among tall trees.

Around the half dozen acres that the place contained there ran a high wall, against which roses straggled—great, spicy roses with golden hearts and frilled cinnamon leaves. The grass was long and unkempt; it ran out into the gravel walks; it reached up toward the sagging snowballs and bridal-wreath. Nearer the house, in smaller beds, verbenas mingled with purple flags, and early phlox ran riot. Rowdy, tumultuous, undisciplined growth was everywhere—growth freed from restraint, choking the once-ordered exactitude of the garden just as weeds choked the wider fields. Nature was claiming her own again.

Birds welcomed the return of the wild. Song sparrows twittered in chorus among the leafy boughs. Cardinal-birds flitted like streaks of flame across the road. Yellow-headed flickers clung like patches of cretonne to tree trunks, their swift tapping resounding through the air. From somewhere sounded the liquid notes of a Southern mocking-bird.

An old negro met the three as they rode up to the horse-block, and took the bridles

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of the girls' horses; then stood bowing, evidently charged with a message.

"Walk up on de po'ch, ladies! Walk up on de po'ch, sah!" he invited. "Mis' Mason's mighty sorry not to be here to receive you, ma'am, mighty sorry! She say foh you to make yo'selves at home, ma'am, and she'll be back as soon as she possibly can."

The girls listened with some misgiving.

"When do you expect her back, uncle?" asked Sally.

The story came out. Mrs. Mason had received word the day before that her husband had been badly wounded at Petersburg, and she had hurried there. Her return, of course, depended on the colonel's condition; if he could be moved she would bring him home with her; if he could not, she would remain with him. Meanwhile Uncle Ben was in charge, commissioned to put the place and everything in it unreservedly at the service of the expected guests.

"Dey ain't much to put," concluded the old man. "Mos' all the niggers done run away, 'ceptin' dem dat Mis' Mason took along to drive de coach and bring back de colonel. But it's all at yo' service, ma'am, sich as 'tis."

"But my father? Where is he?"

"Gin'rul Castleton? He done had to go to de war, ma'am. He took it pow'ful hard dat he couldn't wait foh you, ma'am; pow'ful hard. He done lef' a letter. It's on de mantelpiece in de parlor. If you'll walk in de house, I'll take dese yere horses to de stable." He reached out for the bridle of Radcliffe's horse.

But the young man shook his head. "Not mine, uncle," he said. "I'm not going to stay. I'll bid you good-by now, ladies."

Sally's face blanched. The moment had come! He was going—going to his death. She was sure of it. Enemies were all around him. He could not escape. And it was her doing. She had brought him there. And now she was to take his hand and say a casual good-by and let him go, unwarned! How could she do it! How could she—with the memory of his kisses warm on her lips! Desperately she longed for a few words alone with him.

'Genie, reading the longing in her eyes, suddenly thrust into the conversation. "Good-by, Mr. Radcliffe," she said in light tones. "Thank you so much for your escort."

Radcliffe's lips twitched. He reached out for the small bag the girl carried. "Mayn't I take your—er—baggage into the house?" he asked.

'Genie flushed. "No, thank you!" She clutched the bag tighter.

Radcliffe smiled. "The ridiculous child," he thought, "with her bag of love-letters. And yet, is she so ridiculous? God knows!" Aloud he added: "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" 'Genie turned her back and walked to the porch. At the top of the steps she sat down and began to rock to and fro, fanning herself in conspicuous inattentiveness to what Radcliffe and her sister might be saying.

The interlude had enabled Sally to pull herself together, and when Radcliffe turned to her again she was able to speak. Yet what was there to say to him? What could she say to this man who was going into mortal danger of which she could not in honor warn him?

"I—we—have not really thanked you for your escort, Mr. Radcliffe," she said with stiff lips. "We—I—hope you will not leave Richmond without giving us a chance to see you once more and—make proper acknowledgments for your kindness."

Radcliffe shook his head. "Don't!" he begged. "Don't even pretend. The past two days are ours. Whatever the future holds—ah, Sally, there is but one thing it can hold!"

Sally's face did not brighten. Rather, she grew paler, and her eyes widened. "This—this isn't good-by, is it?" she gasped piteously. "You—you will not try to leave Richmond without letting me know?"

Radcliffe shook his head. "Not without letting you know," he answered. "And not at once, in any event. But you know how uncertain my plans are."

Sally gasped. Uncertain! If he *knew* how deadly certain his future was! "Then you—you won't go without seeing me—us—again? Promise me!"

"Willingly! Gladly! Come what may, I'll come back to say good-by! You know it."

Sally drew her breath sharply. She felt like one reprieved. For a time at least, as long as he did not try to leave town, he would not be arrested, unless his confederate was caught.

"Don't you know it?" he asked again, smiling.

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SUDDENLY THE BAG OPENED, AND A TORRENT OF LETTERS FELL TO THE FLOOR.
GENIE'S FACE FLUSHED RED AS FIRE.

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"Yes, I know it." Sally's voice came from far away. "I shall see you again soon. Yes, I am sure of it. I shall see you—once more—before—before—oh! I can't let you go unwarned! I can't! I can't!"

"Unwarned!" he looked at her sharply, searchingly, while she hung her head. A perfect torrent of doubts, suspicions, wild thoughts rushed into his brain. He stood motionless, looking at her, trying to get a grip on his own thoughts.

Then abruptly he understood everything, sensed to the depths the terrible anguish of the girl before him. For a moment his face turned deadly white, his body shook; then he summoned every ounce of his strength. There was one thing he could spare her, at any rate. He forced a laugh that rang in his own ears like mockery.

"You exaggerate my danger," he said in what he strove to make a light tone. "I'm not popular with your friends, I'll admit, but I'm valuable, and that makes me safe. I'll come back to you safe and sound. I promise."

"But I must tell you——!"

"Some other time," he broke in quickly. "The President and Cabinet of the Confederate States of America are waiting for me," he said with another little laugh, "and you mustn't make me keep them waiting. Good-by!"

Before the girl could interpose, Radcliffe had swung himself lightly to the saddle and was bending down, holding out his hand.

"Good-by!" he repeated.

"Good-by! Oh! I can't——"

"Yes! You can! Good-by!"

Touched by the spur, Prince reared, plunged, and sprang forward. Radcliffe looked back, smiling and waving his hat, till the trees and the entrance gate shut Sally from his view.

CHAPTER XIX

Despairingly Sally stood on the gravel walk and watched Radcliffe ride away. "He wouldn't let me tell him!" she moaned. "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" Her slender fingers clasped and unclasped themselves.

She had done her part, had brought him past every avenue of escape, had seen his chances for life and liberty vanish one by one; and at last had seen him ride away jauntily into peril of which, to the best of her belief, he did not, could not, dream. Surely she had done all that could be asked of her. Surely she was free at last to do what she could to save his life.

No! She could not act yet. When the secret agent at the capital had been caught, she might claim some credit for her part in his capture and on the strength of it might ask that her lover be held as a prisoner of war. Meanwhile she must rest and be fresh for the struggle which she saw ahead of her.

Abruptly she became aware that 'Genie was calling to her from the porch. She looked at the girl blankly. "Yes! Oh! Er—yes! Did you say something, 'Genie?" she questioned vaguely.

"Say something? Good gracious, Sally! What's the matter with you? I've been talking a blue streak for ten minutes, and you want to know whether I've been saying something. You've been acting perfectly crazy for two or three days—ever since you met that Radcliffe man. Thank goodness, he's gone, and I hope he'll never come back!"

Sally smiled sadly. "He'll come back!" she declared. "Oh, yes! He'll come back. He said he would, and he will."

"Humph!" The younger girl's teeth shut with a snap. "Well! There's no need to stand gazing down the road where he vanished. Do come into the house."

"Very well, little sister, I'll come."

With dragging feet Sally followed 'Genie into the house and down the corridor to the door of the parlor. So faint and weak was she from her all-night vigil and from the sudden breaking of the strain under which she had been living that she did not even raise her eyes to see into what surroundings she was going.

Then suddenly she heard 'Genie give a joyful squeal and looked up to see Philip Byrd rising to greet them. Close behind him stood George.

'Genie darted forward, catching the young officer by both hands. "Oh! Philip! Philip!" she cried. "I'm so glad to see you. And George, too! Oh! I've missed you so!"

Philip's face flushed with pleasure. "Have you really missed me?" he exclaimed. "Have you really?"

But 'Genie had slipped past and was

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shaking hands with George. In a moment, however, she looked back. "Missed you! I should think I had!" she declared. "I'd miss anybody after traveling two days with that poky Mr. Radcliffe that Sally thinks is so grand."

"Oh! Yes!" Philip did not seem especially delighted at the compliment. He reached out his hand to Sally. "He's rather a fine fellow, isn't he, Sally?" he asked. "It's too bad we've got to hang him!"

"Hang him?" 'Genie's mouth dropped open. "Good gracious, Philip Byrd! What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"He's a Yankee spy, 'Genie. We've been watching him," Philip explained. "Sally took charge of him on the trip from Tye."

"Sally! Did Sally know he was a spy?" 'Genie's eyes were big.

The elder girl sighed wearily. "Yes, I knew, dear," she answered.

"It was this way, 'Genie," Philip struck in hastily. "He is the spy that I told you about—the one I heard about while I was in that dog-goned old stove. They caught him at Rockfish the next morning." Rapidly he sketched the details and explained why it had been necessary to watch Radcliffe and yet not to alarm him so that he would not lead them to his accomplices in Richmond. "And he's done it!" he finished triumphantly.

'Genie did not join in the triumph. She was staring at Sally as if she had never seen her before. "Did you know he would be hanged, Sally?" she questioned in awed tones.

"Yes! I knew!"

"And you—and you—" she faltered and broke off.

Sally, meeting her eye, knew that that last embrace at the edge of the wood had not passed unseen. "Yes." she said. "Yes, I did it. I did it for the South! And I would do it again!"

"You did just right, Miss Sally," Philip spoke stoutly. "And you didn't do Radcliffe one mite of harm. He was doomed from the first. But you did help us to catch the infernal traitors who have been giving away our secrets ever since the war began."

But Sally shook her head. "You're mistaken, Philip," she said gently. "I have done nothing yet. Mr. Radcliffe communicated with no one on the way here."

"Oh! didn't he, though?" The boy's face flushed. "I thought you knew. You —you mustn't feel too badly about it, but Radcliffe gave you the slip last night and came into town."

Sally's cheeks flamed with sudden color. "It's not true!" she cried. "It's not true. I watched beside his door all night long—yes, 'Genie, I did—I watched all night and once—once—" the girl's voice faltered, but she went on—"once I went into his room and stood above him as he slept. He was there. I saw him in the moonlight. You are wrong. He saw no one last night!"

The other two were staring at her in astonishment. "You didn't go into his room!" cried the boy, incredulously. "Lord! That took nerve. But he fooled you all the same. We knew where you were and we had men all round Jefferson's house. Radcliffe came out about half-past four. He came down the stairs at the back of the house—outside the house, you know. He got into a wagon that old Jefferson had fixed for him and drove into town. We had people watching for him every foot of the way. He had a forged marketman's pass. I watched him as he drove by the barrier. It was he, all right. When he got into town he went to eight houses and left presents of food at each. The traitor must live in one of those eight houses! We're not certain in which one yet. Some big men live in those houses! Lord! I'd be afraid to tell you how big they are. None of them has even been suspected. But one of them is the traitor. We're watching them all, and we'll get the right one soon."

"How?"

"Well!" The boy's face fell. "He's almost certain to give himself away. You see, we're guessing that Radcliffe hasn't got what he wants yet. If he hasn't, the traitor up on the hill will try to get it to him, and the minute he does he's a goner. Until he does make a move, we can't swoop down on Radcliffe without the risk of losing the other fellow. Of course if Radcliffe attempts to leave we'll know that he has got the stuff somehow, and we'll gather him in. And of course we'll grab old Jefferson at the same time. All we've got to do is to watch and wait."

"The odds are hard," Sally said—speaking her thought all but unconsciously.

Philip faced around almost angrily. "Good Lord!" he cried. "Of course they're

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heavy. Of course we're a hundred to one! This is war, Sally, war! Still, you're right in a way. It is hard. But—" he turned to Sally—"But you mustn't feel too badly about the matter, Sally. I understand your position. I remember what you said to Colonel Page. You think you're responsible. But you're not. We had Radcliffe cold before you ever saw him. In fact, you've kept him alive for two days; if you hadn't agreed to come with him, Colonel Page would have hanged him out of hand. And as for these Richmond fellows, you really hardly helped a bit. No, set your mind at ease. George, here, has done more than you have."

Philip's words were well meant. He wanted to lift from Sally's shoulders the responsibility of having brought about the death of two men. He did not know that the fate of the unknown secret agent at the capital did not have one feather's weight with her. And he did not know that she hoped to urge her aid in his capture as the basis of a plea for Radcliffe's life. He meant well, but his words fell one by one on Sally's heart as a knell of hope. If she had rendered no service, she could ask no reward. And Radcliffe must die!

Her brain buzzed. Strange noises rang in her ears. Feebly she put out her hand and caught at a chair. "I—I think I'll lie down," she breathed. "I'm tired!—so tired!" Blindly she staggered toward the stairs.

"You poor dear!" 'Genie's arm slipped around her and she half led, half supported her from the room.

"Wait, Philip! I'll be back," she whispered over her shoulder as she went up the stairs.

CHAPTER XX

When 'Genie came down again she found Philip alone, pacing soberly up and down the long parlor.

"Where's George?" she asked, looking around inquiringly.

"I sent him to get our horses from the back. There are practically no servants on the place, you know. Mrs. Mason took all the men but Uncle Ben with her. There's a maid or two up-stairs."

The girl nodded. "I found one," she said.

"Yes. I told them to wait up-stairs. How's Sally?"

"She's lying down. I hope she'll sleep. She's positively worn out."

"I hope she will. Think of her sitting up all night watching that fellow's door! She's behaved like a brick. She didn't want to do the thing, but she did. It must have been dreadfully hard on her, especially as I believe she likes the fellow."

'Genie caught her breath. "Likes him! Likes a Yankee!" she demanded. Whatever she had seen, she would make no admissions.

"Well, Radcliffe is mighty good-looking and mighty daring," Philip contended. "From what I've seen of him, I like him myself. But I'll help to hang him all the same." He paused. "I must go now," he added. "I'm on duty, you know."

"Oh, all right. If you must, you must." The girl stepped over to the table, evidently intending to pick up the small satchel which she had laid upon it.

But Philip was before her. He caught up the bag and held it out. Probably he unconsciously pressed the catch, for suddenly the bag opened and a torrent of letters fell to the floor.

'Genie's face flushed red as fire.

The boy paused, staring at the envelopes with a hopeless expression.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered slowly. "I didn't mean to open your bag. I had no intention of prying into your—your letters."

'Genie's face flamed hotter. "It was clumsy, clumsy!" she stormed.

"It was an accident. I greatly regret it. I can only ask your pardon—and congratulate you. I suppose congratulations are in order, if things have gone so far that you carry his letters around with you."

"Congratulate me! Don't be an idiot, Philip." 'Genie was a little frightened; in all the years she had known Philip she had never before seen him quite so dignified.

"I am not an idiot any longer, Miss Castleton! I have been one long enough. But you have cured me. I shall never trust a woman again. I wish you good day, Miss Castleton." Very erect and very cold, the lad turned to the door.

'Genie's face lengthened. "Stop!" she called. "Stop! Philip! Philip! Stop!"

At the threshold he paused. "Well, Miss Castleton?"

"Come back here! Come to the table. Come at once! Do you hear?"

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Slowly he turned and tramped heavily back to the table. "Well, Miss Castleton?" he asked again dully.

"Look at those letters!" 'Genie was furious now. "Look at them! Pick them up and look at them."

"I don't want to look at your letters——"

"I insist that you do so. Pick them up. Examine the signatures—and then apologize to me."

Slowly and unwillingly the boy looked down at the envelopes. Then his face changed and he snatched at the pile with both hands.

"Mine! Mine!" he gasped. "They're my own letters! All my own! Oh, 'Genie! 'Genie! can you forgive me?"

But 'Genie drew herself up haughtily. "And they're not love-letters," she insisted. "Admit it."

Philip hesitated. He was young, but boys mature fast in war times. "No," he said, slowly. "They weren't love-letters when I wrote them. They were just the letters of a boy to a dear girl friend. But they'll be love-letters hereafter! Mayn't they be love-letters, dear? I—I didn't know how I loved you till I thought somebody else had got you. Won't you let me write you love-letters, 'Genie?"

"You can if you want to. I can't stop you."

Philip caught at her hand. "And you'll marry me, won't you, sweetheart?" he begged. "Not right away, of course. A long time from now. Next month, perhaps!"

The girl snatched her hand away. "Good gracious!" she cried. "You're crazy! I'm too young to think of such things—" primly. "However, perhaps next year——"

"'Genie! Won't you marry me? In—in a week?"

"A week! Heavens! It'll be 'before supper' next. No! I won't marry you just now, Philip. You've got to go now, you know. Come along. No! No! I said no! Well, just one—I said *one*—Philip!"

Feet clattered in the hall, and the two sprang apart just as George appeared in the door. "Horses ready, sir," he reported, hand at cap.

"All right, George." Side by side the three walked to the porch. George ran down to the horses, but 'Genie stopped at the edge of the steps and looked up, hesitating.

"Philip!" she pleaded. "Please don't laugh, but I do so want to buy some things. Can't you take me down-town?"

Philip hesitated. "I'm afraid not, 'Genie," he answered reluctantly. "I'm on duty watching Radcliffe. Our men are following him now. I only stayed to see your sister and learn whether she had anything to tell us. There may be trouble when we grab him and——"

"Trouble!" 'Genie's tones were shot with sudden fear. "You mean he—he may fight?"

"Why, of course! Of course he'll fight. He'd rather die fighting than by a hangman's noose. So he'll fight—if he gets the chance."

"The chance?"

"Yes. We won't give him one if we can help it. If we can we'll jump on him and have him helpless before he knows what's up."

"Then why can't I——"

Philip broke in, answering the unfinished question. "Because we never can tell. We know what we want to do, but we don't know what Radcliffe will do. He's a powerful fellow, and we may have a hard time getting the better of him. You mustn't be anywhere near when the trouble comes."

'Genie's face was pale, and her eyes were strained. "And—and you've got to be there?" she faltered.

"Why, of course!"

'Genie sat down suddenly. Curiously she stared at the puzzled lad who stood above her.

"I am afraid," she gasped wonderingly. "Afraid! I've never been afraid before and I'm not afraid for myself now. I've got nothing to be afraid of for myself. I must be afraid for you. I don't understand it. I never was afraid for father. It never occurred to me that he might be hurt or killed. But you—oh! Philip! Philip! Must I always be afraid for you—now?"

Philip laughed nervously. "Oh, nonsense, 'Genie!" he exclaimed. "You don't want to be afraid for anybody. I'll be all right. Good-by!"

CHAPTER XXI

It was nearly noon when Radcliffe dismounted at a stable half a block from the Spotswood Hotel and led his horse through the open entrance.

"Feed and water this horse and rub him down," he ordered. "Send him to the Spotswood Hotel in about an hour. You

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needn't ask for me. Just walk him up and down the block at the side until I come out. Understand?"

"Certainly, suh."

"All right. I may bring him back to-night and I may not. I'll pay you now, in advance." Radcliffe drew out a roll of bills and handed one to the proprietor. Looking around him, he spied a small darky loafing in the doorway. "Here, boy!" he called. "You belong here?"

"Yas, sah!"

"Going to be here for an hour or so?"

"I reckon so, sah!"

"All right. You wait till this horse is ready. Then you take his bridle and lead him down to the Spotswood Hotel. If you don't see me, you walk up and down the block, half-way to one end and then half-way to the other. Keep on till I call you. Understand?"

"Yas, sah!"

"All right. You do it well and I'll give you a dollar."

The small darky's eyes bulged out. "I'll sho' do my bes', boss," he declared fervently.

Radcliffe strode over to the Spotswood, made his way to the desk, and wrote his name on the ink-stained register.

"I don't know how long I'll be here," he explained to the clerk. "I want dinner and a room, and probably I'll want supper. Can you accommodate me?"

The clerk could. He inspected the rack behind him, took out a key, and clanked it down upon the desk. "Front!" he called.

A coal-black negro sprang forward and took the key; then looked round inquiringly.

The clerk interpreted the glance. "Any baggage, suh?" he asked.

"What I've got on," returned Radcliffe, indifferently. "By the way, I want to send a letter to the Capitol. Is there any one that can take it for me?"

"Certainly, suh. I'll dispatch it foh you with pleasure, suh."

"Thank you." Radcliffe walked to the table in the writing-room and wrote a brief note, addressed to the Secretary of War, asking when he could be received to discuss a matter of great importance connected with the shipment of a large amount of cotton. This he put in an unsealed envelope and handed to the clerk. "Please send this at once," he requested. "And let me know the moment an answer comes."

"Certainly, suh."

Radcliffe turned away and followed the waiting boy up the flight of steps and down a long corridor laid with worn carpets to a door into whose lock his guide fitted the key.

An instant later he became conscious that the boy had followed him in and was holding out a thin packet of papers.

The concluding instalment of **"Sally Castleton, Southerner"** will appear in the October number.

THE CAMP-FIRE

BY ALICE BLAINE DAMROSCH

I see through drowsy, half-closed eyes
The sparks by twos and threes
Try to attain the distant skies,
And vanish through the trees
Like golden bees.

By twos and threes I watch their track;
The branches make great bars
Of black against the lesser black
Of heaven, and through those bars
I see the stars.

My eyes grow heavy, one more spark
Mounts upward; it will be
A new star out there in the dark
That gazes down on me
Unblinkingly.

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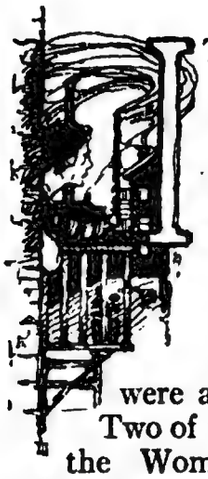
A New Political Wedge

The Way St Louis Women Drove a Nine-Hour Day into the Law

by

INIS H. WEED



IT WAS the evening before the state primaries—a sweltering first of August night in the tenement district of St. Louis, where the factory people eat their suppers and have their beds. Men in shirt-sleeves and women with babies sat on the steps for a breath of air, and the streets were a noisy welter of children.

Two of the most enthusiastic girls in the Women's Trade Union League stopped before the group silhouetted in the gaslight at No. 32 and handed the men in the group this card:

Republican Voters

It is the Women and Children that are the Victims of Manufacturers and Manufacturers Associations

and it is the

WORKING WOMAN AND CHILD

that demands your protection, at the

PRIMARIES, TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd

Scratch

E. J. TROY

Secretary St. Louis Manufacturers Association and run by them on the Republican Ticket for the Legislature in the 1st District

Comprising WARDS 10 11, 12, 13 and 24. Precincts 14 of the 10th WARD. Precincts 1, 2, 3 of the 23rd WARD. Precincts 1, 2 of the 25th WARD. Precincts 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13 of the 26th WARD. Precincts 1, 2, 3 of the 8th WARD.

"So yez would be afther havin' me scratch Misther Troy?" Mike Ryan ran his fingers through his stubby crop with a puzzled air. "O'im always fur plazin' the loidies, but Misther Troy, he's a frind o' mine. Shure, he shmokes a grand cigar, an' he shakes yer hand that hearty."

So Mike belonged to the long, long glad-hand line. Well, *personal* arguments were necessary in his case then. That was the way the girls sized up Mike Ryan.

"But this ticket has something to do with your oldest girl."

"With Briddie?"

"It sure does, Mr. Ryan. Didn't I hear your wife tellin' what with the hard times an' all, you'd be puttin' Briddie in the mill this winter as soon as ever she's turned fourteen? Wouldn't you rather they worked her nine hours a day instead o' ten—such a soft little kid with such a lot o' growin' to do? There's a lot of us goin' to fight for a Nine-Hour Bill for the women and children this winter, an' do you think a manufacturers' representative, like Troy, is goin' to help us? Look at his record! See how he's fought the employees' interests in the legislature! That's a part of his job! *He* won't vote for no Nine-Hour Bill!"

And the two girls went on to the next tenement.

They were only two of the hundreds of Trade Union girls who were "doing" the First Electoral District (about one-third of St. Louis) on the eve of the primaries. They were thorough. They had the whole district organized on the block system, and they went over each block house by house.

A new move, is it not, this carefully organized effort of factory women to secure justice through the ballot-box?

How have St. Louis women attained this clear vision that their industrial future is bound up in politics? It is a three years' story. Let us go back a little.

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St. Louis is essentially a conservative city. First, it was an old French town; then a Southern town; then a German tradesman's town. With such strata superimposed one above the other, it could hardly be other than conservative. In addition, St. Louis was crippled in the war between the states. She lost her market. This made her slow.

In the 'eighties, this old French-Southern-German city began to recover from the ruin of her Southern trade. Little by little she took heart, for the great Southwest was being settled. There was a new field in which to build up trade. To-day St. Louis is *the* great wholesale and jobbing depot, *the* manufacturing city for that vast stretch of territory known as the Southwest.

Since 1890, great fortunes have been amassed—most of them, indeed, in the past ten years. There has been a rapid growth of industry. The old Southern city has become a soft-coal factory center. A pall of smoke hangs over the center of the city where the factories roar and pound. In the midst of this gloom the workfolk are creating rivers of beer, carloads of shoes and woodenware, millions of garments and bags, and the thousand and one things necessary to fill the orders of hundreds of traveling salesmen in the Southwest territory—and in the South, too, for St. Louis is winning back some of her old-time trade.

"NICE TOWN TO LIVE IN"

And the toil of their lifting hands and flying fingers has wrought a golden age for the men who control the capital and the tools. The men who manage have been shaking hands in their clubs for the past decade and congratulating themselves and each other over their drinks. "Yes, St. Louis is a grand old business town. Solid! No mushroom real-estate booms, you know, but a big, steady growth. New plants starting every month and the old ones growing. Then, when we get our deep waterway, that's going to be another big shove toward prosperity.

"Nice town to live in, too! Look at our handsome houses and clubs and public buildings. Never was anything like our World's Fair in the history of men—never! Look at our parks, too. When we get 'em linked together with speedways, where'll you find anything prettier?" Thus the money-makers in this heavy German town.

But what about the employees—the clerks and the factory workers? Have they been "in" on this "big shove toward prosperity?" Have they found it a "nice" town to live in?

No, to each count. For the people at the bottom of the ladder—for the people who tend machines, dig ditches, and stand behind the notion counter—St. Louis is a smoky town, where people have gray lungs instead of pink; a town where franchise grabbing and an antiquated system of taxation have their consequence of more than New York city rents. A town whose slums, says Lee Frankel, are the worst in the country. A town where wages are low (in some occupations twenty-five per cent. lower than in New York City); where employment is irregular, the speeding-up tremendous, the number of women entering industry steadily increasing, and where the influx of immigrant labor is pulling down the wage scale and the standard of living.

HIGHER RENTS, LOWER WAGES THAN IN NEW YORK

The average wage of the shoe-workers in the East is $550 per year. In St. Louis it is $440 if work is steady—and rents are higher than in New York City.

It must be remembered that this sum is an average, and that thousands of shoe-workers earn less than $440, for full-time work. The same is true of thousands engaged in other kinds of manufacture and in department stores.

Somehow the town looks different from the two ends of the ladder.

The government of Missouri and St. Louis has been about as little adapted to the needs of the industrial worker as it well could be. Men have been concerned not so much with social justice as with government protection for money making schemes.

Business opportunity has depended much on *pliable state and municipal laws*. How the interests fought to keep them pliable; how St. Louis and Missouri became a world scandal in this steady growth to riches, we all know.

We know, too, the period of political reform. People thought the killing trouble in Missouri lay largely with the governmental machinery; and the optimists' faith in a state primary law, in the initiative and referendum as panacea, was white and shi-

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ning. *They did not see that the underlying problem is industrial.*

After the reform wave had spent itself, the crooked people who had kept out of jail crept from their holes and went back to their old job of beating the game. The only essential difference is that their methods to-day are less raw and crude. They play a more gentlemanly game; but the people are still robbed of their rights.

Thus it came to pass that when the cheerful optimist went to the cupboard to get his poor dog a bone, why, lo! the cupboard was bare.

Meantime the dog has taken up the struggle for social justice on his own account, not singly but in groups and packs. As yet, although a deal of snuffing, running to and fro, barking, yelping, and fighting has been done, little has been accomplished; for one reason, because labor has lacked great organizers in St. Louis.

It has remained for the working women of St. Louis to make the industrial idea effective and to reach out with united single purpose to bend the political bow for their protection.

The Women's Trade Union League, whose real general is Cynthelia Isgrig Knefler, the most dynamic woman in St. Louis, received its first impetus only three years ago in the idealism of a brilliant young Irish girl, Hannah Hennessy, who died at Thanksgiving, 1910, a victim of exhausting work in a garment shop and of her own tireless efforts to organize the working girls of her city.

A GIRL CRUSADER

Hannah Hennessy was sent by the Garment Workers' Union to the National Labor Convention of 1907 at Norfolk, Virginia. There she glimpsed for the first time the inevitable great world march of women following industry as machinery takes it out of the home and into the shop—saw these women, blind, unorganized, helpless to cope with the conditions offered by organized capital. The vision fired this Irish girl to a pitch of enthusiasm peculiar to the Celtic temperament. Back she came to St. Louis with the spirit of the Crusaders, her vision "the eight-hour day, the living wage to guard the home."

For the first time she saw the broken physical future of women who label three thousand five hundred bottles of beer an hour, and accept their cuts and gashes from the bursting bottles as inevitable; of women who put eyelets on a hundred cases of shoes a day, twenty-four pairs to the case; of women who must weave one thousand yards of hemp cloth a day to hold their job in a mill where the possible speed of woman and machine is so nicely calculated that the speediest person in the factory can weave only twelve hundred and sixty yards a day; where the lint from this hemp fills the air and is so injurious to eyes and throat that the company furnishes medical attendance free.

WOMEN FOR WOMEN

To undertake the huge task of organizing these thousands of St. Louis women would require not only vision but time and energy. Hannah's return meant being engulfed in the vast roar made by rows of throbbing, whirring machines, into one of which she sewed her vitality at dizzy speed ten hours a day. Vision she had, but training, time, energy—no!

It was at this point that she met Cynthelia Isgrig Knefler, a leisure-class young woman, who had been gripped by a sense of the unevenness of the human struggle. Cynthelia Knefler was groping her way through the maze of settlement activities to an appreciation of their relative futility in the face of long hours, low wages, and unsanitary shops.

Then the idealism of these two young women, born on the one hand of hard experience, on the other of a gentle existence, fused, and burned with a white light whose power is beginning to touch the lives of the women who toil and spin for the great Southwest.

Both women possessed fire and eloquence. Hannah's special contribution was first-hand experience; Mrs. Knefler's the knowledge of economic conditions necessary to an understanding of our complicated labor problems. Wise, sane, conservative, Mrs. Knefler not only helped Hannah to organize branch after branch of the Women's Trade Union League in the different industries, but set out at once to train strong, intelligent leaders. She stimulated them to a critical study of labor laws with the evolution of industry for background.

Night after night for two years Mrs.

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Knefler and Hannah were out organizing groups of girls. Mrs. Knefler's friends finally stopped remonstrating with her. Hannah, utterly self-forgetful despite ten hours a day in the mills, hurled herself into the new work. Evening after evening her mother protested anxiously, but Hannah, heedless of her own interest, would eat her supper and hurry across the city to help groups of new girls—American, Russian, Roumanian—a confused mass, to find themselves and pull together.

One June morning in 1910 the papers announced that the Manufacturers' Association and the Business Men's League had decided on E. J. Troy as their candidate to the State Legislature for the First District. His candidacy was also backed by the Republican machine. The papers went on to say that E. J. Troy was one of "our ablest and most popular fellow townsmen," that he had grown up in his district, had a host of friends, and might be expected to carry the primaries by a big majority.

BATTLE PLANS

That evening at the weekly dinner of the officers of the Women's Trade Union League at the Settlement, Mrs. Knefler hurried in: "Girls, have you seen the morning papers? Do you know that we've got E. J. Troy to contend with again?"

At the same moment in dashed Hannah Hennessy by another door, calling out, "Girls, they're goin' to put Troy on the carpet again!"

To both speeches came half a dozen excited replies that that's just what they were talking about!

Over the potatoes and meat and bread-pudding the situation was discussed in detail.

"Yes, 'twas him, all right, that thought up most of those tricky moves when we was tryin' to get our Nine-Hour Bill before," reflected a wiry, quick-motioned girl during a second's pause.

"Don't it just make you boil," began another, "when you think how he riled 'em up at every four corners in Missouri! He had every old country storekeeper standin' on end about that Nine-Hour Bill. He had 'em puttin' on their specs and callin' to mother to come and listen to this information the manufacturers had sent him:—how the labor unions was tryin' to get a Nine-Hour Bill for women passed; how it would keep their youngest girl, Bessie, from helping in the store when the farmers drove in of a Saturday night; and how it was a blow at American freedom."

"E. J. Troy's got to be squenched at the primaries," said a third, quietly and decisively.

"But how?" asked a more timid officer.

Bing! Mrs. Knefler got into action. There never was a woman for whom a difficult situation offered a more bracing tonic quality. The business meeting that followed fairly bristled with plans.

The girls' first move was to go before the Central Labor Body and ask them to indorse their objections to E. J. Troy. Definite action beyond indorsement the girls did not ask nor expect. This much they got.

One day a little later, when Mrs. Knefler's campaign was beginning to take form, a representative of E. J. Troy called Mrs. Knefler on the telephone. The voice was bland, smooth, and very friendly. Wouldn't she—that is—ah—er—wouldn't her organization confer with Mr. E. J. Troy? He felt sure they would come to a pleasant and mutually helpful understanding.

Mrs. Knefler explained to the mouthpiece (take it either way) that it would be quite useless; that the stand of the League was taken on Mr. Troy's previous record and on the "interests" he represented; that while they had nothing against him in his private capacity, as a public servant they must oppose him. All this in Mrs. Knefler's suavest fashion. She feels intensely, but she never loses her self-possession. That's why she is such a formidable antagonist.

MUZZLED NEWSPAPERS

It was the last week in June—they had just a month before the primaries in which to rouse public opinion. The newspapers must help, of course.

Mrs. Knefler went to the editors. They were polite, they admitted the justice of her stand, but they were evasive. Mrs. Knefler opened her paper the next morning after she had made the rounds, to find not a single word about the danger to the working woman's interests.

What could the papers do? Weren't they in the hands of the "big cinch," as a certain

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combination of business men in St. Louis is known? Naturally they refused to print a line. You never step on your own toe, do you, or hit yourself in the face—if you can help it?

One must admit that things looked bad for the League. How were girls who raced at machines all day, who had neither money nor the voice of the press, to rouse this sluggish, corrupt city to the menace of sending to the legislature men like E. J. Troy, pledged body and soul to the manufacturers? How could they waken the public to woman's bitter necessity for shorter hours? The case looked hopeless, but Mrs. Knefler merely set her teeth, and got busy—decidedly busy.

FROM CULTURE CLUB TO STUMP

She planned a campaign that no other St. Louis woman in her class would have had the courage to tackle. Mrs. Knefler is a member of the club that is the St. Louis clubwomen's "holy of holies." They have a club-house that just drips art, and they steep themselves in self-culture. As a group their consciousness of the city's industrial problems is still nebulous. The high light in which Mrs. Knefler's work must inevitably stand out is intensified by this background of self-culture women, with a few —only a few—rash daughters shivering around preparatory to taking their first cold plunge in the suffrage pool.

In such an atmosphere Cynthelia Knefler planned and carried out the biggest, the most modern and strategic campaign for the working woman ever waged outside a suffrage state. It was done simply because her heart was filled with the need of the thousands of helpless, unorganized girls for protection from the greed of organized capital.

There are moments when love gives vision and raises us head and shoulders above our group. So it was with Cynthelia Knefler, brought up in this conservative city, educated in a prunes-and-prisms girls' school, steeped in the Southern idea that no "lady" would ever let her picture or her opinions get into the newspapers, and that making public speeches was quite unthinkable!

The press was silent, but at least Mrs. Knefler could speak to the labor unions. She and two other women appealed to every labor union in St. Louis with a speech against E. J. Troy. They fought him—not as a man, but as a representative of the "big interests." Mrs. Knefler made seventy-six speeches in that one month before the primaries. That meant hurrying from hall to hall on hot summer nights and making two speeches, and sometimes three and four, while her friends were wearing white muslin and sitting on the gallery, to get the cool of the evening.

Mrs. Knefler's mind was working like a trip-hammer that month; seeking ways and means for rousing the busy, unthinking, conglomerate mass of people to the real issue. Money in the League was scarce. There are no rich members. But out of their wages and out of raffles and entertainments the League had a small reserve. Part of this they used to print sixty thousand cards. So that when you went in to get a shave your glance was caught, as the barber turned your head, by this red ticket: "Scratch E. J. Troy." When you stopped in for a loaf of bread, a red ticket behind the glass of the case advised you to "Scratch E. J. Troy." When you went in for a drink, there leaped into sight dozens of little red tickets: "Scratch E. J. Troy."

There are always some men, though, who are moved only by the big, noisy things of life. Only Schneider's band sounds like music to them; only "Twenty Buckets of Blood, or Dead Man's Gulch" appeals to them as literature; and the only speaker is the man who rips out Old Glory and defies forked lightning. In a political campaign the little red ticket is lost on that kind of man. Mrs. Knefler understood this. So one hot July day huge posters in high, woodblock letters screamed from billboards and the walls of saloons and barber shops and labor halls: "Union men and friends, Scratch E. J. Troy."

SYMPATHY *vs.* MONEY

All this printing and bill-posting was expensive for working girls. They came back at the Central Labor body again. "Your sympathy is great, but your funds are better," they said.

"You've tackled too big a job," the Labor leaders told the girls, with a benevolent air. "He's the candy around this town —E. J. Troy is. It would take a mint of money to beat E. J. Troy."

However, the Central body instructed

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the legislative committee of five to give the girls every help, and they did good service. But the Central Body didn't instruct the Committee to go down very far into the treasury.

July was wearing on. The League hurled itself upon the press once more. Surely after so much speech-making and bill-posting the editors would accord them some recognition merely as news. Silence—absolute silence in the next day's papers, and the next.

"SCRATCH E. J. TROY"

How did they accomplish the next move? That is one of the secrets. Their money was gone, the silence of the press had crushed them with an overwhelming sense of helplessness, but nevertheless they turned the trick. They reached the upper and middle class readers of the South Side District, Troy's district, which the papers were determined to keep as much in ignorance as possible. All one night, silent, swift-moving men whipped the paste across the billboards of that section and slapped on huge posters, so that when Papa Smith and young Mr. Jones and Banker Green came out of their comfortable houses next morning on their way to business, they neglected their papers to find out why they should "scratch E. J. Troy."

The day of the primaries was almost come. Now to reach the dull fellows who hadn't seen the cards and the huge posters, who use their eyes only to avoid obstacles. One night, as the factory whistles blew the signal of dismissal, the men in the lines of operators who filed out of shop and mills found themselves mechanically taking and examining this ticket handed them by League girls, who had gone off their job a bit early and had their wages docked in order to work for the larger good.

The Committee of the Central Body was now openly active in their behalf. Men as well as women were passing out the tickets.

Then came the eve of the election. Busy pairs of girls who had already done ten hours' work were going over E. J. Troy's district, with its sections of rich and poor and well-to-do. Throbbing feet that had carried the body's weight ten hot, fatiguing hours hurried up and down the blocks, climbed flight after flight of stairs, and stood at door after door.

"Say, kid, ain't it the limit that a woman can't vote on her own business?" said one girl to another after they had finished the one hundred and forty-fifth family and tried to explain their stake in the election to a bigoted "head of the house."

On the morning of the primaries Mrs. Schurz, as she took the coffee off the stove, remonstrated with her oldest daughter, Minna. "Vat, Minna, you ain't goin' to stay out of de mill to-day and lose your pay?"

"Yes, I be, *Mutter*," retorted Minna, with a tightening of the lips and a light in her eye. "I'm goin' to the polls to hand out cards to the voters. I'm goin'. I don't care if I lose my job even."

"Oh, Minna, dat is bad, and me wid four *kinder* to eat de food. Where is de *fleisch* and de *brot* widout your wages?" Mrs. Schurz's heavy face wore the anxious despondence so common to the mothers of the poor.

The girl hesitated, then tightened her lips once more. "I've got to take the risk, *Mutter*. It'll come out right—it's got to. Do you want the rest of the children workin' ten hours a day too? Look at me! I ain't got no looks any more. I'm too dead tired to go out of a Saturday night. I can't give nobody a good time any more. I guess there won't be no weddin' bells for mine—ever. But the kids"—pointing to the inside bedroom, where the younger girls were still asleep—"the kids is a-goin' to keep their looks."

THE WATCH AT THE POLLS

So at six o'clock Minna joined the relays of working girls who—many of them, like Minna, at personal risk and sacrifice—handed out cards all day to each man who entered. Thus the men were reminded at the last moment of the working woman's stake in the election. "Scratch E. J. Troy" was before their eyes as they crossed their tickets.

Every moment of the day there were alert girls to make this final quiet appeal for justice. They were serious, dignified. There was no jeering, no mirth on the part of the men at the novelty of this campaign—nothing to make any woman self-conscious.

The girls were quiet enough outwardly, but the inner drama was keyed high. Had all their speech-making, placarding, bill-

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posting and the canvassing of factories, blocks, and primaries—had all their little savings, their risk and personal sacrifice accomplished anything? That was what the girls asked themselves. The thermometer of their hope rose and fell with the rumors of the day. The fathers of the Central Labor Body patted them on the head benevolently and tried to ease their fall, if they were to fall, by saying that anyway it would be something to make Troy run third on his ticket.

Seven o'clock, and the girls were leaving the primaries in twos and threes, tired but excitedly discussing the situation. Between hope and despondency the comment varied on the streets, at the supper-tables, and in the eager, waiting groups of girls on tenement steps and stairs.

At last came the authentic returns. E. J. Troy ran *3,338 votes behind his ticket. With a silent press and practically no money, the working women had defeated one of the most popular men in St. Louis.*

A man pledged to the interests of labor legislation won his place. That made the outlook better for the Women's Nine-Hour Bill, and thousands of working girls tumbled into bed, tired, but with new hope.

Every newspaper in St. Louis failed to comment on the victory. The slaves who sit at the editorial desk said they couldn't—they weren't "let." *So the most hopeful feature in St. Louis politics has never been commented on by the American press.*

HANNAH

As for Hannah Hennessy—she had been too ill to share in the active work of the campaign, but her influence was everywhere—a vital force, a continual inspiration.

Week by week her cheeks grew thinner, her cough more rasping. But after the campaign against Troy was over, she turned with the same intensity of interest to the National Convention of the American Federation of Labor which was to meet there in November. For a year she had been making plans, eager to make this convention a landmark in the history of women's labor. But in November she was in bed by the little grate fire in the family sitting-room. And when convention week came with its meetings a scant three blocks from her home, she could be there in spirit only; she waited restlessly for the girls to slip in after the daily sessions and live them over again for her.

On Thanksgiving Day, between the exhausting strain of high-tension work and the zeal of the young reformer, her beautiful life and brilliant fire were burned out. The committee for the prevention of tuberculosis added her case to their statistics, and the League girls bore her into the lighted church.

VICTORY

In the winter of 1910-11 the leaders of all the labor and social forces of St. Louis, all the organizations for various forms of uplift, united under an able secretary and began their custom of lunching together once a week to discuss the pending social legislation. They played a good game. First, there was the educational effect of their previous legislative campaign to build on. Then there was all the economy and impetus gained from consolidation. They knew the rules of the game better, too. Their plans were more carefully laid and executed.

With a more wary and sophisticated eye on the Manufacturers' Association and a finger in the buttonhole of every legislator, the socially awake of St. Louis have secured *more humane child labor legislation, and the Nine-Hour Day or women and children with no exception in favor of shop-keepers.*

Knowing the sickening fate of industrial legislation in certain other states when tried before judges whose social vision is fifty years behind the times, the winners of this new bill began to wait tensely enough for its testing. So far, however, the Women's Nine-Hour law has not been contested. It has also been exceptionally well enforced, considering that there are only four factory inspectors for all the myriad shops and mills of this manufacturing city of the Southwest, and only seven factory inspectors for the whole state of Missouri.

Meanwhile St. Louis's new political wedge, the Women's Trade Union League, continues to be a perfectly good political wedge. When there is legislation wanted, all kinds of organizations invariably call upon this league of the working women, whose purpose is a wider social justice.

St. Louis is another American city where the working women are discovering that they can do things if they only think so.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

ALICIA'S BIRTHDAY

BY

GEORGE WESTON

IT WAS Alicia's birthday (and half-past one on a Saturday afternoon) when I turned the corner of our street (with my present in my pocket) and found Fido waiting for me there. Fido had a thoughtful look, like a dog who had spent much time in trying to work out an intricate problem, and he took the newspaper from my hand in the same thoughtful way; and once or twice, as he trotted home with me, he paused and seemed to be on the point of sitting down, with his head bowed and his forehead wrinkled, and wrestling with his problem until he had fought it out to a successful conclusion.

"Good old Fido!" I exclaimed, as usual. "Good old fellow!"

But far from responding, Fido's glance was fixed straight to the front, and he held his head slightly on one side as if with the intensity of his mental processes.

"What's it all about, Fido?" I cheerfully asked him. "Is it a sum in bones?"

But Fido took no notice whatever of my levity, trotting on with such a puzzled look between his eyes that I began to wonder what had happened, and when I turned up our gravel path and saw Peter—our glossy black cat—sitting on the top step with the same reflective look upon his countenance, my wonderment grew.

"What's the matter, Peter?" I asked, as I hurried up the path.

But Peter—with *his* head on one side and his tail curled neatly around his toes—looked far away over my head like a cat who was trying to get at the bottom of a very deep subject, dealing, say, with the laws that govern the integral calculi.

"What's the matter, Peter?" I repeated, running up the front steps. "Did she shut you out?"

But Peter, after exchanging a thoughtful look with Fido, merely arose and followed me to the front door.

"Well!" cried Alicia, throwing the door open and beaming as only Alicia can. "If here isn't the whole family!"

She was wearing her new dress (the blue one with the white embroidery) and she looked so sweet and bright and proud (of her family) that I gave her a good one, while Fido and Peter sat down near the dining-room door

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and started afresh on their problems.

"I wonder what's the matter with Fido?" I said, trying to look as if I had forgotten to buy Alicia her birthday present.

"Oh, you're always worrying about Fido!" exclaimed Alicia, looking brightly at my left-hand pockets for any suspicious bulges.

"But he looks so very thoughtful!"

"Does he?" said Alicia, stepping around to the other side and picking a thread off my coat (immediately over the pocket). "Does he, Edward?" repeated Alicia (smoothing the pocket).

"Put a pen behind his ear and a pair of spectacles on his nose," I said, "and you would almost be afraid to disturb him."

"Yes, I suppose you would," mused Alicia, taking my gloves out of my hat (in an absent-minded manner) and peeping into the hat.

"And just look at Peter!" I exclaimed. "Why, he looks even more thoughtful than Fido!"

"YES, I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD," MUSED ALICIA.

Whereupon Alicia could contain herself no longer. "Edward!" she breathed, and she took me by the lapels of my coat and looked up at me with such a tremulously radiant smile that I could scarcely keep the news back any longer. "Edward!" she breathed again.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "he is wondering how many mice make five."

"Edward!" she pleaded.

And proudly then I drew the case from my inside pocket and showed her the necklace of gold beads which had ever been one of her secret ambitions. She slowly took it and slowly gave it back to me, and slowly lifted her round little chin so that I might put the beads around her neck; and then, as if suddenly galvanized into joyous energy, she waltzed me around the hall like a tempestuous sprite, and before I knew it I was seated at the dining-room table, very breathless and very proud of her, and Alicia, beaded and embroidered to the nines, was serving the chicken salad.

"Hello!" I cried in amazement, pausing all at once with a bit of chicken on the end of my fork. "They have brought their sums in here!"

Fido's face, indeed, was almost encyclopedic in its expression, and Peter was staring out of the window behind me with a fixity of gaze which I had never before seen equaled. My back was toward the window, and I was about to follow Peter's glance when Alicia's voice recalled me.

"I don't know whether it's because it's my birthday, or what it is," she was saying — and quite ignoring my remark about our studious pets—"but somehow or other I have been whistling all the morning."

"Whistling?" I exclaimed, bewildered.

"Like anything!" she cried. "Listen, Edward!"

And—each of us with a morsel of chicken suspended on the ends of our forks—Alicia held her head back, regarded me fondly down her nose, and whistled. Glancing at Fido to see what he was making of it, I perceived that his puzzled look had now reached such an acute stage as apparently to make him oblivious of his surroundings. Whereupon I threw him a fragment of chicken to prove it. Fido caught and ate the chicken in an abstracted sort of way and returned at once to his cogitations.

"Oh, Edward!" said Alicia. "Do you remember that song we used to sing, years ago? I think it was something about a gipsy's warning. How did the air go? Do you remember?"

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And tilting her chin back again, and looking over my head, Alicia whistled the most surprising set of appoggiaturas and grace-notes that I have ever heard. In growing bewilderment I looked down at Fido and Peter, and caught them looking at each other with a glance that matched my own.

"I wish I could think of it," said Alicia, moistening her lips with her glass of water. "I ought to give more time to my music, I suppose. Edward, do you remember that man next door who used to play the flute? Like this?"

And again Alicia tilted her chin back and looked over my head and whistled such an astonishing series of tootles and trills that I don't know which of us looked the most profoundly puzzled—Fido or Peter or myself.

"This morning," said Alicia, moistening her lips for the second time, "I was dusting the front room when I heard some one whistling away—" Alicia whistled for a minute or two to demonstrate her meaning. "And then some one answered him like this—" Again Alicia whistled and whistled away. "Just then a robin began singing on the hydrangea bush—" Alicia emulated the robin. "And after the robin had stopped, the bread-boy came whistling along and — *Peter! Come away from there this instant!*"

Whereupon, in a state of the most absolute amazement, I turned around in time to see Peter slinking away from the middle window of our dining-room, and my amazement grew when I saw, hanging in front of that window, a bird-cage that enclosed the most pessimistic and sarcastic-looking canary which, I am sure, the eyes of man have ever yet beheld.

"What?" I cried, after I had viewed this spectacle and had assured myself that it was real. "A canary?"

"One of my birthday presents!" laughed Alicia, clapping her hands with delight. "And I thought I would surprise you with it. Look at him, Edward! Look at Dotty now!"

"Dotty?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; that's his name. Look at Dotty!"

Whereupon all eyes turned to Dotty. A wagon was going past the house and Dotty craned his head to watch it. A bird flew near the window and Dotty jumped down on his lower perch to see where it went. Inside the dining-room, Peter almost imperceptibly moved his tail, and the canary's eyes were on it in a moment

"He doesn't miss much that's going on," I said.

The bird's eyes were on me at my first word.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" beamed Alicia.

The canary watched her, too.

"A—" I began, and Dotty immediately turned his head to listen.

"B—" said Alicia, and simultaneously Dotty turned his head toward her.

Alicia and I then rapidly and alternately called off the alphabet, and Dotty moved his head so fast, in his desperate effort to keep his eye on the person speaking, that he looked like a yellow blur. A step was heard on the sidewalk outside, and the canary, turning suddenly away from us, nearly fell off his perch, trying to see who it was.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" whispered Alicia with growing delight.

The bird, as if piqued by the whisper, jumped up in the corner of his cage which was nearest to Alicia and inclined his head toward her with a worried look.

"It's a wonder he doesn't put his hand behind his ear," I whispered back to Alicia. There was a smart movement in the cage, and then I

ALICIA WHISTLED AN ASTONISHING SERIES OF TOOTLES AND TRILLS.

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saw that the canary was in the corner nearest to me and was regarding me with an expression of the deepest chagrin.

"What's he up to?" I whispered.

"He is curious to know what we are whispering about, I think," laughed Alicia. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Couldn't anybody tell!"

"Tell what?" I asked. "That he's curious to know?"

"No, no," laughed Alicia again. "Couldn't anybody tell who had given him to me!"

Two sparrows were sitting on the telephone wire outside, and Dotty, watching them closely, broke out into a sustained narrative of twitters. His remarks, however, seemed to be directed to Alicia and me, and not to the sparrows outside.

"He is telling us something," said Alicia. "Edward, do you see any one out there?"

"No," I said, looking. "There is no one around."

"No one at all, Edward?"

"There are two sparrows sitting side by side on the telephone wire, but——"

"That's it, then!" beamed Alicia. "I thought he was trying to tell us something like that." And I shall never forget (no; not if I live to be a hundred) Dotty's look of superior virtue as he brought his twittering story to a close. Peter had jumped to a chair beneath the cage, and the canary's expression of conscious rectitude was only exceeded by Peter's, when that good cat began washing the backs of his velvety ears.

"Did you say you got him as a present?" I asked, with a feeling akin to awe.

"Yes," nodded Alicia, her little face all rosy with pride.

"Who gave him to you?"

"Miss Wainbridge!" crowed Alicia. "Oh, Edward! Did you ever see anything like it? *I* never did! Never!"

"Miss Wainbridge?" I exclaimed. "That gossipy woman next door? The one who is so inquisitive?"

"That's the one!" nodded Alicia again. "And she said—" Alicia stopped to laugh—"she said she had brought up Dotty from a little bit of a thing and had trained him herself and—" Alicia stopped to laugh—"and she said she wouldn't give him to anybody in the world but me. She has two others, you know."

Where upon a great ray of light broke upon me. "So *that* is the reason you were looking over my head and whistling!"

"I've been whistling at him all day," said Alicia, "trying to get him to sing; but he won't sing a note. Poor old Fido couldn't understand it at all."

I looked at the faithful old pet and gave him a bit of chicken; but Peter (sitting on the chair beneath the bird-cage) was still washing the backs of his velvety ears and seemed to have a mind above chicken. Peter's expression, moreover, was now indulgently serene, as if he had worked out his problem in a perfectly satisfactory manner and had arrived at a result which would bring credit to all concerned.

"Perhaps he doesn't sing," I said, "because the place is new to him, but when he grows more ac——"

A shrill roll and shriller trill arose from Dotty's cage. Fido scuttled under the sofa and growled in a long, low number.

"Oh, Edward!" breathed Alicia, "oh, Edward! Look at the little pet singing!"

I turned around just in time to see Peter leap nimbly from the chair to the bookcase, and from the bookcase to the top of the bird-cage. The next moment I had seized our glossy black hunter by the scruff of his neck, and (after Alicia had cuffed him with a severity which must have made him wonder whether he was being punished or having his head rubbed) I dropped the valiant Peter into the cellar, there to meditate and repent of his wickedness.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Alicia, after we had exhausted every imaginable expedient, "I don't believe Dotty will ever sing again!"

Alicia looked so despondent that I gave her a good one to cheer her up, and almost immediately Dotty burst into the shrillest of recitals.

"Do you suppose—" began Alicia.

"Never!" I cried.

"Let's try it again!" she laughed.

Whereupon I kissed her again, and Dot-

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ty's recital suddenly doubled in shrillness.

"I wonder—" began Alicia, blushing. "He's looking over there! . . . Yes, Edward! Miss Wainbridge is standing in her window looking at Dotty, and I do believe that Dotty is trying to tell her!"

FRÄULEIN'S HOME-COMING

BY VIRGINIA RODERICK

"IF I am still here—perhaps. But you know I go home soon to Germany."

It was "Fräulein's" familiar answer to all questions that involved a future more than two or three months ahead. And always her gentle face lighted with a happiness that smoothed out all the tired lines. She had been talking about going home for four years now, but it was only recently that she had dared to say "soon." . . . And each time she said it took a mile off the ocean.

One night at dinner a new boarder who heard it began to ask questions. Did her people live there—her parents, brothers, sisters? Fräulein's blue eyes clouded a little, but she answered bravely: no, none of these, unfortunately, but her "very dear cousins"—all she had left. The boarder, a blatant patriot, marveled, and was for pursuing the inquiry; but some one diverted him to guessing the dessert—John Stanton it was, the big bookkeeper who had won Fräulein's everlasting gratitude by taking her to a German play, of which he understood not one word.

All of the boarders knew Fräulein's story. She had come across with her father and mother when she was about eighteen. The father had done fairly well with a shop, until the mother suddenly died. Then he lost heart, and by the time he followed his wife two years later there was little left for Anna. So she began sewing by the day—and saving for the return to Germany.

That was all—except for the loneliness. She had been content with only a few friends while her parents lived; afterward, the long hours of work, a melancholy shyness, and, above all, homesick longing for Germany, had cut her off from those she might have known. And so the homesickness had deepened. Her whole heart was set on her own people—the "dear cousins" whom she had not seen since she left them ten years before and from whom she rarely heard.

Meantime she must save enough for the journey and for the establishment of a dressmaking shop on the outskirts of Munich—Munich, where women brushed the streets so clean one might have tea on them, where there were, oh! such wonderful concerts in the Hof-Garten, such comical ducks on the Isar in the English Garden, when one went walking on a Sunday; where—but there, she must not tire people who were good enough to ask her about Home.

Only with John Stanton did she forget to apologize; he would inquire about all manner of things German, and listen intently, while her blue eyes widened and shone. Despite her look of fragility, she was very pretty then—her pale face flushed with happiness.

Better than any one else, perhaps, John—whose name was John by divine right, to convey his utter dependability—guessed at the loneliness of Fräulein's life. And it was he who realized the nervous fear that now, with the end almost in sight, heaped itself on top of her homesickness. What if the bank should fail! What if she should be ill! One or two nights when she came in white and worried looking, he coaxed her out into the little promise of a park that lay near their up-town boarding-place. And presently, as the time shortened, he began bringing her steamer plans.

Then one of her fears came true. The long strain of work and feeling told on her at last, and the collapse took the cruelest form possible for a seamstress. For weeks she lay in the torments of inflammatory rheumatism, her whole consciousness absorbed by pain; then, when the suffering lessened a little, came the terror of being crippled so that she could not sew—at the best, of being helpless so long that all her swiftly melting savings would be gone. . . . And every day added a long mile to the ocean.

To her intense surprise, several people from the boarding-house came to see her in the hospital. John Stanton came two or three times, and once he got the boarding-

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house keeper to offer her a loan. But Fräulein had plenty! "It iss only putting off Germany a little longer," she said cheerily —her voice wouldn't have held if she had tried to say "home."

The next time John called to see her he suggested writing to the cousins—perhaps they would send for her to come as soon as she was able to travel. But Fräulein was adamant, and she repeated her little formula of brave patience. John, standing rather awkwardly by her bed in the long hospital ward, looking down at her, had to turn away abruptly: when she was well, she was pathetic because she had lived nearly thirty years with so little in them; now, as she lay there with her yellow hair in a braid, it was the forlornness of her youth that made her pitiful.

It was eight weeks before she was released, able to walk a little on a crutch, and to move her arms enough to dress and feed herself. But it would be a long time till she could make the finer movements necessary in sewing. The front-parlor boarder was to be away for a week or so, and he had agreed to the landlady's suggestion that Fräulein should be put there in his absence, instead of in her own little coop on the third floor. Fräulein was overwhelmed at his kindness, and amazed to speechlessness at the cordial interest that greeted her return.

On the second night, after dinner, John Stanton knocked at her door, and came in, when she answered, with a quiet resoluteness that she sensed at once. She looked a little anxious.

She was sitting at the window in a rocking-chair that he said was plainly uncomfortable. So he brought a cushion and propped her carefully. Then, still standing, he said what he had come to say.

"Fräulein, I want you to listen to me—and not interrupt," he began in his pleasant, rich voice. "You trust me a little, don't you? You believe I feel friendly toward you?"

"No one else has been so kind to me," she answered earnestly.

"Not kind — friendly," he corrected. "Well, then, here's the situation: You want to go to Germany more than anything. You've had an awful setback with your savings. Now I've saved about three hundred dollars—for nothing particular—just for old age—and that's not *very* near, I guess. I haven't a soul dependent on me—and don't expect to have. Now there's no reason under God's canopy why you shouldn't take that money, go to Germany now—instead of beginning to save again over here where you don't like it—be happy, get well, and pay me back when you get good and——"

Fräulein forgot the warning not to interrupt. She had turned white, and her slight accent thickened as she broke into protest: —"Oh, no, no—you are so goodt, so goodt, but I could not do that—could not!"

"Why not?" Stanton demanded, sternly. "I thought you were a more sensible woman than that. What if I am a man and you a woman! What—" He was bluffing, of course. He had expected just such protests.

"Oh, but I wouldn't even from a woman accept it," Fraulein argued, trying to placate him. "Why—I might—die! And you are not rich, and I haf no security—oh, please, my friend, I can not!"

There were tears in her eyes. John looked at her a long time—started to speak —stopped. Then, very gently: "Anna, would you take it if you were married to me?" he asked. "You could either pay me back or come back, as you wished. I'd have a *chance* of getting you back, anyhow —which I haven't now. And if you didn't——"

Anna's face had burned crimson, and the blue eyes were steel. "I'd be a thief!" she exclaimed. "Why, how can you think I would do that!"

Suddenly John dropped down beside her. "Anna, I've left out one thing," he said, "and I guess you don't understand. You see, dear, I love you." He took her hand gently, and she let it lie in his.

For a little time she studied him, the furious red fading to pink, the steel softening to blue. "Do you mean," she asked slowly, "that you'd let me go over and—visit—and then come"—she faltered and stopped.

"Come back to me? Yes, dear. Just that. Oh, Anna, could you? I didn't dare hope. I thought you wanted *everything* German—" He stooped and touched his lips to her hand.

She slipped the other arm around his neck. "Why, John, now I don't want to go at all," she whispered—"till you can come, too, some day. I guess—I guess it isn't homesick for Germany I was, but homesick for—home."

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A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

GLORIFICATION of crime went out of fashion with the public execution of criminals. Law-breaking to-day has lost its bravado of heroism; we regard it as a field for the study of morbid psychology rather than as an opportunity for sentimental eulogy. It has become almost a commonplace to say that for the correction of crime a doctor is required far more urgently than a lawyer.

It is therefore amusing to find Mr. Charles Whibley returning to the view-point of the old chap-books of two centuries ago in his "Book of Scoundrels" (Dutton). He holds that there are other manifestations of greatness than to relieve suffering or to wreck an empire. "Julius Cæsar and John Howard are not the only heroes who have smiled upon the world. A masterly theft rises in its claim to respect high above the reprobation of a moralist." In other words, the thief, if he has been an artist, should be judged by artistic standards.

This "Book of Scoundrels" is a clever selection from the most notable records in the "Newgate Calendar." It is more than that: it is a literary *résumé* of roguery. But whereas the "Newgate Calendar" is marked by moral downrightness of condemnation, expressed in such phrases as "This atrocious criminal," or "This horrid villain, destitute of every amiable quality," Mr. Whibley starts off light-heartedly with, "Of all the heroes who have waged a private and undeclared war upon their neighbors" or "This most illustrious woman of an illustrious age," etc. It is the police-court news of the Cromwellian age put into the language of our own day.

Leslie Stephen, sensitive critic as he was, confesses: "I feel some touch of sympathy for those simple-minded readers who avowedly prefer the police reports to any other kind of literature. When literature palls upon me I sometimes turn for relief to the great collection of state trials."

If we need an excuse for our frank appreciation of Mr. Whibley's type of cultured sensationalism, we can salve our delicacy with the thought that the mysteries and outrages which he relates stirred the world to terror very many years ago. Achilles was a cutthroat in his own generation; he has only become dignified with the lapse of time. Moreover, these villains belonged to a day when a rascal picked a pocket with an air of grace. They were thieves in the grand manner. Horace Walpole considered himself honored to have been relieved of his purse by Maclaine.

This particular highwayman, being a Scotchman, had a taste for letters. Discovering that it was an author's head at which he had fired, he wrote a note of apology, insisting that, had his pistol-shot proved fatal, he had another in reserve for himself. Whereto Horace Walpole gallantly replied, "Can I do less than say that I will be hanged if he is?"

Perhaps Mr. Whibley is not far wrong in treating with respect a species of knavery that could call forth such good-natured witticism from the person abused.

George Pattullo in "The Sheriff of Badger" (Appleton) gives a clever picture of similar lawless conditions which have lasted down to our own day. His story concerns the modern highwaymen of the cattle-country bordering Mexico. The hero, Lafe Johnson, makes his entrance from beneath a freight train just in time to tackle a maddened bull; he meets the married reminder of a former love-affair and gets taken on at the Lazy L Ranch. So

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commences the Odyssey of his exploits in love and gun-play. By his nerve he quickly makes himself the terror of bad men. He is elected sheriff of Badger, and his first act is to arrest one of his supporters for rioting. How he enforces law and order in a land where life is lived in flashes of melodrama forms an exciting narrative. The story is told in incidents, so that each chapter is in itself almost complete.

Any one who has once made friends with John Masefield's work will want to see more of it. He is an author who, beyond anything that he feels or expresses, inspires the reader with curiosity for his personality. His earlier writings are uneven and at times inarticulate; but there is always compelling interest in the artificer who is hewing a projected masterpiece out of a vocabulary. Though his technical skill may fail him, the bigness of his initial design shows through. If he has met with non-success in some of his artistic attempts, it is because they were over-daring. Such non-success is not without its glory.

"Multitude and Solitude" (Kennerley) is one of his failures. The first half is unfinished in workmanship and not worth the pains of such a master of words. The second half, commencing at Chapter VIII., mounts step by step into grandeur. At last he has reached the high altitudes in which he can create his pictures in a kind of effortless exaltation.

The story is told of a playwright in London. It opens on the night that his tragedy has been hissed off the stage. It is supposed to be too remote from life—too cruel. Immediately following this a woman who has been in love with him is drowned in crossing to Ireland. By the shock his intellectual aloofness and ideality are shaken to their foundations. He loses his grip on himself. This mere dressing up of ideas for a livelihood seems to him puerile. By accident he becomes interested in the baffling sleeping-sickness and sets out for Africa with a scientist, who has contracted it, to investigate its causes and find a cure.

So much for the Multitude portion of the story, which is both dull and unconvincing. It is noticeable that Mr. Masefield rarely identifies himself with his characters as long as they walk in crowded places.

Now commences the Solitude portion, which makes the reading of this novel immensely worth while. A boat, piled high with boxes and camping utensils, is moving slowly up a swampy river. The nearest white settlement has been left three hundred miles behind. Over all the landscape broods an awful, sultry stillness. Many men are in the boat, but only two of them are white. One of them is the scientist with the sleeping-sickness, and he is nearly dying from fever; the other is the playwright, who is running away from ideas that he may do something practical and useful.

The rowers are discontented. They raise their paddles wearily, singing a few bars of a chorus about the bones which strew the road to Marumba. Above their heads hovers a cloud of tsetse flies—carriers of the fatal disease which they have come to cure. To the left, in the jungle, swims up out of the haze a mound exactly like a Roman camp in ruins. Beneath it lies the village whither they are going. They push their boat up the muddy bank and, entering the village, find all its inhabitants stricken, propped against trees, sprawled out in huts, lean and leathery as mummified skeletons. A thunder-storm comes on and they run for shelter.

Next morning the white men find that they have been deserted by their bearers. The boat is gone; only three months' provisions are left to them; the river is in flood and will be unnavigable for a raft until after their food is exhausted. Worse still, the cases of atoxyl, the only medicine which will stave off the sleeping-sickness, have been destroyed. They are trapped in the central jungle with threatening death in many forms surrounding them, and a village of dying savages, whose dialect they can not speak, for their companions. The man who is tired of ideas, the artist, the dilettante, at last has a problem to face which is appallingly practical.

Here is a situation powerfully tragic. Mr. Masefield, like his hero, now that he has something really big to tackle, proves himself worthy of it. The fight for life, the desperate mental courage, the grim satiric humor of the two white men in confronting and conquering their danger, form a series of tableaux which, once read, are not likely to be forgotten. The conception is primitive in its immensity, and is executed with a wide sweep of passionate imagination. Like the Elizabethan freebooters, Mr. Masefield rises to the dignity of his full strength only when the odds are most against him. The easy task leaves him sluggish. The last five chapters of this book are a triumph.

Richard Washburn Child calls his latest novel, "The Blue Wall" (Houghton, Mifflin), "a story of strangeness and struggle." It is all that. A little girl is lying between life and death in a state of trance. Behind her bed is a blue wall which seems to disturb her; she raises her hands against it and mutters as if some one on the other side of it heard her. The doctor who has been attending her meets a violent death. The new physician, in looking over his predecessor's notes, finds repeated reference to the blue wall and indications of

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suspicion that a malevolent influence lurks behind it. The reader gets the impression that this influence has had something to do with the first doctor's death.

The new physician sets about a stealthy investigation. He finds that in the neighboring house, behind the blue wall, something odd is in progress—the doors are locked against him. The eager question which keeps the reader hurrying through the four hundred pages is "What will he discover?" As usually happens, the solution scarcely supports the weight of the mystery. The story is a fantastic tangle, written with polished literary craftsmanship. But it is too ingenious in its opening to live up to its promises. It leaves one disappointed.

Historical romance, with a few exceptions, is unpopular. Sales prove it. Reasons for the disfavor with which it is regarded are not far to seek. The historical novelist has to invent an archaic jargon for his characters which certainly was never spoken. Worse still, he puts it into the mouth of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Spaniards alike. They *thee* and *thou* one another with stilted phrases till we are bored to tears. Our common sense is revolted.

The average historical novel is a riot of pompous nonsense, in which no one behaves naturally. The people live in a rarefied atmosphere of superlatives. When the heroes are good they're objectionably good, and when they're bad they're abominable. We feel certain that, in whatsoever age, people were never so precisely divided into the two classes of monsters and angels. They were very much like ourselves, and quite as varied in their shades of virtue and turpitude. Whereas in the historical novelist's moral paint-box there are usually only two colors—the blood-red of villainy and the baby-blue of innocence.

Paul Bertram in "The Shadow of Power" (Lane) has broken away from this false tradition. He has written a historical novel inhabited by human bipeds—neither saints nor ogres—who might have lived in this twentieth century. It is a story of Holland during the Duke of Alba's rule, when the Prince of Orange was at bay and the fires of the Inquisition were lighted. Don Jaime, a Spanish grandee, the right-hand man of the duke, has been sent to the Dutch city of Geertruydenberg that he may become its governor and rid it of heretics. It is he who tells the story, living it vividly from day to day in a journal, of which this book is supposed to be a translation.

Don Jaime is a stern, fierce-hearted man, crudely just, a cynic by religion, and in all things an opportunist. He comes through the mist across the fens like a bloodhound, conscienceless, only knowing that he has been ordered to pursue. The gates of the walled city are open and unguarded. He rides with his troops up the silent streets with a clatter of arms, marveling at their emptiness. Arriving at the market-place, the mystery is explained. The sullen burghers are there assembled to watch the carrying out of the auto da fé.

Three stakes are piled with fagots. To the central one is bound a fair woman, clad in a single white garment. Don Jaime, as soon as she meets his eyes, determines that she shall not die, and rescues her to his own undoing.

He rules in Geertruydenberg for a brief while with a rod of iron, but is suspected of treachery by his masters. For a woman's sake he becomes a traitor and passes over to the Prince of Orange.

The effect of the story on the reader's mind is of something actual and lived through. Here are no false heroics of either speech or action. Don Jaime is a bad man, admirable even in his wickedness; he knows it. He becomes moderately good because he sees life afresh through the eyes of a good woman. He is never quite comfortable in his new-found virtue.

I should add that though this is in a sense a novel of the Spanish Inquisition, it is written without religious bigotry. It recognizes that ecclesiasticism was a matter of politics, and that Protestants also persecuted when they won the power.

Mr. Bertram has invented an original method for the telling of fictional history and has set a new standard of excellence. In making his leading character narrate the story contemporaneously with its happening, he has attained an atmosphere of actuality which is lacking from many novels that boast a modern setting. "The Shadow of Power" is written in a style splendidly visual and lucid. As a story, it holds one spellbound; as a piece of literature, it is an achievement quite out of the ordinary and especially praiseworthy for its remarkable sincerity.

"Almayer's Folly" (Macmillan) has been republished, which is a further sign that Joseph Conrad is at last coming into his inheritance. What impresses one most in re-reading this tragedy of a Bornean river is the wonderful color-effects that lie hidden in its words. The story is almost subordinate in interest to the tawny Oriental landscape, with its loneliness, treachery, and hint of life's brevity. It is a book with which one can never be too familiar; at each fresh reading it comes as a surprise. Over against the ineffectual littleness of the men who creep along the lonely river's banks is set the mighty majesty of nature. It is this element which lends the story grandeur and helps it to outwear time.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A man traveling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer who said his father, ninety years old, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yep; pop is close to ninety."

"Is his health good?"

"'Tain't much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

Sam Jones, the evangelist, was leading a revival meeting in Huntsville, Texas, a number of years ago, and at the close of one of the services an old negro woman pushed her way up through the crowd to the edge of the pulpit platform. Sam took the perspiring black hand that was held out to him, and heard the old woman say: "Brudder Jones, you sho' is a fine preacher! Yes, suh; de Lord bless you. You's des everybody's preacher. You's de white folks' preacher, and de niggers' preacher, and everybody's preacher. Brudder Jones, yo' skin's white, but, thank de Lord, yo' heart's des as black as any nigger's!"

She was a little bit of a girl, and was canvassing the neighborhood with a "chance" book in an effort to enlist public sympathy and ten-cent pieces in an individual charity. She went up to the big brownstone house bravely, in spite of her childish nervousness. A very pretty young woman answered the bell.

"Lady, please," she stammered out, "won't you take a chance on an old man sick in bed?"

While crossing a city street a farmer was knocked down by an automobile. Before he could get out of the way he was knocked down again by a motor-cycle which came rushing along behind.

A friend of his on the sidewalk yelled to him, "Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"How in the dickens did I know it had a colt!" was the angry response.

General St. Clair Mulholland, veteran and historian of the Civil War, tells an incident showing the utter worthlessness of Confederate paper money at the close of the war.

"Shortly after Lee's surrender," says the general, "I was a short distance from Richmond. Two Confederate soldiers were going home to become men of peace again. One had a lame, broken-down horse, which he viewed with pride.

"'Wish I had him, Jim,' said the other. 'What will you take for him? I'll give you $20,000 for him.'

"'No,' said Jim.

"'Give you $50,000.'

"'No,' said Jim.

"'Give you $100,000,' his friend urged.

"'Not much,' replied Jim. 'I just gave $120,000 to have him shod.'"

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They were having a dance in one of the large towns of Texas. A cowboy, just in from the prairies, went up to the hall and entered. The master of ceremonies led him gently to the door and put him out. The cowboy went back. The master of ceremonies hustled him out the second time. The cowboy went back. The master of ceremonies seized him by the back of the neck and kicked him rudely down the stairs. The cowboy gathered himself up slowly, and, looking back at the hall, said wisely: "I know what it means! They can't fool me! They don't want me at that dance."

The boys had made good use of the steep hill in their search for winter sport, and their sleds and bobs had worn a track down the hill, where the snow had turned to ice.

A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Chesterfield (he was really very polite), collided with a fat woman just at the brow of the hill, lost his footing, and fell; the woman fell also, landing on top of the polite gentleman. And down the hill they went, Mr. Chesterfield forming a toboggan on which the fat lady rode in safety. Faster, faster they went down the icy incline, not stopping until the foot of the hill was reached. Then the fat lady heard a very weak voice saying, "Pardon me, madam; you will have to get off now—this is as far as I go."

It was in one of those thriving Texas cities where railroads abound that a tired and weary traveler accosted a policeman and asked the way to the Y. M. C. A. The copper was puzzled. He took off his hat and scratched his head. Finally he burst out, "Stranger, you've got me. I know where the 'FRISCO is and the M., K. & T., but that Y. M. C. A. is a new one on me."

A woman and her brother lived alone in the Scotch Highlands. She knitted gloves and garments to sell in the Lowland towns. Once when she was starting out to market her wares, her brother said he would go with her and take a dip in the ocean. While the woman was in the town selling her work, Sandy was sporting in the waves. When his sister came down to join him, however, he met her with a wry face. "Oh, Kirstie," he said, "I've lost me weskit." They hunted high and low, but finally as night settled down decided that the waves must have carried it out to sea.

The next year, at about the same season, the two again visited the town. And while Kirstie sold her wool in the town, Sandy splashed about in the brine. When Kirstie joined her brother she found him with a radiant face, and he cried out to her, "Oh, Kirstie, I've found me weskit. 'Twas under me shirt."

Smith is a young New York lawyer, clever in many ways, but very forgetful. He was recently sent to St. Louis to interview an important client in regard to a case then pending in the Missouri courts. Later the head of his firm received this telegram from St. Louis:

"Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

This was the reply sent from New York:

"Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

A learned professor attempted one day to explain the principles of the automobile to an Indian, in whom he had become interested.

"Well," he said at the end, "do you think you understand all about the automobile now?"

The Indian, who had listened intently, replied:

"Yes, I understand all but one thing."

"And what is that?" inquired the professor, thinking to clear up in a word some trivial point that he had overlooked.

"I don't understand," said the Indian, "what makes the automobile go without horses."

"There's a dead horse on Kosciusko Street," announced a Brooklyn patrolman, coming into the station after his day on duty.

"Well, make out a report," ordered the sergeant.

"Why, you make out the reports, don't you, Sergeant?"

"I don't. Make out your own reports. You've passed your civil service examinations."

Mike equipped himself with a pen and began scratching laboriously. Presently the scratching stopped. "Sergeant," he asked, "how d'you spell Kosciusko?"

"G'wan. *You're* writing that report."

An interval of silence. Then: "Sergeant, how do you spell Kosciusko Street?"

"Stop bothering me," the sergeant ordered. "I'm no information bureau."

Pretty soon the patrolman got up, clapped on his helmet, and started for the door.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the sergeant.

"I'm a-goin'," said the policeman, "to drag that dead horse around into Myrtle Avenue."

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SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

AS ONE of the steps toward picking a President, four national conventions have been held at the time of writing, with another one in prospect for mid-August. Two of the four made a good deal of stir and occupied much space in the newspapers and in general conversation. Two didn't.

A month later in EVERYBODY'S we hope to analyze the platforms adopted successively by the Socialists, the Republicans, the Democrats, and the Prohibitionists, with such comparisons as may indicate just exactly where they stand on live questions.

Just now the purpose is only to have an eye on the two big conventions as conventions.

It has been pretty generally declared that those who visited Chicago and Baltimore have seen the last of presidential nominating conventions in their spectacular form. If this is true, the conventions were all the more interesting historically, and a generation from now all the survivors who were there, and some who were not, will be telling with pride of the things they saw and heard.

Certainly we have few more theatrical national spectacles than these huge conventions. A thousand or more delegates in the bottom of a great bowl with a vaulted roof, fifteen or eighteen thousand enthusiasts surrounding them upon floors and galleries that form the sloping sides, acres of flags and banners, heat enough to run a steam-engine, noise enough to drown a thunderstorm—and out of the turmoil a man emerges, to be the representative statesman of his school of political thought.

No one can deny that it is a stirring moving-picture on a big scale.

Just as certainly such a national convention is not a deliberative body. There may be deliberations in committee rooms and in the headquarters of candidates, but the delegates in general have little chance to apply their sober second thought to anything. Since a candidate's chance is measured by the noise his name can draw forth, the organization of pandemonium is one of the press agents' most important duties. Reporters and floor managers glance at their watches when the demonstrations begin in order to take the time for purposes of comparison.

And this is spontaneity.

The alternative?

Apparently it is the primary. Some of the state primary laws have been effective and some highly ineffective. As between the bad ones and the old system of local conventions, there may not be much to choose. If efficient, intelligent primary laws are enacted in every state, so that the people can express themselves plainly and directly, we shall know the popular choice of candidates four years from now without conventions.

THE NEW CONVENTION

In that case we have seen the end of spectacular gatherings. Ratification meetings won't draw thousands of spectators, hundreds of marching clubs, and platoons of local politicians from home in June to the heat of the average convention city and the discomforts of the average convention-crowded hotel. Of course, if several candidates from different parts of the country gain strong support in primaries, there may yet be deadlocks and strife. But even so, there is considerable prospect that the safe and sane

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convention may displace the hippodrome.

Speaking of this year, we rest on the assurance of a man who has seen a good many conventions in the past and three this summer. He missed the Prohibition Convention at Atlantic City, but is willing to include it in his optimistic outlook. There were sordid politicians, shady influences, and insincere attitudes in all the conventions. There were trades and compromises, selfish men voicing lofty sentiments, and adroit men thinking more of the effect platform utterances would have than of the underlying truth in them.

With all this dilution of human weakness the conventions—all of them—were made up mostly of good American citizens, who want fair play for themselves and every one else, who love their country and want to see it honest, prosperous, and peaceful. They may be fooled sometimes. But in the mass they are not to be distrusted, even in national politics.

In fact, we go so far as to say that the country is safe and the government still lives and is likely to live.

ONE TYPE OF AMERICAN HUMOR

It is too bad, but it is true, that the Vice-President is an afterthought here, as he is at the national conventions. Something ought to be done about it. This is not the first time such a thing has been said, but it ought to be said until something is done. It is not a good thing for the country that we have always joked about the Vice-Presidency; but the practise began early.

When the fathers were framing the Constitution they discussed what title should be used in addressing the President, and it was variously suggested to characterize him as "Highness," "Protector of the Liberties of the United States," "His Excellency," and "His High Mightiness." It is said that Washington himself leaned toward the last. The third characterization had the greatest favor; and a joker of the time suggested that the Vice-President might then be called "His Superfluous Excellency."

In the beginning, the scheme provided that the presidential candidate receiving the second highest number of votes in the Electoral College should be Vice-President. This was early changed by constitutional amendment when it was realized that it would always make the President and the Vice-President of opposing political parties. But there has been no change in the duties of the Vice-President since the Constitution was written. His only functions are to preside in the Senate, where he has no voice nor any vote except in the event of a tie, and to succeed to the Presidency in the event of the death or disability of his chief.

Since this succession has occurred five times, the law of chance should convince us that the Vice-President ought to be a man of presidential distinction instead of an afterthought and a compromise.

Various Presidents have declared their intention to give the Vice-President greater distinction by making him a consultant and practically a member of the Cabinet, but none has yet done it. Also, it has been suggested that the Vice-President be made a senator-at-large for life, or a senator with the privileges of the floor during his four years of office. It has been proposed that he be made a member of the Cabinet by law and also placed on the floor of the Senate, in order that he might be an intermediary between the executive and the legislative branches of the government, as are the members of the British Ministry.

Certainly the office should not be left in its present disrepute. The Vice-Presidency should be made actually the second office in national importance as it is theoretically.

A New York senator boasted that he had buried a New York governor who was distasteful to him when he forced him into the Vice-Presidency against his fruitless struggles.

A school-teacher trying to suggest ideals of truth and ethics to her pupils, told the story of the man who would rather be right than be President, and asked for expressions of approval. All hands went up but one.

"Johnny," said the teacher reproachfully, "would you not rather be right than be President?"

"Well," said Johnny, hesitatingly, "I'd rather be right than be Vice-President."

That's the sort of tradition to eliminate.

NOTICE

If you are unable to buy a copy of EVERYBODY'S at any news-stand, you would confer a great favor on us by sending the name and address of the dealer, and we will immediately remedy the matter.

The newsdealer will thank you also.

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